

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXIII. — APRIL, 1889. — No. CCCLXXVIII.

THE PEOPLE IN GOVERNMENT.

"I KNOW of no country in which there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America. In any constitutional state in Europe, every sort of religious and political theory may freely be preached and disseminated; for there is no country in Europe so subdued by any single authority as not to protect the man who raises his voice in the cause of truth from the consequences of his hardihood. . . . In America, the majority erects formidable barriers around the liberty of opinion: within these barriers an author may write what he pleases, but woe to him if he goes beyond them." This reproach may have been deserved fifty years ago, when it was uttered by De Tocqueville. At that time the government of the United States was still an experiment, and a lurking consciousness of this fact in the minds of most Americans made them not only jealous, but fearful, of any opinions which seemed to menace the security of republican institutions. At that time, also, our country received very little respect or consideration abroad.¹ We shared in the contempt with which popular government was generally regarded after its failure in France, despite the blood that was shed to sustain it; and this unfriendly attitude of foreign powers tended to increase among

us that sense of weakness which begets intolerance. De Tocqueville's assertion on this point is confirmed by other authorities: by Dickens, for example, whose American Notes were published about the year 1840. Even after all just allowance has been made for his prejudice against things American, as well as for his inherent love of caricature and exaggeration, — even then it must be admitted that Dickens, certainly an acute observer, corroborates the French philosopher.

But the times of which they treated, and it is to be hoped the intolerance of which they complained, belong to a past that is already remote. Since then we have attained the maturity of experience. Our government has withstood a shock which every sensible man in Europe was sure would be fatal in one way or another to the integrity of the Union; and now, having made good our position among the nations of the earth, we can afford to look about us, and even to search, if need be, the foundations upon which we rest. The young men just growing up and beginning to take part in public affairs are free from political prejudices, perhaps one might say from political principles, to an extent that is with us unprecedented. They come upon the stage too late to share in the passions

¹ Mrs. Frémont gives an amusing instance of this. When James Monroe was our Minister to England, he found himself placed, at the first state dinner which he attended, near the foot

of the table, on each side of him being representatives of two small German principalities, neither of which, he said, was so large as his own farm in Virginia.

which the civil war excited, and at a time when no new issues have arisen that are sufficient to arouse their enthusiasm.

It is plain, however, that social questions of the greatest moment, soon to become political questions, are looming into view; and the solution of them may put our government to a test even more severe than that which it has already survived. In view of this possibility, it behooves every man, while he has time, to set his house in order, to clear his mind of cant, to discover what he really holds to be true in political and social science, so that, if ever the emergency arises, he may be able to speak, to vote, to act, if need be to fight, intelligently and conscientiously. It would be a miserable situation to find one's self hesitating about first principles when the time for deliberation had passed, and the moment of action had arrived.

The first and perhaps the greatest difficulty that any one encounters who begins to ponder upon forms of government is the political capacity of the people. The term "people" has diverse meanings. When it is used with regard to an aristocratic form of government, it usually indicates the great mass who have no part in ruling the country. In Mr. Gladstone's mouth it means the middle classes; in Lord Salisbury's, the lower classes. When the word is employed with respect to the United States, it commonly means the whole voting population, possibly the whole adult population; for women have an indirect political influence. Even when thus used, however, it is chiefly the uneducated class that is intended, simply because this class is by far the more numerous, and it is in this last sense that the word is here employed. "The common people," as the familiar phrase is, would perhaps hit my meaning more exactly.¹

¹ I am well aware that "people" and "common people" are loose terms, and that it would be very difficult to describe with any accuracy

Political writings are full, on the one hand, of contemptuous condemnation; on the other, of praise bestowed upon the people as a governing power. No wonder that the student finds his brain in a whirl when he attempts to reconcile these conflicting views, or to understand how it is that great authorities can differ so widely on this vital point. Innumerable wise men, from Plato down, have discoursed upon the incapacity of the people to make, much more to execute laws. They are the "many-headed multitude" whom it is the privilege and duty of the instructed few to govern. Nor is it easy to meet the stock arguments advanced by the opponents of political power. Government, they say, is the most difficult, the most delicate task that men are called on to perform: it requires all, and more than all, the knowledge, experience, and acuteness that the ablest and best informed members of the community possess. How then can it safely be entrusted to the people? "It is impossible," says De Tocqueville, "after the most strenuous exertions, to raise the intelligence of the people above a certain level. Whatever may be the facilities of acquiring information, whatever may be the profusion of easy methods and cheap science, the human mind can never be instructed and developed without devoting considerable time to these objects. The greater or the less possibility of subsisting without labor is therefore the necessary boundary of intellectual improvement. This boundary is more remote in some countries, and more restricted in others; but it must exist somewhere as long as the people are constrained to work in order to procure the means of subsistence; that is to say, as long as they continue to be the people."

the limitations of the class which they designate. Still, the words have a well-recognized, if somewhat indefinite meaning.

The most important political function of the people is their selection of representatives and of executive officers by ballot; but here again they are, we are told, and it must be admitted with some truth, conspicuously incompetent. "Long and patient observation," De Tocqueville continues, "and much acquired knowledge are requisite to form a just estimate of the character of a single individual. Men of the greatest genius often fail to do it, and can it be supposed that the vulgar will always succeed? The people have neither the time nor the means for an investigation of this kind. Their conclusions are hastily formed from a superficial inspection of the more prominent features of a question. Hence it often happens that mountebanks of all sorts are able to please the people, whilst their truest friends frequently fail to gain their confidence."

On the moral side, the case made out against the people, or rather against the greater part of any people, is scarcely less strong. It seems to be true that the standard of conduct, the ideal to which most persons desire to conform, in appearance if not in reality, is higher than they would be disposed to make it themselves; in other words, it is imposed upon them by a more virtuous minority. This is the doctrine of the remnant, which has been stated with so much force by Mr. Matthew Arnold. "Perhaps you will say," Mr. Arnold remarks, "that the majority is sometimes good; that its impulses are good generally, and its action is good occasionally. Yes, but it lacks principle, it lacks persistence; if to-day its good impulses prevail, they succumb to-morrow; sometimes it goes right, but it is very apt to go wrong." Such, roughly summarized, are the familiar arguments and assertions which tend to show the folly of depositing political power in the hands of the people.

On the other side, we have the grand

principle upon which all democracy proceeds, namely, that "the great heart of the common people," as the phrase goes, is always in the right. It was upon the common people that Abraham Lincoln relied for support, and in a very true sense for guidance. According to this doctrine, the majority of any race to which it has hitherto been applied are, in the main, good, well-meaning persons. The drift, therefore, of a society like our own is in the right direction, and every great change is an improvement, because the majority rule. This theory is in the air; it is the one upon which every American citizen has been suckled, so to say; there is no necessity for explaining or elaborating it.

In this confusion of axioms and arguments, can the student discover any principle according to which the two conflicting theories can be harmonized, or any solid ground upon which he can accept one theory and reject the other? He is told that the people are incapable of exercising political power rightly, and again that political power is safe only in their hands; that the majority are always morally corrupt, and again that the political instincts of this same majority are sound and just. The first two of the four propositions just stated are absolutely inconsistent with each other, but this is not true of the last two propositions. The majority may be, in a sense, morally corrupt, and yet remain politically sound. In what sense are the majority morally corrupt, and how far, within what limits, are they politically sound? The answer to these questions must be sought in the fundamental qualities of human nature. Both of the propositions in question are true, but neither of them is true in the sweeping sense commonly given to it. Mr. Arnold and others of his way of thinking, when they say that the majority are always corrupt, have in mind chiefly, if not entirely, "personal morality," as it is called. One might accept the doctrine of the rem-

nant, and still believe that the people constitute the proper depositary of political power. The difference between man as a political agent and man as an individual is almost equal to the difference between knowing what is right and doing it. The citizen may be morally corrupt, so far as his personal conduct is concerned, and yet be capable of giving a just opinion in a matter which does not immediately affect his own interests or passions. When we say that the majority are morally corrupt, we imply that so far as concerns the kind of duties which we have in mind, man has a natural impulse to go wrong; and those who hold that in political matters the majority are sound mean that in such matters man has a natural impulse to go right. In either case, it is a question of tendency, not of an invariable habit; and the theory of democracy is that the political instincts of the majority are on the whole sounder than those of the more virtuous minority. They are sounder because in the case of the majority the natural impulses have free play. There is also this great but collateral advantage ascribed to a democratic form of government, namely, that whereas in an aristocracy the selfishness of the few works to the detriment of the many, in a democracy this selfishness of the many (who govern) works to the advantage of the many. In other words, the powerful lever of selfishness is made to operate in harmony with, instead of in opposition to, the generous impulses. Thus democracy has the advantage of position, and can afford to make many mistakes which would ruin an aristocracy. But the mere fact that a democracy, in legislating, legislates for itself is not, and would not be considered by its advocates a sufficient reason for entrusting it with the functions of government. It must be shown, not merely that the people will naturally desire to look out for their own interests, but that they have sufficient wisdom and virtue

to perceive what their highest interests are, and to take that course, often a self-denying one, which will ultimately subserve them. Besides, there are minorities and foreign nations to be dealt with, so that mere selfishness, however enlightened, would make a very inadequate equipment for the governing power. The ability of the people to rule must, as I have said, be based upon their natural impulses to go right.

But it may be objected that there are no "natural impulses" or instincts; that this is a mere phrase, without any corresponding reality. Certainly, it must be admitted that there is no such thing as man in a state of nature. The most primitive tribes have unnatural customs, — customs, that is, which are not founded on animal necessities. Nevertheless, although there be no such thing as man in a state of nature, there is the nature of man and there are natural impulses. Every human being has, for example, a natural impulse to cherish and protect his offspring. We can imagine a particular individual failing, from fear or from some other motive, to defend his child, but such a failure would not be the result of his first impulse, however degraded he might be. This instinct, if it may be called such, man shares with the lower animals. (There is another which he also has in common with them, namely, the impulse to resent an injury or an insult, though fear, affection, respect, or avarice may act as a restraint. With this last instinct, if it may be called such, I am not now concerned, but it may be touched upon later.)

These natural impulses, of which an illustration has just been given, and upon which the supposed political infallibility of the people is based, may be summed up in the single word "pity." To pity is natural to man, whether the object of commiseration be his own child, some other human being, or a dumb animal in distress, — natural in the sense that it is his first impulse; and if he

is restrained from acting to relieve or to benefit the object of his pity, it is by an afterthought in the form of some selfish consideration. On the other hand, when a man's passions are excited, the case is reversed: the first impulse is to gratify them, and he is restrained, if restrained at all, by an afterthought, the suggestion of morality or of prudence. These two facts or principles of human nature constitute the logical basis of the two theories, first, that the political instincts of the majority are sound; and secondly, that the majority of any people are morally corrupt. The first proposition is true, so far as the political instincts have to do with questions that concern primarily a duty to others, and the second will be found true so far as what has been called personal morality is concerned.

The doctrine of pity here set forth is of course new only in the limitations put upon it, for it is the main doctrine of Rousseau.

"Man has by nature," he declares, "one virtue only, but that one is so obvious that the greatest traducer of the human race was unable to deny its existence. I speak of pity, a quality which must needs be found in a creature who is weak and subject to a thousand ills. Pity is universal, invaluable, because it is independent of reason; and so natural that the very beasts of the field give lively proofs of possessing it. I will not stop to speak of the tenderness of mothers for their children, or of the dangers that they will brave in defending them. . . . Even the author of the fable of the Bees, forced to recognize in man this quality of compassion, departs for once from the cold and analytical style to which he is accustomed, and paints a pathetic picture of the captive, who, looking between the bars that confined him, saw a ferocious beast tearing a child from its mother's breast, and crushing its tender limbs with his teeth. What agitation does he not undergo, this mere

spectator of an event in which he has no personal interest. What pain does he not feel from his inability to aid the fainting mother or the dying child!

"So pure and strong is this natural impulse of pity, so anterior to all reflection, that the most depraved habits of living hardly suffice to destroy it. How often do we see at the theatre a spectator moved to tears by the fictitious misery of the stage, who, if he were himself in the place of the tyrant exhibited would overwhelm his enemies with even greater cruelty! . . . Mandeville clearly saw that with all their morality men would never have been anything better than monsters, if nature had not given them pity in support of reason; but he did not perceive that from this quality alone spring all those social virtues which, he contends, are unnatural to man. What are generosity, mercy, and philanthropy but pity in its practical application to the weak, to the culpable, to humanity in general! Even love and friendship are in reality the effect of this emotion constantly exercised upon one particular object. To desire that a fellow-being should not suffer, — is not this to desire that he should be happy?

"If it be true that compassion is merely an emotion, which we feel when, in imagination, we put ourselves in the place of another, and this emotion is vigorous though feebly realized in the savage, and weak but fully realized in the civilized man, — if this be true, it only adds to the force of what I have said. In fact, pity will be so much the stronger in proportion as the spectator identifies himself with its object; and it is plain that this identification is infinitely more close in a state of savagery than it is in a state of reason. . . . It is philosophy that isolates."

It is a strange fact that although the influence of Rousseau is greater at the present time than it was fifty years ago, — greater in the sense of being more widely extended, — yet his reputation as

a political thinker is now very slight. To defend the philosophy of Rousseau requires, such are the fashions of the day, almost as much hardihood as to admire the poetry of Pope or the rhetoric of Macaulay. Two causes have contributed to this low estimation of an author once held in such high repute. In the first place, Rousseau's *Man in a State of Nature* — and it is with this creation that his name is chiefly identified — has been exploded completely and consigned to the limbo of unrealities. "No general assertion as to the way in which human societies grew up is safe," Sir Henry Maine says, "but perhaps the safest of all is that none of them were formed in the way imagined by Rousseau." In the second place, popular government is now everywhere closely associated with representative government, which Rousseau detested. Upon a superficial view, it would seem, then, that Rousseau's influence is at an end; but the truth is that the gist of his philosophy remains, and was never before so widely disseminated. Not in the United States alone, but in England, we find the theory that the instincts of the people form the proper source and guide of political action. *Man in a state of nature*, or rather the notion of such a being, has disappeared, but the natural impulses of mankind remain, and must ever remain.

It is Rousseau who has reduced to a political principle the doctrine of the natural impulses, of pity; but, as the reader does not need to be reminded, this doctrine is recognized in all systems of philosophy,¹ and it is now more firmly established than ever before, both on the historical and on the psychological side. It is treated as a fundamental principle by Darwin, who thus sums

¹ The emotion of pity is analyzed with different results by various philosophers, some believing it to be purely selfish in its origin, as if no one felt pity for another except by imagining himself a possible sufferer from the like evil. But this controversy need not be considered here.

up his view of the subject: "Philosophers of the derivative school of words formerly assumed that the foundations of morality lay in a form of selfishness, but more recently in the 'greatest happiness' principle. According to the view given above, the moral sense is fundamentally identical with the social instincts; and in the case of the lower animals it would be absurd to speak of these instincts as having been developed from selfishness or for the happiness of the community. They have, however, certainly been developed for the general good of the community. . . . Finally, the social instincts, which no doubt were acquired by man, as by the lower animals, for the good of the community, will from the first have given to him some wish to aid his fellows and some feeling of sympathy. Such impulses will have served him at a very early period as a rude rule of right and wrong."²

It is clear that the people, as distinguished from the educated minority, are far stronger in the natural impulses than the latter class. Education and the conventionalities of civilized life undoubtedly tend to weaken, or at least to restrain, natural impulses, both good and bad. It is for this reason that those who pin their faith to the political instincts of the majority look with some suspicion upon the educated class, as being tainted with a certain unsoundness; as having lost, in greater or less degree, that magical something which gives the ignorant man his superiority. Mr. Gladstone's *Classes against the Masses* is perhaps the latest example. Rousseau puts the matter in his usual sweeping and indiscriminate fashion, taking no account of the moral convictions, as they might be called, which education

² In Hazlitt's *Principles of Human Action*, a highly valuable but neglected essay, there is a striking argument to prove the natural disinterestedness of the human mind, which might be quoted in support of the position here taken, but it will not bear sufficient condensation for that purpose.

always should, and sometimes does supply : —

“ It is only suffering in the abstract which disturbs the tranquil repose of the philosopher, or drags him at an untimely hour from his bed. You are perfectly safe in murdering your fellow-creature beneath his academic window, for he has but to reason a little, covering his ears with his hands, and behold he has stifled the natural impulse to identify himself with your victim. The savage lacks this admirable talent ; being deficient in reason and sagacity, he stupidly gives himself over to sentiments of humanity. If a riot be impending in the streets, the populace assemble, but the prudent citizen takes himself off ; it is the *canaille*, the fishwomen, who interfere, separate the combatants, and prevent the honest fellows from cutting each other's throats.”

But to say that natural impulses are strongest in the uneducated is not equivalent to asserting that education is a bad thing, although I am aware that some philosophers have gone so far as this. The true end of education is of course to eradicate or restrain the natural impulses which are bad, and to fortify those which are good ; or, as has already been suggested, to supply their place with convictions which form an inherent part of the character, and which are more rational, and therefore, perhaps, more trustworthy. This is the ideal result, but not a common one, and it implies much more than mere intellectual training. The acquirement of knowledge does not bring it about. In the first quarter of the present century, there was a revival in England of the notion that knowledge includes virtue, and that academies, workingmen's institutes, high schools, and libraries are sufficient to regenerate society ; but the falsity of this theory is apparent. There is, consequently, to repeat the assertion, some ground for suspecting in political affairs the so-called educated class. What that class

has lost is certain, — the pristine strength of its natural impulses, — but what it has gained is matter of uncertainty. A famous writer once declared, speaking of the Bible, that no single book can withstand “ the wild, living intellect of man.” That same intellect busies itself with the defense and development of error as well as of truth, and education often stifles some good natural impulse by means of a fallacious but seemingly logical system. Malebranche, one of the most tender-hearted of men, did not hesitate to strike a small dog which had the misfortune to belong to him. The great philosopher had adopted the theory that brutes are mere automata, without real feeling, and so it was nothing to him that the animal howled when he was beaten. The Inquisition affords a wider and more striking illustration. This was a measure which approved itself to a learned, refined, and in some respects humane minority ; but, had it been submitted to the uneducated instincts of the people, it would have been rejected with horror.

It might be well to gather up at this point the threads of the argument. We started with the familiar propositions that —

(1.) The political instincts of the people are sound.

(2.) The people are, by reason of ignorance and unwisdom, incapable of governing well.

(3.) The majority of every people are morally corrupt.

It has been shown that all of these apparently inconsistent propositions are true in a restricted sense. It is true that so far as concerns a man's duty to himself or even to his neighbor, when his passions are aroused, the majority of any people are corrupt ; it is true that for many functions of government knowledge and wisdom are required, which it is impossible that the people as a whole should possess ; finally, it is true that in such political matters as concern an

individual's or a nation's duty to another, the "great heart of the common people" is sound and trustworthy, because it is guided by natural impulses, by what may be called the instinct of pity. If the question were as to the emancipation of slaves, as to the duty of going to war for the sake of preventing or revenging an injustice, or as to the treatment of any particular class in the community, the people would be most likely to take the right view. But if the point at issue were, for example, a financial one, such as the relative advantages of free trade and protection, or the desirability of a double standard in money, the opinion of the people would be without value, right or wrong by accident. If, then, "the great heart of the common people" be a sound basis, it is also a restricted one. It justifies the people in exercising some, but not all, of the functions of government. *Vox populi is vox Dei* within limits.

There is one other ground, although, I believe, it has never yet been put forward, upon which the political capacity of the people in certain directions may properly be rested. The fact has been alluded to already that, beside the instinct of pity, man, in common with the lower animals, has a natural impulse to resent an injury or an affront; and it is upon this impulse that, in the last analysis, the honor both of individuals and of nations is based. The rough in the street, in whom the instinct in question is stifled by no considerations of thrift or "respectability," has therefore a sense of personal honor more nearly like that of the highest than of any other class in society. In the really educated man the instinct of resenting an insult becomes a conviction of what is due to his self-respect, losing its spontaneous character, and acquiring the obligation of a duty.

But in the intermediate, the middle class, as it is called in England, and the common-schooled but uneducated class,

as it has been called in this country, the fighting impulse is much weaker. The intermediate man hates a "row;" violence is inconsistent with his idea of respectability; and he counts the cost and reckons up the consequences of a blow. This coldness on his part arises from no lack of courage; "he has given his proofs," as the French say, on a thousand battle-fields; but his natural impulse to resent an affront has been weakened by the process of civilization. Now, in nine cases out of ten the propriety of going to war is essentially the same question as that of resenting a personal insult, or avenging or preventing a personal injury, and will be decided by every citizen upon similar grounds. It follows, then, that in questions of this character the people, meaning the great mass of the uneducated, will take a soldier-like view, and will commonly be found at one with the aristocracy, if any such exist in the country concerned. For an illustration of this fact one need look no further than England. During many years it has been made the reproach, whereas in truth it is the high honor, of the conservative party that their foreign policy has found in the mob its most numerous and most enthusiastic supporters. A street row, originating in an affront, is begun and conducted upon precisely the same principles as a war between two great powers. Such considerations as these are obvious enough, but they are commonly overlooked. "The bane of philosophy," Mr. Walter Bagehot acutely remarked, "is pomposity; people will not see that small things are the miniatures of greater; and it seems a loss of abstract dignity to freshen their minds by object-lessons from what they know."

Candid supporters of the two theories which I have now examined, and to some extent harmonized, must occasionally have felt a misgiving that their opponents were right, after all, or at

least that something substantial was to be said on that side. Such a misgiving would be founded in fact; and indeed it is preposterous to suppose either that the much-vaunted and widely held political capacity or the equally celebrated political incapacity of the people could be a mere delusion. There must be a basis of truth for each contention; and if that basis has been ascertained correctly in the foregoing analysis, then it follows that the people will, as a rule, decide rightly so far as questions of humanity, of justice, and, generally speaking, of war are concerned, but that so far as ordinary business questions of government or the selection of repre-

sentatives may be involved, the people are unfit to govern.

The inquiry here undertaken is important and fundamental, but it is a narrow one. No attempt is made to ascertain who "the people" are, or what degree of education removes a man from this class, or what weight the people really exercise in our government, or how completely their will is expressed. Finally, it does not follow that a particular system of government should be discarded so soon as it is found to be in any respect illogical or even absurd. The choice to be made is a choice of evils. All forms of government are bad, but the worst is better than anarchy.

H. C. Merwin.

PASSE ROSE.

XXIII.

THE king had risen from table, and entered his cabinet.

One might have known this from the murmur of voices in the dining-hall, indicating that the officers of the palace had succeeded their royal master at table; for when the king was eating, the silence of the room was broken only by those who served, and by the voice of the clerk on the estrade, reading from the Frankish chronicles or the works of the saints. One might have known it also from the demeanor of those who crossed the court without. The boldest inmate of the palace, seeing the curtain drawn aside from the circular window over the south portal, hurried about his business with the conscious air of one who is observed; for this window was like the lens of a telescope, and this curtain like the cap which covers the lens. When the curtain was drawn aside, one knew the king's eye was there.

A single door, covered by a tapestry

sown with lions and bordered with marigolds, gave access to the room from the royal sleeping-chamber. A chair standing habitually in the embrasure of the window, a stool and reading-desk near the chair, a wooden bench beside the fireplace, and two cushions of silk on the floor were its only furniture. Smoke had darkened the rafters overhead, their gilded edges and the rosettes painted in orange on the pale sea-green of the intervening spaces being scarcely visible. A single window, too, lighted the room; but this window redeemed it. Gloomy and dark within as the tube of the telescope, through this its lens one saw, below, the court; above, beyond the roofs, a green circle of wooded hills; and, higher still, the heaven-fields, which the king loved to scan at night, when the watchman cried the hours to the stars.

Spread open upon the reading-desk lay the king's favorite book, the *City of God*, of St. Augustine, from which a clerk was reading aloud in slow, monot-

onous tones, glancing between the periods from the immobile figure in the chair to a young girl, who, seated on the cushion at its feet, caught every word as it fell from his lips. A tunic of white silk shot with silver threads, which glistened like frost, reached to her feet, and descended in rolls to the wrists, where it ended in broad bands of fine pearls. A like band terminated the garment at her throat; and still another, narrower, but with larger pearls, spaced at equal intervals, confined a thin veil about the temples. This veil, covering the hair and shoulders, and embroidered with flowers of a lustrous white silk, sparkled in the sun, which, now nearly vertical, began to enter the window, creeping slowly up the carved pillars of the king's chair to the crystal balls which terminated its arms. Her hands clasped about her knee, her eyes riveted upon the reader's face, the young girl listened intently, unmindful of the king's gaze, her whole attention absorbed by what she heard.

"Who, indeed, can enumerate all the great grievances with which human society abounds in the misery of this mortal state? Who can weigh them? Hear how one of their comic writers makes one of his characters express the common feeling of all men in this matter: 'I am married: this is one misery. Children are born to me: they are additional cares.' What shall I say of the miseries of love, which Terence also recounts? — 'slights, suspicions, quarrels.'"

Sighing at these words, as if they were her own utterance, the listener lifted her eyes to the king, and, seeing his clear, penetrating gaze fixed upon her, blushed, and turned her face to the window.

Her body was frail, and slender as a flower's stem, and his rugged and robust, like a stout blade beaten into shape under the blows of a forging hammer; the eyes of each were great and gray, but hers soft as a falcon in

mew, and his keen as a hawk trussing; her skin, softer than the tissue of her silken garment, was scarcely less white, and his, bronzed by many winds and suns, was darker than the brown mustache which, thick and strong like the brows and hair, overshadowed the firm lines of the mouth. Where the subtle likeness between the two hid were hard to say, though it struck the shallowest observer at a glance.

His hands resting on the crystal balls, the king watched the averted face, while the voice of the reader pursued its even way: —

"Who ought to be, or who are, more friendly than those who live under the same roof? And yet, who can rely even upon this friendship, seeing that secret treachery has often destroyed it, producing enmity even more bitter than the amity was sweet" —

"Turn over some pages," said the clear voice of the king. It was scarcely four years since the conspiracy of his first-born.

Startled by this interruption, the clerk hastened to obey, fumbling the leaves of the manuscript between his thick fingers, and casting furtive glances from its yellow pages to the king, — that king so imposing to the historian, the creator rather than the product of an epoch, greater in authentic annals than in the epics to which his greatness gave rise, a sun shining between the two nights of barbarism and feudality.

At the sound of the king's voice, the young girl had looked up quickly, but the eyes she sought were far away upon the hills. Of what was he thinking? Of that nest of Bavarian hate and perfidy mothered by Luitberg, who had never forgotten his insult to her race in the divorce of her sister and the overthrow of the house of Lombardy? But this nest of conspiracy had been destroyed, and its inmates had followed the Lombard kings and the dukes of Aquitania into the tomb of the monastery. Did

he hear beyond those hills, from the heart of Germany, the sullen murmur of moving peoples? But this murmur was hushed. One by one his envying enemies, Saxon, Tartar, and Slav on the north and east, Lombard, Saracen, and Aquitanian on the south and west, holding France as in the jaws of a vise, had been reduced to vassalage. The Saxon dream of independence was over, and their tireless leader, discouraged at last by reverses, had been baptized at Attigny. Thrice conquered, the Huns lay powerless between the newly constituted duchies of Frioul and Bavaria. Not in vain had the Holy Pontiff appealed to the Frankish monarch; he feared no longer to see the Saracen under the walls of Rome, or the galleys of Irene in the Bay of Tarentum. Irene herself trembled in her palace of Byzantium; for the tread of Frankish horsemen was heard on the banks of the Save, and terror reigned in Thrace and Macedonia.

Although the clerk, having discovered a more agreeable chapter, continued tranquilly his reading, the king was apparently not listening. Did he see beyond those hills the shadows of great disasters yet below the horizon? But the Western Church and State were unifying, their Eastern rivals disintegrating. If this church was still blinded by superstition, if this monarchy was still weighted by abuses, yet decay had given place to organization, sterility to life; if this kingdom was yet to be torn in fragments, its hitherto fluctuating boundaries had become fixed. The sun rose on a world of hope. The prophetic dream of the Thuringian Bazine, mother of Clovis, on the night of her nuptials, had been fulfilled, — her race had descended into the cloister, then the sepulchre of incompetency and fallen greatness; and now was being accomplished that other prophecy, of Strabo, who foresaw in Gaul the seat of a great empire.

Ordinarily the king observed with in-

terest what was passing in the court below, now filling with the motley concourse of strangers come to witness the approaching *fêtes*. The vast buildings surrounding the palace, erected for the accommodation of those who for any cause of interest or shelter flocked to the royal residence, overflowed with visitors from every part of the kingdom, curious to see the booty and captives which the young king of Italy brought his father. Never had the city swarmed with so many people, never had so many illustrious personages gathered in the capital of the Western world. Neustrian and Austrasian lords, who for so long had mutually despised each other, the one for his effeminacy, the other for his barbarism, now united under a single sway, mingled freely with polished Southern nobles and blunt warriors from provinces beyond the Rhine. The most extravagant stories of the riches of the *ring*, plundered by the victorious Pepin, circulated from mouth to mouth; descriptions of the Hunnish captives, their savage appearance, braided locks, and dress of furs, were on every tongue. One could scarcely wait to see these spoils of conquest, to gloat over these haughty prisoners. Tables were being placed in the streets, before the doors of the houses; the buildings were being decorated with colored cloths; and from the lofty poles erected between the palace and the gate of Colonia were to be displayed enormous paintings, representing the history of the world from the temptation of Paradise to the present time. Already workmen were preparing in the great square the tribunes from which the court was to witness the entry, and trenchers at which the army was to feast by torchlight after the *Te Deum* in the basilica of the Mother of God. These streets were soon to be strewn with flowers, these tables to be covered with chased dishes filled with meats and running with wine, this square to resound with shouts of rejoicing; and

every eye was beginning to glitter with the feverish light of impatience and expectation.

So many people circulated about the gate and filled the court that none gave heed to a girl, who, pressing through this concourse of curious loiterers, made her way to the door under the south gallery, where the guards with difficulty prevented the crowd from invading the palace itself. She had dismounted from her horse in the street, and, guided by the exclamations and fragmentary sentences of those about her, advanced resolutely to the bronze gates, where the crowd was densest. These gates opened upon the spacious stairway leading from the gallery to the audience-chamber.

"They say the king is there," said one, pointing to the window above.

"Is it true the army is but a day's march — Seigneur! take thine elbows from my ribs!" exclaimed another to his neighbor, who was forcing his way excitedly towards the soldier guarding the door.

"Let him pass!" cried a third, holding back. "I heard him tell an officer that his wife was lost in the press."

Passe Rose turned, and saw Werdric. He also recognized her, but at the same moment a cry arose from behind, and the surge of the crowd swept them asunder. This cry was due to the opening of the gates leading to the stables, whence a troop of horse issued into the court, already thronged. It was the royal guard going out to meet the young king, on the road to Colonia. Beset by the swaying mass and excited by the tumult, the horses threatened to trample those nearest them underfoot, and their leader called to those about the gates to clear a passage with their lances. Seeing the attention of all diverted and the bronze doors momentarily deserted, Passe Rose pushed the heavy panel far enough to slip within, and without pause or deliberation ran up the broad stairs she saw before her. At their summit

extended a long corridor, down which she advanced hurriedly, till the clamor of many voices and the metallic ring of dishes caused her to retreat. Passing thus quickly from the noise and light without into the gloom and solitude within, she heard every heart-beat, and felt her courage desert her. At the sound of approaching footsteps, she began to run, and at the first door she met glided behind its tapestry screen. This door gave access to the great hall where the noble youth of the kingdom assembled to listen to the teachings of the school of the palace, and adjoined the private apartments of the king. Passe Rose had no sooner lifted the curtain than she saw a page, who, sitting on the floor, at the entrance of the passage to the king's chamber, was amusing himself with a parchment, from which hung a multitude of tasseled strings. Seeing that she was observed, she went forward timidly, gaining courage, however, at sight of the pretty face of the boy. The latter, whose duty it was to summon the chaplain when the king had finished his reading, occupying himself with no business but his own, evinced only a lively curiosity in the young girl, whose presence promised to relieve the tedium of his waiting. Passe Rose, on her side, having no fear of a boy, approached with all the unconcern she could affect, smiling, her eyes fixed upon the silken fringe, but alert for every sound.

"What hast thou there?" she asked, stooping over the parchment in the boy's hands.

"The Oracle of Truth," he replied, looking up into her face.

"The Oracle?" whispered Passe Rose, glancing sidewise through the doorway. "Pray what is that?"

"Choose one of these strings," said the boy. Passe Rose reached out her hand. "Nay, shut thine eyes, then choose, and I will tell thee what will befall."

"Canst thou read?" asked Passe Rose, observing the characters on the parchment.

"Nay, but I know the answers by heart. This one with the blue string reads thus: 'Beware: after honey, gall!' But choose; only close thine eyes."

Forgetting for the moment her purpose, and fascinated by the mysterious parchment, Passe Rose shut her eyes, and, first signing herself, touched one of its pendent strings. "What is it?" she asked, opening her eyes and bending forward with anxiety.

The boy clapped his hands, laughing. "The yellow, the yellow! What luck! See!" pointing with his finger, — "'A great happiness is on its way to thee.'"

Passe Rose stood up, her eyes dilating, her bosom swelling. She could not speak. This great hall was not large enough for her to breathe in. Stooping quickly, she kissed the boy's face, then disappeared in the corridor which led to the chamber of the king.

"Ho! Knowest thou not he is within?" called the page. Passe Rose neither paused nor turned. "Ho, I tell thee!" he called again, springing to his feet. But Passe Rose had already disappeared. "Seigneur!" cried the boy, terrified by such audacity, and running across the hall to tell the chief of the pages that a strange girl had entered the sleeping-chamber of the king.

On emerging from the obscurity of the passage-way into the light, Passe Rose was still smiling. She paused a moment on the threshold of the chamber, then stepped upon its mosaic floor, and stood still again. The room was empty, yet, as when gazing at the altar in the chapel of Immaburg, sure of some invisible presence, she searched its length and breadth, her heart beating fast with expectation and her members numb with awe. Before her was the king's bed, low and wide, with its ermine cover and pillows of brodered

silk, partly concealed by curtains hung from swinging rods. On the floor beside it stretched the red skin of a fox, and upon the table stood the king's cup and the candelabrum, whose six candles of wax indicated the hour of the day; for the king had not yet received the famous brass water-clock, damaskeened with gold, presented to him by the Caliph Aroun-al-Raschid, whose falling balls sounded the hours night and day. Three of these candles were already consumed; it would therefore be more than an hour before the king would send for his chaplain. From the bed Passe Rose's eyes followed the tapestry which hid the wall to the height of her shoulders, and above which a carved shelf made the circuit of the apartment. Behind the objects upon this shelf the walls displayed flowers, painted in red and yellow and other colors, of such marvelous forms and hues that Passe Rose could think of nothing but the beautiful fields of Paradise. Moreover, above the door opposite her she saw an image of the blessed St. Martin, who divided his cloak with a beggar; and the face of this image, rudely carved though it was, certainly smiled upon her, while its lips, albeit of wood, moved visibly, as if saying, "A great happiness is on its way to thee." Persuaded that the saint really addressed her, she approached, her two hands crossed upon her bosom, when she perceived that the sounds came from within the door, and suddenly, —

"Turn over some pages," said a clear voice, as it were at her very side.

She started back, but catching sight again of the encouraging countenance of the saint, murmured a quick prayer, and advancing to the door laid her ear close to the golden lions of the tapestry. Some one was speaking. She held her breath, and listened.

"But now as regards loftiness of place, it is altogether ridiculous to be so influenced by the fact that the demons in-

habit the air, and we the earth, as to think that on that account they are to be put before us; for in this way we put all the birds before ourselves. But the birds, when they are weary with flying, or require to repair their bodies with food, come back to the earth to rest or to feed, which the demons, they say, do not. Are they therefore inclined to say that the birds are superior to us, and the demons superior to the birds? But if it be madness to think so, there is no reason why we should think that, on account of their inhabiting a loftier element, the demons have a claim to our religious submission."

This passage excited in *Passe Rose* so lively an interest that she forgot everything. Her face flushed redder than the fabric next her cheek, and in her eagerness to catch every word she parted the fringe, revealing to the reader a pair of dark eyes, which glistened like dew-drops among the silk marigolds of the tapestry. Disconcerted by this apparition, the clerk paused.

"Read on," said the king sharply.

The clerk would have obeyed, but the place was lost; in vain did he seek it with his finger, for he could not wrest his eyes from the girl's face; so that the king, following his gaze, and turning quickly, discovered *Passe Rose* standing terrified in the doorway.

Whether because his face inspired confidence (for in the presence of some we are at our best, as in that of others every good quality deserts us without reason), or whether because her courage rose when put to the proof, no sooner did the king's eye meet hers than her terror left her, and with a firm step she advanced into the room, rendering gaze for gaze. She had taken no thought of what she should say, but, going in, she remembered how, when a little girl dancing before Queen Hildegard at the Easter fêtes, a young chamberlain came with a message, and, bending upon one knee, said, "In the name of God, who suffered for us, I

salute you;" and how the queen made answer, "In the name of God, who was our ransom, hail." These fine words came back to her and were on her lips as she approached, when, just beyond the king's chair, she saw Agnes of Solier, and stopped, mute and staring. A hundred times the space in which *Passe Rose* stood thus trembling like a tense bowstring would not suffice to tell all she felt and saw in that moment of silence, though in reality it was but the length of two breaths. All which before had seemed sure and easy became suddenly hopeless and of no avail, while every evil fear she had once lightly set aside was uppermost. How could she contend with a king's daughter? She had killed the queen's favorite! What if, as the prior had said, the papers were of other matters? Who would then believe her? Where were her witnesses? It was perhaps a dream, and she made a little movement of the fingers, to feel whether the wounds caused by the Saxon's knife were still there; seeing at the same time the white hands of Agnes of Solier and her own, brown with toil and stained with blood. A confused recollection of what the clerk had read crossed her mind. "Demon of hell," whispered a voice in her ear, "the abbot, the prior, the monk, will swear to it, and the captain also, whom thou hast possessed." "Aye, whom I possess," she replied; and she heard the page saying to her, "A great happiness is on its way to thee." She repeated the words softly, "A great happiness, a great happiness," as if they could conjure away her fears, clinging with her eyes to the king, and resisting with all her strength the challenging gaze of Agnes of Solier. The latter, no less surprised than *Passe Rose*, stared back in wonder.

"Who art thou, and what dost thou wish?" asked the king, astonished at her sudden appearance and agitated face.

At the sound of his voice, the words

broke like a torrent from *Passe Rose's* lips: "This one I found by the fish-ponds," — she had thrust the papers in his hand, — "and this the Saxon gave the monk for the prior. Read, read!" and drawing the cord through the wax seal with her trembling fingers, she spread the parchment on his knee. "I was in the tower; there came two, the prior and another, — then the Saxon maid who sat at supper at *Immaburg*. I heard what they said. Look! there are the prints of her knife! The knife was for thee."

"Peace!" exclaimed the king, rising to his feet, and crushing the parchment in his hand. It was a cry rather than a command, for, incoherent as were the words he heard, they were sharper than any knife to his pride. He stood for a moment in doubt, and then, as if convinced by the girl's fearless manner, sank back into his chair, opening the papers slowly, and fixing from time to time, as he read, a searching look upon *Passe Rose*. Her heart was beating violently, but her fear was over, and she watched the king's face boldly. Every trace of anger and distress had fallen from it, as a mantle falls from the shoulder to the ground. He neither started nor frowned, as she had thought to see him do; nevertheless, she was content, for his eyes were good to look at, and she felt the happiness of which she had been foretold running, as the tide runs in the sea-meadows, to her finger-tips. She wished to laugh aloud, to dance, to sing, and at the same time tears of which she could give no account dimmed her vision, causing the garnet in the clasp of the king's cloak to swell and glisten like a bubble of blood. She heard the clerk closing his book and retiring softly behind her, but when the king turned to *Agnes of Solier* with a sign that she should go also, *Passe Rose* reached out her hand.

"I pray thee let this lady listen," she said entreatingly.

Surprised beyond measure, the king knit his brow, looking from *Passe Rose's* eager face to the flushed countenance of *Agnes of Solier*, who had risen to her feet, and stood beside his chair, her hand resting upon his.

"Speak on," he said, feeling the hand trembling upon his own.

Anxious lest his patience should be exhausted, divided in her mind as to what was trivial and what important, *Passe Rose* began, — relating her meeting with *Gui of Tours* in the wood of *Hesbaye*, her adventure in the abbey and consultation with the sorceress (though this were a forbidden thing), and then her return to the abbey at midnight to tell *Friedgis* what the gospels had said, and how the captain had promised to seek the Saxon maid in the household of the king. "It was going down the hill after the prior was gone that I found the paper," she said, pointing to the parchment, "for the moon came up while I was hid."

So candid was her speech and so eager her haste that the king listened in silent wonder, though he saw her oft bewildered between two stories, one for him and one for *Agnes of Solier*. But here she paused, and a sob rose in her throat.

"Father and mother have I none," she continued, "because of the pest; and they being dead, I went wherever the wind blew, with dancing-girls and jugglers, — it was then I danced at *Chasseneuil*, before *Queen Hildegard*, — and afterwards with merchants. But I parted from these at the fair of *St. Denis* because of a certain Greek," — here *Passe Rose* looked full at *Agnes of Solier*; "for love is like God's winds, coming at no man's bidding and dispelled by no command, except it be the Christ's, as told in the gospels. Afterwards, till now," — for the first time she hesitated, — "I lived with *Werdric*, the goldsmith of *Maestricht*, and his wife, *Jeanne*, till — till I came to *Immaburg*."

"What brought thee to Immaburg?" interrupted Agnes of Solier quickly.

The question was rude, and *Passe Rose* grew hot and cold by turns. A defiant light flashed in her eyes, but she kept them fixed upon the king. "If one should mock thee to thy face, what wouldst thou do?" she said, lip and voice quivering together.

"By the Lord of heaven!" exclaimed the king, startled by this unexpected question, but liking well her boldness, "were I the stronger" —

"Nay, the weaker."

Perplexed, the king observed her in silence.

"When I returned from the abbey," continued *Passe Rose* in a hard voice, "the night was far gone, and the goldsmith met me at the garden gate. 'Wanton!' he said. For that reason," looking at Agnes of Solier, "I left my home, wandering two days in the wood of Hesbaye, and came to Immaburg, as thou sawest, not knowing where I was. There it was I first saw the Saxon maid. She came by stealth into the strangers' hall, and gave these papers to the monk as he sat by the fire, bidding him deliver them to the prior. Why I took them from him I know not, except it were God's will, for I thought no more of them till yesternight, being distraught at what the page told me."

"What did he tell thee?" asked Agnes of Solier.

"That thou wert a king's daughter, and betrothed to Gui of Tours."

The king's face flushed red, but Agnes of Solier, pale as the holy napkin, neither spoke nor stirred.

"What happened at supper thou knowest," continued *Passe Rose*.

"But what happened afterwards I know not!" cried Agnes of Solier, torn between her jealousy and her pride.

"I am come to tell thee," answered *Passe Rose* with dignity. "When thou wert gone, I said to the captain, 'Though I were the meanest slave in the kingdom,

what God hath given the king's daughter he hath given to me, and I yield it to none except at his altar.' With that I ran to the chapel to pray and seek counsel of the priest. But because in my anger I had cast down the image of the Virgin above my bed, God would not listen to me; the priest at Immaburg is witness that he took away my senses, and when I got them back I was in the wagon on the high-road. Dost thou remember how the stream was swollen at the ford? I was there, and while they sounded the water I heard the voices of women in the wagon next to mine. One said that the heart of the captain was plainly mine, and could not be had of me for all the gold of the Huns."

"Insolent!" murmured Agnes of Solier, tightening her fingers on the king's hand. But the king, chary of words, waited.

"Another," pursued *Passe Rose*, "replied that it were easier for a dancing-girl to give herself to a captain than for a king's daughter to forget an injury. 'Mark well what I tell thee,' she said: 'one hath his heart; the other will have his head.' 'Liar!' I said to myself. 'What a king's daughter will do I know not, but what a dancing-girl can do I will show thee.' So, when the ford was passed, I cut a hole through the skins with my knife, and went mine own way."

A gesture of surprise escaped the king, who had risen from his chair, and was pacing slowly to and fro between the door and the window. At this moment the troop was filing through the archway into the square, and the Gascon, followed by the prior, was opening the wicket gate leading to the room where the body of Rothilde lay.

It were idle to deny that *Passe Rose* was conscious of the greatness of her action, for even the angels serve God with pleasure; and if it be that they rejoice over the sinner's repentance, some echo, as it were, of this rejoicing

is borne to the soul which doeth well, for its encouragement and satisfaction. Yet so little did *Passe Rose* think to win applause that she mistook the king's gesture for a sign of impatience. "I am coming to it fast," she said, pointing to the parchment, and hurrying on to tell how she hid in the sheepfold; how *Jeanne* came, bereft of reason and without the power to know her own; and all she saw and heard from the tower while *Jeanne* slept.

Not once during this recital did the king cease his walk or lift his eyes from the floor till *Passe Rose* told how *Friedgis* was slain: "I heard a sword drawn, and the rustle of leaves underfoot; afterwards, from the wood, a cry — and then the Saxon maid said" —

She stopped short. The king stood before her, his brow knit as with pain, his face gloomy with suppressed passion. "Well, what said she?" he asked, fixing upon *Passe Rose* his piercing eye.

"Bring me now thy Greek, and I will show him the way to the king's bed."

The king drew himself up to his full height. For a moment he was silent, his eyes shining with points of flame. Then he struck his palms together, whispering a few words to the page who at this signal came in haste from the adjoining room, and, returning to the window, gazed thoughtfully into the court.

Passe Rose, motionless, stood speechless. It was one of those silences which one does not dare to break. "Continue," said the king at length, in a calm voice.

"When the Saxon was gone into the wood, the prior concerted with his companion how they should get the papers from the captain that night, by fair means or foul," pursued *Passe Rose*, stealing a glance at *Agnes of Solier*. "'Ask her where this captain lies,' said the soldier. 'Nay,' replied the prior, 'it will alarm her. Hist! she comes.'"

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"Aye, she comes," murmured the king, beckoning to *Passe Rose*. "See."

Obeying his motion, she approached, holding her breath with the presentiment of impending shock. The throng had followed the troop into the square, and the court was empty. From the farther angle a litter, borne by soldiers, issued from the shadow of the gallery. Over the litter a cloth was spread, and on the cloth a cross glistened in the sun.

Passe Rose, leaning forward, drew a quick breath. "The Saxon!" she whispered.

"Slain, yesternight, by the monk."

"By the monk!" gasped *Passe Rose*.

"Yonder, in the square."

"Nay, it was I!" she cried vehemently, grasping the king's arm. "Look, the marks of her knife! My mother spake in her dreams when the prior was gone. I laid my hand to her mouth, but it was too late. Before I could get to my knees, she" — pointing to the bier — "was on the stair. I caught the blade in my hand as her blow fell, and then we locked, without breath to speak, she above, and I below. God is my witness I had done her no harm but that I knew she or I must die, and die I would not till the captain was warned, for the prior's words were in my ears. Time was lacking to pray, but I saw the stars, and strained leg and arm till her fingers gave way and my throat was free. Then I stood up alone, — how it happened I know not, but I heard the waters splash, and once a cry." She stopped, her bosom heaving, her eyes fixed upon the litter. "Jesu!" she murmured, her voice falling to a whisper, "it was I."

The king regarded her in a stupor of wonder and admiration. He strode back and forth from wall to wall, looking now at *Passe Rose*, and now, uneasily, at *Agnes of Solier*, who, pale and speechless, stared back with eyes of stone. Suddenly, with an abrupt gesture, he stopped before *Passe Rose*.

"If the King of heaven gave thee thy heart's wish, what wouldst thou ask?"

"The reason of my mother Jeanne," said Passe Rose.

The king started. "I will ask it this day in my prayers. And of me," his voice trembling, "what wouldst thou?"

"To give me leave to go in peace to Maestricht, and then to send thither my mother, whom I left in the house by the gate at Frankenburg, for if she see me in the garden combing wool, in my own attire, her reason will return."

"Afterward," said the king, a shadow of vexation passing over his face. Indeed, it were hard to say which was suitor to the other, for his voice faltered, and hers was firm and clear. "That is not all. Afterward," he repeated impatiently.

The color deepened on Passe Rose's cheeks, she trembled violently, and, no longer able to support his gaze, she turned her shining eyes to Agnes of Solier, and threw herself at her feet.

"By the Mother of God!" exclaimed the king, taking Agnes of Solier's hand and seating her in his own chair, "thou art right. She is a king's daughter. Ask her, and thou shalt see what a king's daughter can do." And stooping to Agnes of Solier, he kissed her on the forehead, and left the room.

If love and death could be made subject to will and reason, so that instead of loving love and fearing death, as nature and instinct compel us, we should love death and fear love, then had Passe Rose never gotten from her knees when the Saxon's knife threatened her, nor thrown herself at the feet of Agnes of Solier. But in concerns of love and death nature is stronger than reason, and impulse will countervail consideration; and though at the king's going Passe Rose felt shame drying the source of her tears, and pride nipping the buds of her heart's promise, yet, "If I rise," she said to herself, "all is lost;" and thus bowed down by the weight of her

love, before lesser motives could sway her she felt warm arms pressed about her neck, her face was drawn upwards, and she saw two eyes shining in tears, like her own. No word was spoken. They thought no more of their grief and joy than of the coarse wool and silken tissue which clothed them, but like two naked souls fresh from God's hands gazed at one another.

"Thou hast seen him?" murmured Agnes of Solier. Passe Rose's eyes answered. "And he loves thee — he has told thee" — Passe Rose buried her face in the brodered dress, her shoulders shaken with sobbing. It seemed to her that she could not bear the kiss she felt upon her hair, nor the arms' tender pressure.

"By the Blessed Jesus," she exclaimed, struggling to her feet, "would I might die for thee!"

XXIV.

On the day Passe Rose appeared before the king, the twelve psalms were recited at none, and prayers were said in commemoration of Christ's death, in presence of the royal household, the king himself chanting the epistle before the congregation, who wondered at his fervor. And though no mention is made by the chronicler of Passe Rose, who knelt beside Agnes of Solier in the queen's tribune, I had given less to hear the king's voice than to know what Passe Rose and Agnes of Solier said to God at the moment indicated by the rubric in these words: "Here speak thyself to God, and explain to Him thy need as thine heart shall prompt thee."

The night of that same day, also, when the lights of the palace were extinguished and the city slept, the king rose from bed, walking to and fro like one troubled in mind. But I had given less to know his thoughts than to know of what Passe Rose was thinking, as

she lay in bed that night with Agnes of Solier. Was it for joy, or for the novelty of all about her, or for awe and love of her bedfellow, that she could not sleep? For my part, I think it was because of an image of an angel standing within the curtain rail, whose wings were of silver plates so cunningly riveted that they seemed ready to beat the air; and that in her dreams she took this image for the priest coming with his swinging censor to bless her nuptial bed. Else why, when day was come, did she lie abashed, not daring to move, watching a full hour its silver wings?

There was marveling among the queen's women to see this stranger with Agnes of Solier. Gesualda's eyes were big with wonder, and her tongue could scarce keep pace with her conjectures or with the gossip whispered around her. It was said the king had recognized Agnes of Solier to be his daughter, and had forbidden her marriage through excess of affection, as in times past he had refused Bertrade to Ethelwold of Mercia, and Rotrude to the Emperor Constantine. One pretended that, having proclaimed her his own daughter, he would wed her with a greater than a simple captain; and another, that Gisla, the king's sister, had persuaded her to leave the world, and that to this end the king would give her the abbey of Poitiers. Whether any of these rumors were true or all were false, this is certain (for Gesualda had it from the chief of the pages, while waiting for the queen to go to mass on the morning of Pepin's coming): that after the prayers above mentioned, the king, being alone with the queen in her apartments, sent for both Agnes of Solier and *Passe Rose*; that these two came hand in hand, and were kissed in turn by the queen; and that the king pressed *Passe Rose* to ask his favor on whatever her heart desired. Whereupon she made answer that, of all things she had ever desired, to do her own pleasure freely for a whole hour

was the greatest. "At this," said the page, "the king laughed, and gave her his signet ring till night, to work her will with it as she pleased, bidding me to wait upon her."

"Holy Virgin!" gasped Gesualda. "What did she?"

"First, she sent for the young page Gerald, and caused to be written for him an order on the king's treasury for a hundred sous, 'because,' she said, 'of the truth spoken by the oracle.'"

"What oracle?" asked Gesualda.

"All I know I tell thee," replied the page. "At the same time," he continued, "she had another written for a woman living without the gate, by the ford of the Wurm, of the value of a young Breton colt lost in the king's service. Then she inquired for a certain Gascon, captain of the watch, and bade me fetch him. Thou shouldst have seen the fellow when he saw her! For she pretended anger, and, showing him the ring, asked if, being bidden by the king, he would now kiss a demon. At this he began to tremble and stammer, and she to laugh, saying that although her mouth were as full of kisses as her heart with joy, they were not hers to give, but that she would forgive his rudeness if he would bring her a certain goldsmith, by name Werdrick, living in Maestricht, but now searching for his wife Jeanne in the city. While the Gascon was gone she went to the new basilica, leaving me at the door to wait till she was come out again. But I followed her, an easy matter because of the crowd, and saw her at the altar of the Virgin, laying there a collar of gold which she had about her neck."

"I remember — I remember," said Gesualda.

"Listen," continued the page, lowering his voice. "As we came back, the streets being full of strangers, — what thinkest thou? She laid her hand upon one who passed near us. 'Art thou not the Greek expected by the Prior Sergius from Pavia?' she asked. I tell thee the

fellow's eyes shone with pleasure at seeing her. But before he could answer, 'Thy mission is known to the king,' she said. 'Get thee gone, therefore, if thou wouldst save thy life, and endeavor also to save thy soul. This I do for no love of thee, but because thou once lovedst me,' — and left him, white and staring."

"Oh, oh!" murmured Gesualda.

"Afterwards the Gascon came, saying he had the goldsmith below. 'Knowest thou the monk who stabbed the Saxon yesternight?' she asked. At which he replied that he knew him well, having seized him in the act. 'Go loose him,' she said, showing the king's signet again, 'and say to him that, being by age and learning a suitable person, the queen is pleased to write the abbot to make him deacon, that he may the better serve God at the altar. . . . I would have him prior,' she said, turning to me, 'but he is not fit; it were better, therefore, to leave this to God.' Then came the goldsmith, and this man also began to tremble and change color when he saw her, and suddenly fell on his knees, crying, 'Pardon!' 'Speak no more of it,' she said; 'the curse is turned to blessing; but get thy mule ready, for on the morrow I would go with thee to Maestricht, and Jeanne will follow.'"

"Hath she truly gone?" asked Gesualda.

"This very morning — as she said. Here, thy rein!" cried the page, for he stood at Gesualda's stirrup. "The queen comes." As he spoke, the doors were thrown open, and Liutgarde appeared with the king's daughters.

"Is Agnes among them?" asked Gesualda, raising herself on the point of her toe.

"Aye, behind, to the left. See," said the page, steadying the girl with his arm. "Adieu." His eyes lingered on her face. "Adieu," he repeated, seeking her hand under the saddle fringe.

But Gesualda's eyes were fixed upon Agnes of Solier. "By Heaven!" she

said to herself, "she hath been weeping."

Who will may read in the chronicles how Pepin entered Aix with files of captives and chariots loaded with treasure; how the Kan Thudun was baptized and his nobles forswore their idols; how the army feasted under the toss of torches; what largesses were distributed to the Church and among the king's vassals; and how, in memory thereof, Leo caused to be executed the mosaic representing the king receiving from the hand of St. Peter the standard of the empire. But since *Passe Rose* rode that morning from Aix with Werdric, it were not our business to paint a fleeting pageant. And if any one should deem it strange that she should ride to Maestricht, and not to Frankenburg, where her lover lay wounded, let him remember that in all times when the road is rough and dangers threaten, a woman will win her way in spite of them to the side of her lover; but that when the road is smooth and open, when the wedding train is ready, the horses neighing in the street, and the priest waiting at the parvis door, she will dally at her toilet table and linger with her maids before descending.

If ever a man had paid dear for a hot word spoken in wrath, that man was Werdric, the gold-beater of Maestricht. Had Jeanne flown at him with reproaches, that morning when the madness of a shameful suspicion got the better of love and reason, grief had been easier to bear. But to see her stealing up the turret stair, listening at every footstep without the gate, and looking up eagerly at the sound of a latch; to see her wits departing with her hope day by day, and yet, from force of habit, her hand still turned to her tasks; to feel her eyes, as he worked on the holy image, watching hungrily its beauty grow under the tool's edge, was almost beyond endurance. Many a man will breathe God's air, close his eyes in sleep and open them again to

the sun, without the knowledge of what these things mean; wrongly believing that in the gold which swells his purse or the wheat which bursts his barn lies the bulk of his happiness. Thus Werdric had lived in joy and peace with his wife Jeanne, not knowing wherein his content lay, till, one morning, he found the kitchen fire dead, and the bench where she was wont to sit empty. But now, returning home from Aix, he thanked God for every breath he drew, and for every sunbeam struggling through the trees; for *Passe Rose* rode before him, as on the morning when he found her, coming from St. Denis' fair, and Jeanne was following but a day's journey behind them.

"It is firmly fixed in my mind," said *Passe Rose*, as they journeyed side by side, "that if the pot is put to boil, and all things made to appear as if nothing had happened, our mother will recover her reason."

At these words, tears filled Werdric's eyes and coursed down the furrows of his cheeks; but there was no bitterness in them. For his heart was swollen with happiness, and when this is the case one has great confidence in God.

Never was *Passe Rose* so surprised as when, opening the garden gate, she saw the geese unpastured and the boy lolling with the maids in the grass. It seemed as if every stick and stone knew of Jeanne's absence. The weeds were growing insolently in the path; the leaves had assembled in companies under the wall, and chased each other at will over the beds; the very pots were dull, as with spleen; and spiders wove in the corners. But forthwith *Passe Rose* set the boy at the weeds and the maids at the pots, and, leaving them to marvel, went up the turret stair to her own chamber. There was the open chest, with the dress she loved flung therein; there among the fragments of the holy image lay her purse on the floor, where it had fallen when she hurled it,

in her rage, at the Blessed Mother of God; and there, too, was the print of her face in the golden sun brodered on her bed-cushion. Surely Jeanne had often come by stealth to gaze at these things, and now for the first time *Passe Rose* saw that this desolation was the work of her own hand. She who had given her pardon to Werdric needed now pardon for herself. "*Seigneur Dieu!*" she cried, falling on her knees and stifling her sobs in the golden sun. "I was more cruel than he." Whether she prayed while sobbing so heavily I know not, but just then a sound of distant chanting came as it were an answer from heaven itself. She raised her head, listening. "That should be the monks of St. Servais," thought she; and, rising quickly from her knees, pushed wide her window of horn. A flood of sunshine enwrapped her. "Why sing they at this hour?" she cried to a passer-by.

"Knowest thou not the abbot hath gotten his health? The monks give the praise to God."

"Aye, aye, God be praised!" said *Passe Rose*, drying her tears.

XXV.

The next morning came a messenger from the hill to *Passe Rose*, saying the abbot desired to speak with her, much to the astonishment of Maréthruda, who observed everything from her window. For while it was publicly said that Werdric had found *Passe Rose* in the king's palace, as the sons of Jacob had found their brother at the court of Pharaoh; that *Passe Rose* had won the king's favor, and would wed the newly appointed master of the stables, — Robert of Tours being dead in Hungary, — these rumors, so far from appeasing Maréthruda's curiosity, like stones dropped in a water-jar, only caused it to overflow the more. On hearing, in the market-place, that *Passe Rose* was betrothed to the captain

of the king's horse, she had shrugged her shoulders contemptuously, declaring she would credit it when wolves preached to lambs and cabbages had the smell of roses. But when Werdric showed her a samite cloth woven of six threads in Sicily, the gift of Agnes of Solier for a bridal robe, for the tressed silk of whose girdle he was fashioning two dragons' heads with gaping mouths to hold the strands, she could doubt no longer. "God pardon us!" she thought, as she watched *Passe Rose* go forth mounted upon one of the sleek monastery mules, remembering how she had joined her neighbors in declaring the girl to be a demon.

Half-way up the hill *Passe Rose* bade the messenger ride on before her. "The motion fatigues me," she said. "I will rest here a little, and join thee at the gate." When he was gone she slipped down from her seat, tying the mule by the roadside, and went in through the thorn-thicket to where *Gui* had found her fastening her sandals. There she lingered awhile, listening to the brook's tumble; then went down among the mulberries, to the place where she had sat with her lover. Did she feel nearer to him among these mute witnesses of her first confession? At her approach the mulberry leaves ceased their whispering, and she, observing them all tenderly, stood still in their midst, as if ashamed at all they knew. Regaining the road, she met the herdsmen going with the pigs to the oak feeding-grounds, and citizens coming from the sale of new wine, held every autumn without the abbey gates; these, intent upon their own business, went their ways, with only a glance or common greeting, when it seemed to *Passe Rose* that every one should stop to gaze at her. A sense of superiority lifted her above them all, and she looked with pity to see such sordid cares on the faces of God's creatures. Indeed, the mulberry-trees were far more congenial companions, and,

though ignorant of the price of new wine, were better judges of the fruits which God has planted in his garden.

There were no stars in the water-mirror, as she neared the pond, but the sun shone there, making a golden whirl-pool where the waters eddied about the sluice. Her guide, angry because she dallied by the wayside when the abbot was waiting in the orchard, stamped his foot impatiently to see her now gazing stupidly into the pool. But *Passe Rose*, occupied by her thoughts, observing first the bush where she had lain concealed, and then the small gate whence *Friedgis* had issued, paused again under the wall of the Saxon's cell; at which her companion muttered so loudly that she drew a long breath, and followed him in silence. At the orchard gate he left her, and she perceived the abbot on the seat near the cliff's brow, beckoning to her. Advancing under the king's gaze, in his cabinet at *Aix*, she felt less trouble than now, remembering how this holy man had thought her certainly to be a devil, once dwelling within him. Her step trembled and her cheeks burned, and she covered these with her hands as she knelt down before him. Yet never did penitent bow with greater assurance of pardon, for between her fingers she saw upon the abbot's knees a parchment missive stamped with the king's signet. There was a silence, and then, —

"God has sent thee much sorrow," said the abbot.

"And great joy," she replied, lifting her head. The evidence of it was on her face, and *Passe Rose* was convinced that the abbot knew all that she had ever said or done, for immediately he added, —

"In sorrow we curse God, and in joy we forget him." Then he pointed to *Maestricht*, spread below on the plain, where the river shone, saying, "When Christ was yet young, as thou art, Satan took him up to such a place as this" —

"Aye, father," murmured Passe Rose quickly.

"Thinkest thou the Tempter showed him lands and gold and honor only, and not love also?" said the abbot.

Though his voice was gentle and his palm rested on her hair, Passe Rose stood up, trembling.

"If thou takest away my love, thou takest the staff from my hand."

The abbot turned away his head, and then, after a little, "God make it to blossom like that of Aaron."

"And give it rain and sun, that it may bear fruit to his glory," added Passe Rose candidly.

"Thine is the age of ready promise," said the abbot, looking at her with a show of severity.

"And great courage, father."

Vanquished by her sturdy confidence, the abbot turned his eyes again to the plain. The sun was struggling with the autumn wind to make the day fair, breaking at times from behind the clouds with a burst of its springtime power. Certainly it did not occur to Passe Rose that, like the sun, she could open to the abbot a vision of spring; for who, in the shadow of a mighty tree, would ever think that its stubborn trunk had once swayed to May winds, or that so rugged a bark was ever smooth and fair? What Passe Rose saw was the king's letter close under her eyes, yet as far from her comprehension as had been the gospel page on the altar of St. Servais. "I will ask leave," she was vowing to herself, "to come to the abbey school, that I may master this mystery;" and at the same time she remembered the ivory tablets sold by the Greek merchant, also an alphabet designed to hang from the girdle, and thought how well they would become her.

Surprising her gaze fixed upon the letter, the abbot took the missive from his knee. "The king," he said, "hath sent hither the silver pyx from his chapel

at Aix. Into whatever place this pyx is carried, there the sick are healed, the barren bear, and reason returns to the witless. Art thou able to fast?" —

"Oh, willingly!" cried Passe Rose.

"And to pass the night in prayer?" —

"That is nothing," she interrupted eagerly.

"For to-morrow thy mother returns.

At the third hour, by the king's command, the brotherhood will assemble to chant the litanies of Marcellus, which the Virgin taught the saint from her own mouth at Embrun. At that hour the bell will ring in the tower of St. Gabrielle; at its sound, lift thy voice also to heaven." He raised his hand; Passe Rose knelt again. "The peace of God and his angels guard thee."

Passe Rose did not stir. When at last she raised her eyes to the abbot's face, they were shining as never stars shone in the pond. She rose to her feet, yet did not turn to go. A scarlet flush overspread her face. She retreated a step, and paused again, with a wistful glance at the letter of the king.

Opening it, the abbot began to read: "In the name of God and of our Saviour Jesus Christ, Karle, by the will of the Divine Providence, king, to Rainal, abbot of St. Servais: Be it known that our will is that you make preparations to come, the xv of the calends of January, that is to say six days before Noel, to our palace of Aix, there to celebrate the espousals of our faithful vassal, Gui, Count of Tours'" —

Here the abbot looked up from the missive.

But Passe Rose, who had gone with her dagger to the Saxon's cell, who, though bred among dancers, bore herself courteously with a king's daughter, had fled; and going down the hill, now walking, now running, sang aloud the *salut* she had sung to Queen Hildegard, when she danced at Chasseneuil:

"God give thee joy,
And great honor."

XXVI.

Since the world was made, the wise pretend to set Art over against Nature, showing how the latter proceedeth by law, repeating herself by a blind necessity, without admixture of will or purpose. Yet no man twining his hovel with vines, clothing his nakedness with fineries, or fencing his life about with ceremonies, can compare with Nature in enchantments and illusions. No painter will make the flat appear round with greater nicety, no coquette hide a blemish with such delicacy. With a moonbeam she will outdo fancy, and, splitting the sun's rays, weave herself garments of such beauty as puts imagination to shame. When age is written on her face she will wear her gaudiest ribbons, and no flower of the field under the autumn stars would dream that the drops gathering on its petals were the sharp points of her frost arrows. Has any one failed to observe how, like an old woman who tries her wedding dress when her wrinkles are as plenty as its creases, Nature will put on her spring gown when leaves are falling and the ribs of rock appear in the mountain pastures; how she will draw about her passing comeliness a veil of mist so full of glamour that one is forced to believe her youth restored and winter far distant?

In Jeanne's garden the leaves of the carnelian cherries were yellow and specked with black, and their branches ready to shiver at the least breath of the wind; the plum-trees were tired of growing, and no longer strained to reach the top of the wall; shallot and parsley were withered into brown tufts of shrunken leafage; and the apples on the kitchen wall were pinched and lustreless. But none of these things could contend with Nature, bent upon counterfeiting a spring morning. Purple hemp-nettles bloomed along the wall, —

one might think they were May harebells; asters and yellow celandine nodded to each other across the path, as neighbors passing in the street might greet each other with wishes for a long life; hairy heads of grass jostled each other under Maréthruda's window; and everywhere the loriots and the sparrows preened and plumed their feathers wisely, as birds will when the young are grown, and all the screaming and chirping, the worry and fuss, of spring loves and summer cares are over. Under the open kitchen roof the fire blazed on the stone floor, with fagots fit for use hard by; a fleecy steam rose from the pot, and the spoon protruded above the rim, ready for the hand to seize; the geese were at pasture, the two maids washing at the river; Maréthruda was leaning from the window as formerly, when she had news to tell; through the open door came tinkling sounds of tools where Werdric was at work; and by the wooden post under the eaves Passe Rose herself sat in the sun, combing wool and watching the shadow of St. Sebastian's tower creeping up the path.

At every sound in the street, Maréthruda, her eyes fixed upon the garden gate, started. "Dieu!" she called to Passe Rose, "my tongue cleaves to my mouth; it will not move even to a prayer."

"Leave prayers to the monks," said Passe Rose, drawing her comb through the wool, but trembling inwardly; "thy business is to speak some common word, as thy wont is when she returns from market."

"As true as I live, I can think of nothing," replied Maréthruda.

"Say that the abbot hath sent her a tun of beer in exchange for the cheeses."

"That had not occurred to me," said Maréthruda. "Is it sour or honeyed?"

Passe Rose cast a quick glance of scorn at her neighbor; then the comb dropped from her hand in the wool, for

the bell struck in the tower of St. Gabrielle, and immediately the gate opened and Jeanne entered.

Passe Rose could neither stoop to take her comb nor lift her eyes. Every beat of her heart was like the stroke of the bell's hammer. She wished to run and clasp to her bosom the form she knew was standing in the door, and at the same time a cruel thought — "If I show her overmuch love, she will mistrust me" — took all her courage.

"Thou art late, so I put the pot to boil," she gasped, regaining her comb with a desperate motion.

Her eyes riveted upon Passe Rose, Jeanne stood immobile in the archway. In her fingers she held the ragged skirt of her garment. Whether she heard the pot steaming on the tripod, or the click of Werdrick's tools, or the burden of the monk's hymn, "Alleluia, song of sweetness," I cannot tell; but at the sound of Passe Rose's voice, she advanced a step timidly, then stood still again. In her eyes one could see the struggle of contending passions, — distrust, desire, fear, and the hunger of love's famine. With a rapid glance about her, she took another step forward, and, seeing Maréthruda, smiled faintly; then, hesitating, retreated again, like an intruder.

It seemed to Passe Rose that God and Maréthruda deserted her; and forgetting both, as also the silver pyx, she rose in her own strength, and went to meet her mother. I know not what mixture of sweet cajolery and commanding willfulness was in her face and motion, but as she drew near Jeanne began to smile, and then to laugh, — a laugh so strangely pitiful that Passe Rose burst into sobbing, and caught her about the neck.

When Maréthruda, hastening from her window, reached the spot, Passe Rose was seated on the garden walk, holding Jeanne to her bosom, and Werdrick knelt beside her. "See, her lips

move!" cried Maréthruda, beside herself.

Passe Rose bent her ear and listened.

"What says she?" asked Maréthruda excitedly.

And Passe Rose, looking up through her tears, whispered, "That she dreamed the geese had gone astray in the meadow."

He who, before he returned to Paradise, opened by a word the sealed ear to the sounds of this world, and the closed eye to its beauties, might doubtless have set Jeanne's wits aright instantaneously, without leaving them, as it were, to grope first among the geese, and to set themselves in order little by little with the growth of her bodily vigor. But such is the general course of his Providence, — to proceed by gentle stages, and not after the hot desires of our own wills. And if through much longing Passe Rose chafed at the delay in her mother's restoration and the healing of her lover's wound, yet she gathered more happiness by the way than if God had granted her wish as the fays do, in a point of time. Thus a man enters the temple of his joy as he would go to the church of St. Servais, on the hill above Maestricht; seeing first the tower of Gabrielle from a distance, then hearing its bell faintly, afterwards losing all sight of its walls among the oak-trees, till, having passed the ponds, they appear again close at hand, and at last, gaining the steps of the parvis, he lifts the curtain and goes in to the shrine. And it was so that Passe Rose, when Jeanne had left her bed, and the time of the espousals drew near, went up to the public mass said in honor of the silver pyx which had worked her mother's cure. The service had commenced when she reached the church door, so she went forward on the points of her toes, listening to the priest reading the epistle. His voice quivered like a flame; she recognized it well, though it was

new, and as she passed the last pillar she perceived the celebrant was Brother Dominic. Remembering what terror she had thrice caused him, she remained in the pillar's shadow, observing him.

His face had grown thin, changed in some marvelous fashion like his voice. Fascinated, she advanced unawares, and their eyes met. His look passed

from her face as the wind leaves the cheek, and his voice soared higher : —

“ Love not the world ” —

At these words Passe Rose started, as at a blow.

— “ neither the things that are in the world. . . . The world passeth away ” —

But Passe Rose, looking up, smiled. For love abideth forever.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

DEATH IN APRIL.

In low lands where the sun and moon are mute.”

Ave atque Vale.

O MOTHER England, bow thy reverend head
This April morning. Over Northlands wan
Midspring comes back to freshen thee once more,
With daisies on the mounds of thy loved dead,
Like Chaucer's benediction from the dawn,
Or his, ah me ! who down thy forest floor
Went yestereven. Now
In vain thou art regirdled, as alone
Of all the elder lands or younger thou
With hawthorn spray canst be, — that weariless
Eternal charm of thine, thou home of blown
Seafarers in the storm through dark and stress.

'Tis spring once more upon the Cumner hills,
And the shy Cumner vales are sweet with rain,
With blossom, and with sun. The burden of time
By eerie woodland messengers fulfills
Our unremembered treasures of pain
With long-lost tales of unforgotten prime ;
The stir of winds asleep,
Roaming the orchards through unanguid hours,
Allures us to explore the vernal deep
And unhorizoned hush wherein we wend,
Yet always some elusive weird there lowers,
Haunting its uttermost cloud walls unkennd.

There skirt the dim outroads of April's verge, —
Memorial of an elder age, — gray wraiths
Which went nowhither when the world was young,
Grim ghosts which haunt the marges of the surge
Of latest silence. Beaming sunshine bathes
The wanderers of life, and still among
The corners of the dawn

Lurk these dark exiles of the nether sea,
Unbanished, unrecalled from ages gone.
Disowned ideals, deeds, or Furies blind,
Or murdered selves, — I know not what they be,
Yet are they terrible though death be kind.

Companioned by the myriad hosts of eld,
We journey to a land beyond the sweep
Of knowledge to determine. Tented where
The storied heroes watch aforetime held,
We hold encampment for a night and sleep
Into the dawn; till, restless, here and there
A sleeper, having dreamed
Of music, and the childhood sound of birds,
And the clear run of river heads which gleamed
Along his hither coming through the gloom,
Rouses from his late slumber, and upgirds
Him to look forth where the gold shadows loom.

Ah, Cumner, Cumner, where is morning now?
A nightwatch did he bide with thee, but who
Hath his clear prime? Perchance the great dead Names,
Wide bruited, shall restore thee him, if thou
His captive flight with ransom flowers pursue
And gleaming swallows down the glittering Thames
Where the long sea-winds go.
In vain, in vain! To the hid wells of tears
In their hot waste thou canst not journey so,
Nor make leap up the old desire outworn;
For Corydon is dead these thousand years, —
Dear Corydon who died this April morn.

O mother April, mother of all dreams,
Child of remembrance, mother of regret,
Inheritor of silence and desire,
Who dost revisit now forsaken streams,
Canst thou, their spirit, evermore forget
How one sweet touch of immemorial fire
Erewhile did use to flush
The music of their wells, as sunset light
Is laid athwart the springtime with keen hush?
Being so gracious and so loved, hast thou
In all thy realm no shelter from the night
Where Corydon may keep with Thyrsis now?

Hast thou some far sequestering retreat
We can but measure by the pause and swing
Of old returning seasons filled with change?
When far from this world, whither do thy feet
Lead thee upon the margins of the spring?

Through what calm lulls of weather dost thou range
In smiling reverie,
Between the crisp of dawn and noon's white glare?
Beyond the borders of the wintry sea,
Remembering those who loved thy garment's hem
As children love the oxeyes, dost thou there
Reserve a shadow of content for them?

Belike some tender little grave-eyed boy,
Of mild regard and wistful, plaintive moods,
Fondling of earth, darling of God, too shy
For fellowship with comrades, finds employ
In undiscoverable solitudes
Of childhood, when the gravel paths are dry,
And the still noons grow long.
In the old garden's nook of quiet sun,
Where brownies, elfin things, and sun motes throng,
He builds a hut of the half-brown fir boughs, —
Whose winter banking for the flowers is done, —
And there all day his royal fairy house

He keeps, with entertainment of such guests
As no man may bring home; he peoples it
As never Homer peopled Troy with kings.
In the wide morning his unnamed behests
Strange foresters obey, while he doth sit
And murmur what his sparrow playmate sings
From the dark cedar hedge.
Twin tiny exiles from the vast outland,
They know the secret unrecorded pledge
Whereby the children of the dawn are told.
The toiling small red ants are his own band
Of servitors; his minstrels from of old —

Light-hearted pillagers of golden shrines —
The bees were, in the willows; row on row
Are his the tall white lilacs in the sun,
And his the stainless roof-work of the pines.
He in that wide unhaste beats to and fro,
Borne far a-wind as a poised bird might run,
Or as a sunburnt shard
Might gleam, washed over by the glimmering sea:
A mother hand hath still his doom in guard;
The sparrow cadence and the lilac's prime
Go build the soul up of a man to be,
While yet he kens them not, nor self, nor time.

O mother April, mother of all dreams,
In thy far dwelling keepest thou for him
Such hospitable bounty? Hast thou there
A welcome of seclusion and sweet streams

Of sheer blue waters, at whose running brim,
Under the gold of that enchanted air,
Thy frail windflowers are spread?
Crown with thy smile the end of his rare quest,
And cherish on thy knees that holiest head;
Sweet mother, comfort his dear spirit now
With perfect calm, with long-abiding rest,
And that love thou canst tend him, — only thou!

April, O mother of all the dappled hours,
Restorer of lost days, for whom we long;
Bringer of seedtime, of the flowers and birds;
Sower of plenty, of the buds and showers;
Exalter of dumb hearts to the brink of song;
Revealer of blind Winter's runic words!
Relief from losing strife
To him thou givest, and to us regret.
Wilt thou requicken ever there to life
Our dreams which troop across the burning hills,
Or on some primal bleak windlands forget
Thy yearning children by their woodland rills?

We muse and muse, and never quite forego
The sure belief in thy one home at last.
The years may drive us with dull toil and blind,
Till age bring down a covering like snow
Of many winters, yet the pausing blast
Hath rifts of quiet, and the frozen wind
Zones of remindful peace;
Then, while some pale green twilight fades to gold,
There comes a change, and we have found release
In the old way at thy returning hands.
Forever in thy care we grow not old,
No barrows of the dead are in thy lands.

O April, mother of desire and June,
Great angel of the sunshine and the rain,
Thou, only thou, canst evermore redeem
The world from bitter death, or quite retune
The morning with low sound wherein all pain
Bears part with incommunicable dream
And lisping undersong,
Above thy wood-banks of anemone.
A spirit goes before thee, and we long
In tears to follow where thy windways roam, —
Depart and traverse back the toiling sea,
Nor weary any more in alien home.

With what high favor hast thou rarely given
A springtime death as thy bestowal of bliss!

On Avon once thy tending hands laid by
 The puppet robes, the curtained scenes were riven,
 And the great prompter smiled at thy long kiss;
 And Corydon's own master sleeps a-nigh
 The stream of Rotha's well,
 Where thou didst bury him, thy dearest child;
 In one sweet year the Blessed Damozel
 Beholds thee bring her lover, loved by thee,
 Outworn for rest, whom no bright shore beguiled,
 To voyage out across the gray North Sea;

And slowly Assabet takes on her charm,
 Since him she most did love thou hast withdrawn
 Beyond the wellsprings of perpetual day.
 And now 'tis Laleham: from all noise and harm,
 Blithe and boy-hearted, whither is he gone,
 (Like them who fare in peace, knowing thy sway
 Is over carls and kings,
 He was too great to cease to be a child,
 Too wise to be content with childish things,)
 Having heard swing to the twin-leaved doors of gloom,
 Pillared with autumn dust from out the wild,
 And carved upon with BEAUTY and FOREDOOM?

Awile within the roaring iron house'
 He toiled to thrill the bitter dark with cheer;
 But ever the earlier prime wrapped his white soul
 In sure and flawless welfare of repose,
 Kept like a rare Greek song through many a year
 With Chian terebinth, — an illumined scroll
 No injury can deface.
 And men will toss his name from sea to sea
 Along the wintry dusk a little space,
 Till thou return with flight of swallow and sun
 To weave for us the rain's hoar tracery,
 With blossom and dream unraveled and undone.

We joy in thy brief tarrying, and beyond,
 The vanished road's end lies engulfed in snow,
 Far on the mountains of a bleak new morn.
 Craving the light, yet of the dark more fond,
 Abhorring and desiring do we go, —
 A cruse of tears, and love with leaven of scorn,
 Mingled for journey fare;
 While in the vision of a harvest land
 We see thy river wind, and, looming there,
 Death walk within thy shadow, proudly grim,
 A little dust and sleep in his right hand, —
 The withered windflowers of thy forest dim.

Bliss Carman.

WHY OUR SCIENCE STUDENTS GO TO GERMANY.

THE fact that every year more than one hundred and fifty American students are pursuing their post-graduate studies in German universities is very significant, and it is well worth inquiring why they should prefer to study abroad rather than to attend their own higher institutions of learning. Doubtless each individual is influenced by a variety of causes, but there must be some general cause underlying all cases.

Of the subsidiary reasons, the one of finance is perhaps of importance. One can study three years at a German university for the same price that it would cost him for two years at Harvard, Johns Hopkins, or Cornell. Besides, the great advantage of travel is included in this price. Further, the much greater ease with which the German language can be acquired when once among the people themselves is no mean inducement. Many may go relying upon the mere fact of their having studied in Germany, or their having obtained a German degree, to secure them a good position upon their return. The confidence of these, however, seems to lead to the great cause underlying this migration. Why should our educators and trustees who have the power of appointing to good positions prefer German graduates to such an extent? The answer must be that they are better informed, and that the German university system is superior to ours. If this be so, then the matter is well worth consideration, and steps should be taken to remedy and improve our methods, and place them at least on a par with, if not above, those of our German cousins.

That the Germans possess a much larger number of superior scholars is manifested by the abundance of scientific periodical literature in that country. Wiedemann's *Annalen* in physics

and the *Jahres-Berichte* of the German Chemical Society contain more original matter each month than is published in America during a whole year. Furthermore, on an average, this matter is far more scholarly in character, and indicates a much greater precision of manipulation than is shown in American scientific work. Now it is generally conceded by our foremost educators that true scholarship must be based upon original work. In our larger institutions, post-graduates, if possessed of a requisite amount of proficiency, are immediately set upon investigations; and, judging from the ultimate success which such men attain, they obtain more benefit than through mere study-table reading. So successful is this style of study that the Harvard Law School pursues its instruction now after a seminary method as nearly akin to original investigation as is possible with such a subject.

The large amount of German literature does not, however, come from the pens of a few. Students as well as professors contribute, and though criticism might be made in many cases upon the literary merit, yet the publishers are so capable and successful in selecting the good from the bad that all have their scientific value. In America, on the other hand, surprisingly few men are called upon to make all the advance in science. In the department of physics but six men are prominent from their contributions. This number must remain thus diminutive as long as our professors remain schoolmasters. If professors must hear recitations, must prepare and perform demonstrative experiments, and must continue to hammer knowledge into heads of students who pose like dry sponges, ever ready to take up water, then the time which

they can devote to research must be limited. Of the six prominent American physicists, four are in our larger universities, which are aiming at the German system, and two are in the government service.

If, then, we wish to compete with Germany in science, we must adopt some system which will teach our students not only what has been, but what is liable to be discovered; which will teach them how to look for the latter; and which will give the professors time for private work. These ends are accomplished by the German system, which is substantially the following: The student, upon admission, must have passed a severe gymnasial examination. The certificate which he receives indicates that he has mastered the common elementary studies, and, above all, that he has learned how to study. It is supposed that he has passed the stage where a lesson must be given out to him before he learns it, and that he will spend his time in acquiring additional knowledge from all sources and with only a mere indication of the direction. Upon this supposition is based his whole university course. He will be expected to attend descriptive lectures in his various departments which give the substance of a text-book on the subject, but he will not have to recite nor pass any examinations until he has finished his studies. He is not obliged even to attend these lectures; in fact, he may cut them all. One thing, however, is required: when he comes up for the examination for his degree, he must know a large proportion of the topics treated. The effect of this freedom on the amount of work done by the students is marvelous. The fear of not being able to pass this only examination stimulates to a thorough study of subjects merely hinted at by the instructors. For instance, a short time ago, a German student of physics, hearing his professor speak highly of Maxwell's Treatise on Electricity, pur-

chased the work, and shortly afterwards informed the professor that he intended reading it through during the Easter *ferien*. He was deterred from this only by the professor's voluntary information that Maxwell himself could not read it through in that time.

To be sure, such zeal is not manifested by all, for there are students in Germany as well as in America who attend the university with no intention of studying. Such are the corps-students, whose sole aim seems to be to consume as much beer as possible, and to disfigure their faces as much as their poor swordsmanship will allow. The *Fliegende Blätter*, in one of its jokes, causes a corps-student to say to one of his beer-brothers, "Who ever had such miserable luck as I?" "What's the matter now?" "Why, I went up for my examination yesterday, and had to pass it the first time trying." Again, a stranger in Berlin, upon asking of a student the way to the university, received the reply, "Sorry not to accommodate you, sir, but I'm a student myself." The class of students, however, whose characteristics are thus exaggerated is in no wise to reflect against the German system. The same class exists under all systems.

The student of science, besides hearing the descriptive lectures and preparing himself on the matter treated in them, enters the laboratory. The object of this is to acquaint him with the processes employed in advanced work. If his subject be physics, he occupies himself with measurements; if it be chemistry, he makes qualitative and quantitative analyses; zoölogy has its dissection; geology, its examination of rocks; botany, its analysis of flowers, etc. Great weight is laid upon this portion of the course. Here the student first comes into contact with the instructors, and the latter become acquainted with the different merits of the students. It is here that the students imbibe from

their instructors that which will surely bring out their talents, if they have any.

The attractiveness of most German laboratories, their system and their convenience, exercises a great influence upon the student at this stage. Has he ever so small a spark of liking for the subject, it will be fanned into a flame by the allurements around him. A small boy who first sees a military parade wishes to be a soldier; on his first visit to the seaport he desires to battle with the waves; and he longs for a Bohemian life as he listens to the well-told anecdotes of the commercial traveler. The student is but a large small boy, and his once wild ecstasy has now become a refined enthusiasm.

Two or three years passed in the manner mentioned leave the student equipped with a knowledge of the methods used by those who have preceded him, acquainted with a large number of phenomena and laws, and prepared to enter in earnest upon some original investigation. His time is now given almost entirely to the laboratory. He is brought into very close contact with the head of his department, by whom he is treated with consideration, and from whom he receives valuable suggestions. What few lectures he hears are upon advanced theory. He is probably a member of some departmental society, where subjects of present interest are discussed. This may be *in colloquia*, and the subjects may be abstracts of the current literature. This enables him to become acquainted with what his colleagues are doing. Moreover, in the laboratory he meets men of all ages, each one striving to broaden the domain of human knowledge, and each one exerting an influence that makes the idlest man work.

His research once completed and published, he is prepared to pass his examination and receive his degree. But how different from what he had expected! The things which at the beginning of his course were so difficult to remember

are now but commonplaces. By a true method of study he has obtained a generalizing comprehension, which enables him to grasp his subject by books, chapters, paragraphs, sections, and individual phenomena.

The causes which can effect such a result are varied, and doubtless many are apparently trivial. The diversified reading in the start must teach that ten text-books on physics are not ten new works to be digested, but ten different methods of putting the same matter. To harmonize these methods requires an individual system.

The accuracy required in the laboratory work demands a knowledge of all influencing phenomena, and before corrections can be made ultimate causes must be identified or properly related.

The enthusiasm of a large number of earnest students has untold influence. Not only is a fact once acquired not allowed to be lost, but each individual has some easy method of remembering some difficult point. A poetical friend remembered a difficult mathematical formula, containing fifteen terms, by scanning and rhyming it. Another remembered that the heat produced by an electric current was proportional to the square of the current-strength, because, if proportional to the first power, it would be negative heat, or cold, when the direction of the current was changed.

The superiority of the instructors is the most important factor. The German institution, the *privat-docent*, is very effective in preventing the fossilizing of the professors. Upon showing a requisite degree of scholarship, any student is allowed to give lectures upon any subject in his department. He receives no pay from the university, but if he can succeed in obtaining hearers he is entitled to all the fees. If he is a good lecturer, the attendance increases, and the full professor loses a corresponding number of students. Not only does the latter lose the fees of the

students, but he soon loses his popularity, and the privat-docent is on a fair way to a professorship. There is thus a scientific rivalry continually going on, and the professors are forced to keep themselves well informed. There is a mathematical professor in one of the Bavarian universities who for three semesters had not a single student. All the students who should have attended his lectures preferred to hear a live young privat-docent. Nearly all the present professors have in past years served in this capacity.

From what has preceded it will be seen that the differences between the German and American systems are few and easily set aside. First, the German students are well fitted for the university; secondly, they are required to be independent in their study; thirdly, their laboratory work is more extended and more accurate; and lastly, the professors, being able to do and doing original work, exert an influence which inspires the students to keep on and overcome difficulties.

I believe that the American students in our first-class colleges are as well fitted as the Germans. (The often-made objection that the German gymnasial graduate is to be compared only with our college sophomore might here be raised. This is not well founded, for the average ages of the freshman of both countries are the same; and liberal educators have in practice indicated their opinion that when a student leaves the fitting school he is prepared for the university, and not for the college.)

The amount of laboratory work in American colleges is on an average very small. The smaller colleges dispense with it entirely in most subjects except chemistry. The first-class colleges are introducing more and more each year, and Harvard has very recently put an experimental course into the requirements for admission in physics. In the department of chemistry, the change in

this direction has been most marked. Twenty years ago a college graduate could hardly be found who had taken a course in quantitative analysis. Now the chemical course at Harvard equals that in most German universities.

The chief comparison, however, must be drawn in respect to post-graduate courses, for nearly all the American students abroad belong to this class. The character of the professors and the laboratory surroundings are the prime factors. The professors, unless continually engaged in original research, are not able to give adequate assistance. The laboratory must be well supplied with apparatus, materials, and collections. Nearly every department lacks, at present, some important part. For instance, the physical cabinets are overstocked with demonstrative apparatus, while the student engaging in quantitative work must manufacture everything needed.

American students themselves seem to possess more ability than the Germans. But characteristic American haste more than nullifies this advantage. The American is in too much of a hurry to control any results he may obtain; too ready to consider a felicitous experiment as positive proof of a previously formed theory, and too ready to consider a small influencing condition of no importance. He is also too easily discouraged by first difficulties, and lacks what a Western humorist has termed stick-to-it-iveness. Finally, he almost invariably displays his practical Yankee traits in trying to obtain the largest possible objective for a telescope, disregarding the fact that the brains behind the ocular are the chief thing.

But his faults are remedied when he goes to Germany, and it is to be hoped that in a short time they will not even be allowed to appear in his own country. Every college of importance is rapidly adopting the German system in chemistry, and the same must be done eventually in all departments.

Samuel Sheldon.

A DISSOLVING VIEW OF CARRICK MEAGHER.

I.

PHILOSOPHERS tell us that life is a circle, but it is not often a circle that rounds and completes itself within the observation of a single spectator. The mighty curve stretches forward and backward, but even in the case of our nearest friends it is but a limited zone that falls under our notice.

Many a man, whose taste has led him to observe the varied figures that troop across his path, has been struck with some particular face; has watched it as it lingered, has recalled it as it vanished, and has turned back to the big magic-lantern show amid which we live with the feeling that here was an individuality worthy to be fixed in less fleeting colors. But we cannot fix it. The romancer may shape and pursue through a world of selected adventures the being he has created; but the observer of nature must be content with the brief glimpse afforded him, as his specimen is carried across a microscopic field of vision. And yet this fellow-mortal, of whom we know so little, may be the hero of an epic, but in our hearing that epic will never be sung. He may be the genius who is destined to shake the world, but he has passed beyond our ken ere he puts his hand to the lever. We all have had peeps at possible prodigies, but before anything has occurred to justify our expectation the slide was withdrawn from the magic-lantern and the scene changed.

It was in San Francisco, many years ago. Then Big Bonanza shares went begging at twelve dollars apiece; since then they have commanded thousands; now they are back at tens again. Poor men have become rich, rich men have become poor, and many who were the briskest have stepped aside out of the

ranks. Fifteen years have passed — and that is a long space on a Golden Gate calendar — since Gerald Ffrench was the editor of the *Irish Eagle*, and filled many columns of that ephemeral sheet with essays on political dynamite.

One morning he had a visitor. There was a sharp knock on the open door of the office, and a voice inquired, —

“Is this the office of the *Irish Aigle*?”

Gerald Ffrench glanced up, and answered in the affirmative. He was well used to callers in the editorial sanctum, patriots from the Pajaro Valley and other outlying districts, who never visited San Francisco without stopping at the “*Aigle*” to ascertain if, perchance, that mighty organ of the Pacific coast Nationalists had fulfilled its mission, and driven into the sea the British garrison in Ireland. So, with a cheery tone, as who should say, “England is all right as yet; but wait, we are not idle,” Gerald bade the visitor enter.

The latter came forward briskly, and dropped into the other chair. Ffrench saw at a glance that this was no horny-fisted farmer from Pajaro, no politician from Sacramento, no ditcher from the tule lands. He was an Irishman, of course, — his presence in the *Eagle* office proved so much, — but so far as Gerald could determine, he was a hitherto undescribed specimen. He was a man of thirty-five or thereabouts, and his light brown hair was long and disheveled. His face was as the face of a Nazarite, for no razor had ever touched it, — a queer, small-featured face, masked by a thicket of whisker, and lit by bright, eager blue eyes.

“Are you the editor?”

His brogue was distinct and unmistakable, and yet he spoke like an edu-

cated man. Gerald was puzzled. He simply bowed, and waited.

"I've been a journalist, off an' on, for a good many years," the stranger went on. "I'm an Irishman by burruth, though you might n't think it, for I've been so much away from the ould counthry that wandering on a foreign strand has dulled the spache of fatherland."

"I think I should have recognized you for a fellow-countryman," answered Gerald suavely, "and I'm glad to meet a brother journalist, Mr. — Mr." —

"Meagher, sir; me name is Meagher, — Carrick Meagher. It sounds like the name of a town, I know," he went on apologetically; "an' so in wan sinse it is, but it's my name, too."

"Have you been long in San Francisco, Mr. Meagher?" inquired Ffrench, as soon as he had introduced himself to his new acquaintance.

"Not long, sir, not long. I came up from Callao last wake in a sailing vessel. Sartin sarcumstances," he went on, dropping his voice to more confidential tones, "not wholly unconnected wid a distinguished Peruvian family, compelled me to abandon a lukkerative position there, an' once more to clasp to my bussum that chilling but familiar phantom, the wide-wide wurruld."

Meagher was a very little man, but so tiny was the office and so expansive was the gesture that he used to emphasize his words that a whole flock of unsold Eagles came fluttering down from the shelves where they roosted. With a hasty apology he set about remedying the mischief he had caused. As soon as he had finished he resumed his seat.

"And now, Mr. Ffrench, I've come to apply for a position on the staff of the Irish Aigle."

Gerald checked the smile that rose to his lips, and answered gravely. He could not but notice that Meagher's garments, though whole and respectable, were worn with that indescribable touch of deprecation which goes with a single

suit. He had caught a touch of wistfulness in the question, as the little fellow put it, and he fancied that the blue eyes which peered so sharply out of the tangle of straw-colored hair might well have owed some of their eagerness to hunger, — yes, to hunger. There is no city in our civilization where that torture of the destitute does not follow close on empty pockets. Gerald realized that a few weeks ago he had not been many meals ahead himself, and that the Irish Eagle had intervened only just in time.

But was that patriotic bird endowed with power of wing to support a double burden? Its editor might well doubt it. He shook his head, and explained the position to Meagher. The paper had been started quite recently by a little knot of patriots, and it was far from being a paying concern. There was no staff, — only one young editor and one old printer, and the salaries of both were already in arrears. And then, by way of softening the blow, — for that it was a blow the other's face clearly showed, — Gerald applied the styptic generally recommended in California for all wounds of the mind and most wounds of the body: he invited his new acquaintance to come down to the corner and have a drink.

McKeon's bar looked bright and cheerful, and McKeon's "free lunch" was spread with true Californian prodigality. This lunch afforded as good a meal as a man need ask, — soup, joint, vegetables, bread and cheese; but it was "free" only in the sense that all who paid for liquid refreshments were welcome. To the man without a "bit" in his pocket, it was only one degree more substantial than a feast of the Barmecide. He could look, but he could not touch. Mr. Carrick Meagher, however, in right of Gerald's invitation, quickly showed that, brief as had been his sojourn in San Francisco, he was no novice in the mysteries of a free lunch.

But appetite is intermittent, and Meagher, although by no means certain when such another opportunity might arise, was at last compelled to desist. As the pair passed through the saloon, Mr. Martin Doyle accosted Gerald and proffered further hospitality, at the same time requesting the favor of an introduction to his "frind."

Doyle was the president of the Eagle Publishing Company, and the most active of the governing body, which, though it consisted of himself and four friends, was generally known as the "Thryumvirate." The introduction appeared to afford satisfaction both to Mr. Doyle and the stranger, and the former's invitation to "thry a drop o' somethin'" was promptly and cheerfully accepted.

Meagher, fortified by a hearty meal and exhilarated by a little whiskey, became quite talkative; but his talk was interesting even to Gerald, while it seemed to hold Mr. Doyle spellbound. Very soon that gentleman suggested an adjournment to the back-room, where, with a bottle and glasses on the table and a big cigar between his lips, he listened with bated breath to Meagher's accounts of where he had been and what he had seen.

He was last from Peru, as he had told Gerald; he had been employed in some metallurgical works at Callao, and he assured his hearers that he was a first-class practical assayer and mineralogist. He did not touch on the reason why he abandoned the position further than to remark, with his hand on his breast, "A leedy's name must be seered; ye 'll excuse me, gentlemen, if I pass that by."

Gerald found it difficult to associate with the tender passion that diminutive figure and quizzical little monkey face, but he was polite enough to smother a laugh; while Mr. Doyle seemed to appreciate the situation, and to respect the other the more for his reticence.

"To be sure, Mr. Meagher, — to be

sure," said honest Martin. "I admire yer delicacy. But tell me, where were ye afore ye went to Peru?"

"I was war correspondent for the Cork Examiner, an' I was shut up in Paris the whole of the siege."

"Do you tell me, now?" asked the wondering Doyle. At this time the great Franco-Prussian struggle was fresh in people's minds, for it was as long ago as '74 that the Irish Eagle flourished.

"I was indade, an' a great deal of trouble I had. No remittances from my paper could I get, an' many a day I walked the boulevards hungry, wondering what was the best thing I could do."

"An' what did ye do?" inquired Doyle with unabated interest, while Gerald experienced a certain relief at learning that his new acquaintance's penniless predicament was nothing new to him.

"Well, I enlisted as a *mobile*: that was four sous a day, an' a loaf of bread, an' a shake-down in the Prince Eugene barracks."

Gerald became grave again, as he realized that this device was impracticable in San Francisco. At the same time, though Meagher was very glib with names, dates, and facts, the young editor began to suspect that the little man was romancing.

"An' ye were a soldier!" cried Doyle admiringly. "Did ye iver kill a Proosian?"

"Never saw wan that I know of till the day they entered the city. No; I was more like a kind of policeman."

At this modest statement Gerald's confidence rose again. If the new-comer had been merely bragging, it would have been so easy to sacrifice hecatombs of foes.

"Then I went a good deal wid the Irish colony, — as many of them as were left," resumed Meagher. "The name I bore was passport enough for that."

"An' d'ye mane to say that ye're related to the great, the immortal pathriot, Thomas Francis Meagher?" inquired Doyle, in a tone of awe-stricken admiration that made Gerald a little uncomfortable. A pretty end it would be to his hospitality if his resignation were to be desired the following day, to make room for this ready-tongued upstart!

But Carrick's answer reassured him. The Irishman might be a great boaster, but he was no liar, even when a lie was to his manifest advantage.

"No, I don't think I am, — I never could trace any relationship, anyhow; but you know yourself that nobody named Meagher need stand long knocking at an Irishman's dure."

"In troth an' he need n't!" answered Doyle with enthusiasm; but he cooled down as he perceived how this deft and destitute little stranger had entrapped him into an admission which it might be inconvenient to live up to and impossible to retract.

Carrick saw his advantage, and drove it home.

"Now, as I'm temporarily embarrassed, — in fact, as I have n't a cent to my name," he began, and Doyle shivered as he prepared to dodge the impending loan, — "I've been thinking I might be able to do something for your paper."

Doyle breathed again. This was a business proposition, which could be met on a business basis.

"Well, I dunno," he said slowly; "money's tight an' pathriots is poor. The Aigle's not to say on a payin' footin'. Besides that, Mr. Ffrench here is fully aquil to all the wurruck that is to be done" —

"I don't doubt that at all," interrupted Carrick, with a queer little bow to Gerald, "an' I would n't presume to interfere wid him. But I've been looking at the paper. It wants some fresh departments. What d'ye say to a Paris letter, now?"

"I dunno," answered Doyle slowly.

"It sounds big and would look big" —

"To be sure it would, — 'From our own Paris correspondent;' an' it would trate of Irish affairs in the French capital. Paris is full of pathriots."

"Sure I know that," replied Doyle feebly; "but I know no wan in Paris, an'" —

"Ach, if that's all," interrupted Carrick, with an indescribable snort of triumph, "I'll write you a Paris letter ivery wake in your own office. What's wanted for a letter? That ye know the city you're writin' from an' the people in it. Well, I know that, — at laste the Irish colony, an' that's all you have to care about. Then with the French papers to kape me up to the time, — an' those I can get here, — I'll turn ye out such a letter as any wan of your readers would swear came straight from the Boulevard des Italiens, av they'd ever happened to hear of such a place."

Martin Doyle wavered visibly. "An' how much would ye charge for the like?" he asked at last.

Carrick Meagher's sharp blue eyes shot a quick glance through their hairy foliage. He was evidently settling in his own mind the maximum figure which the other might be expected to stand. Nevertheless, the pause was scarcely noticeable, and the answer came unhesitatingly: "Three dollars a letter."

"It's a go," answered Martin, knitting his brows ever so little. "Now let's have wan more drink to wet the bargain, an' then get to wurruck."

Carrick Meagher had gauged his man's financial stature almost to an inch. If he had asked for five dollars, the negotiation would have ended then and there. Martin Doyle had made up his mind to pay two dollars and a half per letter, but he had accepted the proposition, not considering fifty cents worth haggling over.

So Carrick Meagher joined Gerald Ffrench on the staff of the Irish Eagle.

II.

For a few weeks the Paris letters appeared regularly. They were remarkably clever, and, notwithstanding the circumstances under which they were written, had an air of reality which might have imposed on readers far more critical than any for whom they were intended. By degrees, however, the correspondence grew intermittent, and finally ceased altogether. Modest as was the price agreed upon, it was not always paid. Indeed, any one of the "Thryumvirate" would much prefer to spend two dollars over McKeon's bar in treating a creditor than one dollar in paying him.

Carrick Meagher, who was really a brilliant man, soon fell into the ways of the new city, and, without attaching himself to the staff of any particular newspaper, was able to earn a good income by contributing special articles to the various Sunday editions. He had an easy, graphic style, — not particularly polished, but always readable, — and he was an expert on various subjects. At one period of his wandering life he had followed the sea, and he could write with knowledge on ships and sailors. He was a good practical metallurgist, and in California that is a trade which always commands its price. But Carrick refused many tempting offers to resume his old profession, and contented himself with writing about it. His was a vagrant genius, and the independent Bohemianism of the life he led suited him perfectly.

Gerald and Meagher remained fast friends through it all. Even after the latter had left the *Eagle* he was always ready to assist its editor with his advice, or even with his pen when work pressed, and this at a time when every article he wrote commanded fifteen or twenty dollars. In his moments of despondency he liked to entice Gerald away to some congenial haunt, and there discourse of

his broken heart and the beautiful dark-eyed señorita who pined for him in Lima.

"Pobre cita," he would sigh, with a languishing roll of his funny little head. "The love that is sundered by seas an' years hath nothing to live on but thoughts an' tears."

Meagher was fond of interlarding his speech with scraps of verse, few of which Gerald could identify, while most of them were wholly unknown to him; so that he sometimes doubted whether to class these adornments of his friend's conversation as quotations or improvisations.

The true story of Carrick's ill-fated love may as well be set down here, though Ffrench did not learn it till long afterward, — not till H. M. S. *Tenedos* cast anchor in San Francisco Bay, and Ffrench made the acquaintance of a certain lieutenant who had known Meagher in Callao. The Irishman had seen the beautiful daughter of a high Peruvian official, as she drove past him in her carriage on the Paseo de los Descalzos. His combustible heart had taken fire at once, and happening to meet her a few days afterward near his place of business in Callao, he assumed that the lady returned his affection, and had merely sought the port for an opportunity of seeing him. In this conviction he had gone straight to Lima, called upon her father, and requested his daughter's hand. The old gentleman did not look with favor on the suit, and when he had consulted the young girl, and ascertained that she had never heard of her presumptuous wooer, he secured Meagher's dismissal from the government smelting-works, in which the young man was employed, and gave him to understand that his future prospects in Peru were by no means rosy. Under these circumstances, Carrick found it advisable to depart, and he sailed for San Francisco without a single word or a second glance from the lady for whose

sake he had borne so much. But he always kept her memory green, and spoke of her — but never by name — with profound emotion.

Gerald, knowing nothing of all this, sympathized with his friend as one crossed in love and despotically separated from all he held dear; while Carrick, his eyes suffused with tears or blazing with excitement, according to the mood that happened to be uppermost, would bewail his evil fortune or drown his sorrows in whiskey, and sing almost in the same breath *The Girl I left Behind Me*, or a French drinking-song in praise of "*la divine bouteille*."

The little fellow was as honest as the day, profusely generous, and endowed with a mind originally brilliant, and now stored, by reading and travel, with scraps of all sorts of unexpected and fascinating information. These are the equipments of a very agreeable companion, and such Ffrench found him; but Meagher had his drawbacks. He was absurdly theatrical in speech and manner, and this effect was enhanced rather than lessened by his diminutive stature, — he was only just over five feet, — and by the quizzical way his little face peeped out from its jungle of whisker, which nothing would persuade him either to trim or shave.

But such peculiarities were of small moment. Gerald soon ceased to notice them, and the two spent most of their evenings in company. Carrick's stories of travel and adventure, surprising as most of them were, established their truthfulness by various minute details which no repetition could vary. He had endured many buffets from fortune. Once he had been rich, — he had located a gold mine in Mexico; every possible test had borne witness to its value, and he had almost concluded the sale of a half interest for one hundred thousand dollars. But on returning to his location, accompanied by the experts whose report was to be final, he could not find

the mine. The whole face of the country had changed. Carrick's claim had vanished, and the fortune he had so confidently reckoned upon lay buried beneath hundreds of feet of miry, pasty water. A mud volcano had come between Carrick and competence.

On another occasion, he had been enlarging on the advantages of quick and straight shooting. "Niver pull a pistol unless you mane to shoot," he said, "an' niver shoot unless you mane to kill." This maxim he illustrated, as was his custom, by sundry leaves culled from the book of his experience. Gerald ventured to doubt one specially "tall" feat in marksmanship.

"If I had me own gun" — answered Carrick. "But sure I may as well have it as not. I can afford it now. Come along wid me."

He led his friend to an adjacent pawnshop, and there regained possession of a revolver which he had been compelled to pledge in the early days of his destitution. Ffrench witnessed half an hour's practice in a Kearney Street shooting-gallery, and acknowledged that Carrick had not exaggerated his skill with the weapon.

The Irishman was fond of the theatre, and was positively greedy of Shakespearean performances. He was always in his place before the curtain rose, and would sit through the five acts, motionless, silent, his eyes fixed on the stage. He was very critical of the acting in his favorite masterpieces. A popular tragedian arrived from the Eastern States, and gave, in the course of his repertory, two nights of *Othello*, supported by a local company. Carrick was present, of course. Mr. Kemble Scott played *Iago* the first evening, and *Othello* the second. It so happened that after the latter performance Gerald and Carrick Meagher, in search of refreshment on their way home, wandered into the hotel which Mr. Kemble Scott patronized, and there found him.

The actor had met Ffrench in New York during the latter's brief and bright days of splendor. He remembered the young fellow, and greeted him warmly. Gerald took occasion to present his friend, Mr. Meagher, and the great man acknowledged the introduction with a patronizing nod; but Carrick had small sense of reverence, and absolutely no discretion. He had formed a decided opinion as to the merits of the two performances he had seen, and was as ready to discuss them with the person most concerned as he would have been to argue with Herr Wagner on the future of music, or to set right Professor Agassiz on a question of zoölogy. With his wonted volubility Carrick began:—

"I'm glad to mate ye, Mr. Scott. I saw your two impersonations this wake."

"Indeed?" answered the actor, with the stereotyped smile which he reserved for the compliments to which he was well accustomed. "I trust you do not consider your time thrown away?"

"Not completely," was Carrick's unexpected reply. "There were plenty of good pints in your representation of Iago; but your conception of the character of the dusky Moor was altogether erroneous."

Mr. Kemble Scott was completely taken aback.

"Indeed!" he stammered at last. "I trust, Mr. — Mr. — I beg your pardon, but your name escaped me."

"There's me card, sir," responded Carrick, handing the other the bit of pasteboard. "I know how hard it is to catch a name as yet untrumpeted of noisy fame, but for all that there's mine, and it's one I've no call to be ashamed of."

By this time the tragedian had mastered — as he imagined — the script on the card.

"Well, Mr. Meagre" — he began; but a bellow of indignant expostulation from Carrick cut him short:—

"You need n't thry to make fun of

me nor of an honored name, because I ventured to indulge in a bit of just criticism, which, av I'd known ye were so sensitive, I'd have kept to meself."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Mr. Kemble Scott, still polite, though by this time he was not certain he had not to do with a madman. "I beg your pardon," — he scrutinized the card again, — "but if you can pronounce M-e-a-g-h-e-r any way except Meagre" —

"Ye can pronounce it Mar, sir, — same as if it rhymed with 'star,' which you're fond of calling yourself. Mar-r-r, av ye plaze, with th' accint on the r, an' good-evenin' to you."

With this Carrick stalked wrathfully from the room, muttering as he went, "I'm wrong to be vexed at the poor fellow, for av he can't read an' can't act it's a bad lookout for him in his ould age."

Gerald lingered to offer the perplexed tragedian such explanations as were possible, and this ended the incident. Meagher, however, absented himself from the theatre during the remainder of Mr. Kemble Scott's engagement. Not even to see his favorite Hamlet would he condone the insult offered to his honored name.

Shortly after this occurrence — the most lasting effect of which was to inspire in Carrick a settled distaste to American actors and all their ways — the Irish Eagle folded its wings, and died without a struggle. Meagher's advice and assistance now became invaluable to Gerald, and it was mainly owing to his friend that the young editor quickly secured humbler but more remunerative employment on the city press.

III.

For two years this oddly assorted friendship had subsisted, unbroken by even the most passing coolness, when a series of events led to a separation

which Ffrench has almost ceased to hope will not prove permanent.

Gerald was attached to a stock and mining journal, and he frequently had occasion to lay under contribution his friend's expert knowledge of the subjects of which it treated. He was accordingly always well pleased to see Carrick enter the office.

Looking in one forenoon, as he often did, Meagher found Gerald seated, pen in hand, surrounded by specimens from an Arizona mine, which it was his immediate duty to panegyricize, or, in the language of the street, to "boom."

The little man dropped into a seat, and heaved a deep sigh.

"I damed of my pobre cita last night," began Carrick. "Ah, love for a year, a wake, a day, but alas for the love that loves away."

"Bother your pobre cita!" exclaimed Ffrench impatiently. In these moods, as he knew from experience, Carrick could seldom be reckoned on for counsel or assistance.

"Ah, ye're young," said Meagher, not in the least offended; for he had at the service of his friends a temper which nothing could ruffle.

Gerald silently wrote on.

"What are ye doin'? Erectin' a column?" inquired Carrick presently, when the stillness had lasted as long as his voluble nature could endure.

"Trying to," replied Gerald briefly. "I've a notice of this mine to write up for to-morrow's paper."

"This mine!" echoed Meagher, who had amused himself looking over the specimens at Gerald's elbow. "These half dozen mines, you should say."

"Well, I should n't, smarty!" retorted Ffrench, who had been put out by the other's unseasonable love reminiscences. "These are all from one mine."

"Well, they're not; you can't fool me!" cried Carrick, with an awakening of professional interest. "Wan, two, three, four, — these specimens are faked.

They never came from wan mine, nor from ten miles from wan another. It's a salted claim they're playin' on you, my poor Gerald."

"Are you sure?" exclaimed Ffrench, dropping his pen.

"Am I sure?" repeated Carrick disdainfully. "Do I know quartz from bitter spar, an' aither of them from metallic sulphides? What's that? Iron pyrites. An' what's that? Quartzose gangues. An' will you dar' to tell me they all came out of the wan mine? Go 'long wid you!"

"This is serious," said Gerald. "I know Verplanck fancies this mine very much, and is going to put money in it. Suppose we send for him."

The office boy was dispatched to summon the proprietor of the paper; and to him, in more temperate language, Carrick repeated the conclusion he had arrived at from his inspection of the specimens.

Mr. Verplanck knew his informant well, and had often profited by his trained experience in matters of mineralogy. The result of half an hour's conversation was an order to Gerald to tear up the article he had commenced, and begin another, denouncing the Ida mine as one of the biggest frauds that had ever been attempted on California Street.

Mr. Verplanck's virtuous indignation was whetted by the fact that he had himself narrowly escaped becoming a victim, and he instructed Ffrench not to spare his superlatives. Before the hour of next day's "Board" Ida's character was ruined.

But no man can put a stop to a nefarious scheme whereby others expect to profit without making an enemy of some one. The identity of the expert whose timely opinion had dealt a death-blow to this promising swindle was an open secret. Meagher received profuse thanks and other more substantial expressions of gratitude from those whose money

he had saved; but in certain quarters "curses not loud, but deep," were breathed on the "meddlesome little Irishman." Unfortunately, among those whose game he had spoiled were some who were accustomed to carry their irritation beyond the blasphemy point, — men whose path it was dangerous to cross, and who were not wont to stick at trifles in pursuit either of profit or of vengeance.

A few nights after the exposure of the "Ida swindle," as it was called, Gerald and Carrick attended a performance at the California Theatre. They had supper afterward at the Poodle Dog, and it was long past midnight when they turned into Mission Street, on their way home; for the two inseparables roomed together. Mission Street is a lonesome neighborhood after ten or eleven at night, and for block after block the friends had the sidewalk to themselves.

Suddenly, as they passed the corner of Fifth Street, three men sprang out of a dark doorway. Their feet echoed on the deserted pavement, and Gerald turned just in time to see a murderous bludgeon above his head. Instinctively he raised his arm, and caught the blow as it descended. The limb dropped to his side, numb and useless, and a feeling of faintness crept over him. The loaded stick was poised for a second blow. Gerald could only close his eyes and wait for it. He could not stir from the spot; he could not even look to see how it fared with his companion. There was no time to collect his thoughts or rally his energies. Not three seconds had elapsed since he was walking gayly homeward, and now he stood maimed and helpless, expecting nothing but death.

One, two, — sharp and clear rang out the twin reports of a revolver. Ffrench opened his eyes. The blow had not fallen, and the assassin lay writhing at his feet, clutching the heavy "knuckle duster" in his convulsive grasp. In that

moment the young journalist had tasted the bitterness of death.

Carrick Meagher stepped across a second form, prostrate like the other, but motionless, and covered with his pistol a shadowy figure, still visible a dozen paces off, but fast vanishing in the darkness. Gerald found his tongue.

"Shoot, shoot!" he cried, in a trembling voice. "He'll be out of sight!"

Carrick appeared to deliberate a moment, and then returned the revolver to his overcoat pocket.

"An' let him go," he said unconcernedly. "Niver shoot a man unless you've got to, — that's always a good rule. Let's look at these fellows, an' see what's the matter wid 'em."

Matter enough. One lay stone dead, — shot through the heart; and the other, even while they tried to raise him, breathed his last.

As they laid the body down, Carrick noticed that Gerald did not use his left arm.

"What's wrong wid ye? Did he get in a lick at ye?"

"Yes; I stopped the first blow with my arm," answered Gerald.

"An' a good job ye did," replied Carrick. "I dodged the welt that fellow med at me, an' then I pulled iron. Draw quick, shoot straight, — them two mottoes, along with a gun you can depend on, will carry a man across the wurruld."

Gerald's reply, begun in a spirit of incoherent gratitude, was cut short by the sound of footsteps rapidly approaching. A policeman, attracted by the pistol-shots, came up at a run. No doubt it was the fear of some such interruption that had impelled the assailants to choose, instead of firearms, the more silent and no less deadly bludgeon.

"Here, what's the meaning of all this?" inquired the officer as he halted.

"It manes," answered Carrick calmly, "that some of the smarties who tried to put up a job on the Ida have been

trying to put up a job on my frind an' me, but I got the drop on them."

Subsequent investigation proved that Meagher had correctly divined the motive of the attempt on his life at the very instant of its failure.

Other officers were summoned, and the dead bodies were carried away. The policeman who first appeared arrested Gerald and Carrick, and the party retraced its steps to the city hall.

Meagher was uneasy and inclined to be restive under restraint.

"It's all very well for you to talk," he said, in answer to a reassuring remark of Gerald, "but I don't like it. I spent a whole wake in the lock-up at Valparaiso by rason of a scrape that I had no more to do wid than Noah's grandfather; an' I tell ye I don't like it."

But their detention was brief. As newspaper men, both were well known at headquarters, and, late as was the hour, Mr. Verplanck and several substantial citizens soon appeared in response to an urgent message. Bail was quickly arranged, and the friends found themselves at liberty.

"What shall we do now?" inquired Gerald, as they quitted the gloomy building on Kearney Street.

"Go home an' go to bed. What else?" was Meagher's matter-of-fact reply. "Sure it's after three o'clock."

Gerald expressed his willingness to retire, but positively refused to repeat the lonely tramp up Mission Street. He wished to go to a hotel, but it was difficult to make Carrick understand his reasons.

"Is it the other chap you're afraid of?" he asked. "I'll bet you a dollar he's runnin' yet. Av he'd been any less scared, I'd have shot him too."

"No, it isn't the other chap I'm afraid of, but have you no nerves, man? Do you feel like passing the place where those fellows were shot down not two hours ago?"

"Sure they're gone," answered Carrick. "Did n't you see them taken out o' that before we left it?"

At last Gerald carried his point, and Meagher, grumbling at what he called "a sinseless bit of extravagance," secured accommodations at the Occidental.

The inquest completely exonerated the two journalists, and its revelations made a three days' hero of Carrick Meagher, who, however, bore his honors uneasily. As soon as the verdict of "justifiable homicide" had been rendered, he was at pains to ascertain that his bailers had been discharged from their bond. Then he went straight to the Pacific Mail Company's offices and purchased a ticket for Hong Kong.

"What do you want that for?" inquired the bewildered Gerald, when Meagher displayed his purchase.

"I want it to go to China wid, an' that's where I'm going on the very first steamer, an' that's the day after to-morrow."

"What for?" gasped Ffrench.

"Well, several rasons. I've been longer in 'Frisco than I've any business to stay in any wan town; then I've been over a good share of the wurruld, an' niver yet seen a Jap or a Chinaman on his native heath; an' there's another rason."

"What is it?" inquired Gerald.

"Well — niver mind what it is," answered Carrick. "Is n't it enough that I'm blue-moulded for want of a bit of change? Let that content you."

"But it does not content me," urged his friend. "You are doing well here; you're happy and comfortable" —

"Ah," sighed Meagher, "it's little ye know. Pobre cita!"

"Well," pursued Ffrench, "she'll worry you just as much in China as she does here, and you won't have me to talk to. Come, take back your ticket, — you can get rid of it, I'm sure, — and stay where you are. You had no notion of this sudden flitting a week ago."

"Well, I had n't," admitted Carrick, with a burst of candor. "It's this way, Gerald. There's only wan thing in the wurruld I'm afraid of. If they locked me up, I'd die or go out of my head. I could n't stand it."

"But why should they lock you up? You have committed no crime, and a jury has exonerated you."

"I have n't much confidence in a jury," answered Meagher. "I saw too much of them in Ireland when I was a boy. What odds what wan jury says? Did you niver hear of a flaw in an indictment, an' is n't it full as aisy to find flaws in an acquittal? No, I'll skip out to China while I'm free, an' while it won't cost Verplanck nor any one else a cint, as it would av I had to be bailed again."

Gerald lost patience.

"Can't you understand? The law says" — he began, but Meagher interrupted him: —

"What odds what the law says? It's always sayin' wan thing an' manin' another. I've no use for law; I niver had, an' I hate the sight of it. I can't help it; I was born so. I'd like a country where ivery man's hands had to keep his own head, an' where there were wild bastes an' divils instead of lawyers. Day after to-morrow I'll sail for China, an' av ye'll come down an' see me off I'll take it kindly of you, Gerald."

And on the day appointed he did sail. Gerald, with many another friend, was on the wharf when the big steamer moved out, for the little Irishman had become both popular and famous.

Ffrench's eyes grew misty as he watched the small familiar figure, till distance rendered it undistinguishable.

Then he turned slowly away, wondering if they two would ever meet again. He put no faith in Carrick's promises to write, for he observed that the wanderer appeared to have left no correspondents behind him in the various lands he had visited. Ffrench's misgivings were justified. Many a mail came from the distant East, but never a line in the odd, sprawling handwriting which Carrick Meagher affected.

Gerald has paid more than one visit to his Irish home since those "Bonanza Days of the Seventies;" he has made frequent sojourns in the Eastern States; but he has never met his quaint and brilliant friend. He thinks of Carrick Meagher now as of a dissolving view of a very strange humanity; coming out of the unexplored darkness, shining for a brief space with a fascinating lustre, and fading away again into unknowable obscurity. The circle of their two lives touched only at a single point.

Still Gerald cherishes the hope that he may see or hear of him again. No strange and mysterious individuality can arise to defy speculation without bringing up in Ffrench's mind thoughts of the vagrant genius who ate and lived with him for two years in San Francisco. When the young journalist read of the White Pasha who had so wondrously appeared in the heart of Africa, he was seized with a wild idea that this might be his old friend. For Gerald Ffrench is well convinced that this was no ordinary man, and that no commonplace fate awaits him. Some day or another, in some strange and distant country, in some startling, unexpected way, Gerald looks to see written across the history of his times the eccentric signature of Carrick Meagher.

George H. Jessop.

A FRENCH BISHOP OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE feelings, thoughts, and prejudices of a past century can be gathered but scantily from the biography of its greatest man. His individuality fills the picture, and leaves little room for a background. On the other hand, the men who walked the streets and talked at the street corners; who ploughed the fields and kept the shops; who fought, and worked, and suffered,—all these are dead, and have left no sign; nothing but a dreary mass of averages, which give as little knowledge of the men themselves as can be gained of Raphael's pictures from a statement of their average length and breadth, and of the average amount of the several colors used in their production. The true likeness of some one poor, plodding French peasant of the fifteenth century, for example, would be priceless; but it must be supplied by the historical novel, not by historical biography. The most that historical biography can do for us here is to tell us of some man not great enough to move apart from the crowd, yet so well known that his separate likeness has been preserved to us. In France of the fifteenth century such a man was Thomas Basin. In his lifetime he was an honored guest at every court and university of Europe, yet so weak was his individuality that the great history, which he believed would be a benefit and a warning to mankind, for several centuries bore another's name.

He was born in 1412, at Caudebec, a thriving little Norman city, built close to the north bank of the Seine, midway between Rouen and Harfleur. His father was a rich grocer, and one of the most considerable men in the town, with business relations throughout Normandy and the rest of northwestern France. When Thomas was three years old, just as the memory of Crécy and

Poitiers was becoming a tradition, Henry V. landed at the mouth of the Seine, barely forty miles from Caudebec, and sat down before Harfleur.

To-day it is almost impossible to imagine the fear then caused in France by the English invasion. The common people conceived of the English as beings hardly human, and pictured them as ferocious wild beasts with long tails, feasting upon men, women, and children. To make the matter worse, Caudebec was filled with cruel and insolent French soldiers, who plundered alike the peasants of the open country and the merchants of the towns. Unhappy, peace-loving John Basin, not knowing whether he ought most to dread the traditional Englishman or the actual Frenchman, packed up the better part of his household goods, and moved five and twenty miles up the Seine to Rouen. Thither had fled every well-to-do family of the Pays de Caux, together with a horde of wretched peasants, who, having left everything behind them, hoped to live on the charity of the rich provincial capital. Famine followed, and then a pestilence, to escape which John Basin went thirty miles farther up the river to Vernon, returning to Rouen when the plague had lessened.

Nowadays war has become so expensive a luxury that it is fought out with vigor to a definite end. In the fifteenth century a king could afford to linger over it, and enjoy it as a recreation after discharging his pressing duties at home. In 1416, Henry V. was too busy to fight, so he put the matter off for a year, leaving the English garrisons at Harfleur and elsewhere to live off the country as best they could. In 1417, he descended again upon Normandy, and drove John Basin southward from city to city, even to Nantes,

on the banks of the Loire. In 1419, it was possible to return to Caudebec with safety. The wave of the English invasion had passed over Normandy, and Henry himself, having organized the provincial administration, was marching on Paris. As he claimed the throne of France by descent, as well as by conquest, he made great show of respecting the liberties of the duchy, often convoked the Estates, and honestly strove to give his new subjects a respectable government. He offered to reinstate every man who would acknowledge him as king. Many of the nobles, most of the burghers, — John Basin among them, — and nearly all the peasants settled down with indifference to a change of masters. Rouen had suffered severely from a long and terrible siege, but the real agony of the duchy was to come later.

From 1419 to 1424 Thomas Basin lived at Caudebec with his family. He was a precocious boy; one of those who delight their mothers' hearts. He had no taste for war, — the home of a rich and prosperous merchant was a poor school in which to learn fighting, — but he felt himself above his father's account-books, and, with a view to the Church, he longed for a university education. His parents assented to his wishes. In the first half of the fifteenth century, not only was the clerical profession far more important than it is to-day, but clergymen absorbed nearly all of what we now call professional life. Physicians seldom were educated men in any real sense; lay lawyers were looked upon with contempt, — at least in Normandy; nearly all teaching was done by men in holy orders, and they had hardly lost their control of literature. Froissart and other chroniclers might, indeed, tell gossip stories about brave knights and fair ladies, but Thomas Basin despised such vulgar tales, and early in life earned the reputation of writing the most elaborate and Ciceronian Latin to be found north of the

Alps. He learned this art at Paris, whither he went in 1424, and where he passed the following six years.

During his stay at Caudebec the English invasion had made a great advance. To revenge the murder of his father by the national party, Philip of Burgundy had allied himself with the English, and thus Henry had secured Paris, with most of northern France. "When God was weary of helping the English," as Commines says, Henry V. died. His brother, John of Bedford, with something of Henry's skill and patience, was trying to hold the friendship of the slippery Philip with one hand, and with the other to drive back the partisans of Charles VII. That wretched man kept himself at a safe distance from the English troops, "drenching his passions in drunkenness and debauchery," as Basin afterwards said, in one of his rare moments of terseness. Paris had always been devoted to the Burgundian party; most of Charles's supporters had been slaughtered by the Burgundians, or driven into exile; and the university, at that time perhaps the greatest in the world, was safe in Anglo-Burgundian hands. At the age of twelve Basin entered it, and was enrolled in the venerable nation of the Normans; so called to distinguish it from the most faithful nation of the Picards, the most honorable nation of the French, and the most steadfast nation of the English. Young as he was to be left alone in so great a city, he was of the usual age at which boys then went to a university. He made great progress under his tutor's care, living in one of the hostels maintained for students' use, and sending a letter now and then to his parents by one of the messengers who plied regularly between the university and the country.

As cities went in the Middle Ages, Paris was a great city, although it stretched only from the Place de la Bastille to the Théâtre Français, from

the Porte St. Martin to the palace of the Luxembourg. Then, as now, it was a world in itself, with its own politics and its own quarrels apart from those of the rest of France. Round about its walls prowled the French partisans, seizing upon all who ventured beyond the gates, and putting to ransom, with strict impartiality, English soldiers, rich French merchants, and the poorest artisans and laborers. Within the city, the Anglo-Burgundian party was in momentary dread of treachery and revolt; alternately shivering at the discovery of some new plot, and gloating over the slaughter of the conspirators. In spite of plots and partisans, however, the English arms advanced, though very slowly and with many set-backs. As the French cause yearly grew more hopeless, the wretched men who at first had fled the city to escape the English found their way back to Paris, one after another, hoping that their presence would pass unnoticed. Seldom was this the case. Even the poorest and meanest among them, even women and young girls, were thrown into prison, until they could beg or buy a pardon. A certain poor baker, going to the door one day, found there his brother William, who had come with his wife to ask for shelter. The couple were half naked and half starved, almost frozen by the cold weather of January. William told his story. He had wandered about for years through Touraine and Berry, trying to earn his living as a vine-dresser; moving about as, in one place after another, food became so dear that he could not buy enough to live upon. The baker knew his duty. He was bound at once to hand the wretches over to the police. Instead of this, he took them into his house, and in a few days the two men were seized and thrown into prison. The baker's petition for pardon is very pitiful. He had intended, so he said, to deliver his brother William to justice; "but because, when the said William arrived,

he was without shirt or hat, and sick of the cold and the want he had endured on his journey, the petitioner therefore believed that if he had surrendered his brother at once, and if his brother had been imprisoned while he was in such condition, he would have fallen into great and grievous sickness. Moreover, the petitioner had the fullest intention to deliver up the said William as soon as he should be a little recovered." The English took pity on them, and released them both. As Basin walked about the narrow streets of Paris, he saw hundreds of his countrymen, tied together like dogs, and dragged to imprisonment or to execution. In spite of all the fierce hatreds of civil war, of Burgundian and Armagnac, the national feeling began to show itself. Though the French partisans were undoubtedly more cruel than the English, yet the poor country folk came to feel that all would go well if once the English were driven home.

As the minds of men became unsettled by the great suffering about them, they grew to look for some fearful catastrophe. Early in 1429, Basin stood in a huge crowd for five hours together, listening to Friar Richard, a follower of Bernardino of Sienna, who declared that Antichrist was born already, and that the day of judgment was close at hand. In order to get standing-room near the scaffold from which he preached, men and women went to the spot over night, and slept upon the ground. The young student saw the huge bonfires made by the terrified people of their trinkets and their charms, the bustles of the women and the gaming-tables of the men. In three weeks the preacher had so grasped the hearts of the people of Paris that the authorities of the university, suspecting his politics rather than his theology, drove him from the city. After he left Paris, he joined himself to Charles VII. The infuriated people then called down upon him the

curses of God and the saints, and went back to their dice and their finery, out of sheer spite against the preacher. At about the same time, in Picardy, another friar preached with great zeal against the high head-dresses then worn by ladies of fortune. With promises of absolution, he persuaded the little boys in the streets to hoot at any such head-dress that they saw. As the chronicler remarks, however, the ladies were much like snails: when disturbed, they drew in their horns, but thrust them out again as soon as their tormentor was gone away. This friar became involved in some obscure heresy, and was burned at Rome shortly afterwards.

Friar Richard was hardly out of Paris when news of another sort came to terrify the Burgundians. The English army before Orleans was routed, the English fortresses on the Loire were retaken, and, greatest wonder of all, Charles himself was actually marching on Rheims. A rumor went about that the French armies were led by a young peasant girl. At first the skeptical believers in Antichrist thought this part of the story apocryphal, but in three months' time they were wild with terror, and the peasant girl was battering the Porte St. Honoré. Nothing but the unspeakable cowardice of Charles kept Thomas Basin from seeing Joan of Arc enter Paris in triumph, one day in early September, 1429.

Before the authorities of the university were called upon to take part in her trial and condemnation, Basin had left Paris, having made such rapid progress in his studies as to need a special dispensation from the rule which required all masters of arts to be eighteen years of age. At Louvain, where Philip of Burgundy had just founded a university; at Pavia, where there was a scholarship in the gift of the chapter of Rouen; and at Bologna, where the papal court was then established, he pursued his theological studies. The mediæval stu-

dent, unlike the English and American student to-day, felt it a necessity of a liberal education to go from one university to another. In 1438, Basin took his degree in canon law, and returned to Rouen, where his family was then settled.

Great changes had come upon Normandy during the last eight years of Basin's absence. Although Charles VII. had retreated across the Loire, after his failure before Paris in 1429, yet his partisans had always kept a foothold in the north, and had ravaged the country, declaring they would rather see it a desert than abandoned to the English. In 1435, Philip of Burgundy made peace with Charles, but nothing was further from the mind of the astute duke than really to drive out the English. His change of policy served only to give Paris back to the French, and to transfer the war into Normandy. Encouraged by the neighborhood of the French troops, driven to despair by the license of the English soldiers, whose discipline had become relaxed since Bedford's death, the Norman peasants rose in hopeless revolt against their foreign rulers. All could have been avoided, says Basin, had there been in France any faith, any patriotism, or any military discipline. Five hundred lances, with the people's help, could have recovered the whole kingdom; but the nobles feared the consequences to themselves, if the people should discover their own strength. The peasants' condition, indeed, was indescribably wretched. The fields they once had cultivated were now a tangled thicket. In the morning they went with fear and trembling a few yards from the walls of the city where they had taken refuge. At every moment they looked up from their work to the tower where the watchman stood, as in Ezekiel's day, ready to blow the trumpet if the sword came upon the land. So often was it blown that at its sound, not only men, but cattle and pigs and sheep, fled

pell-mell to the city's gates. The enemy might be an English brigand or a French one; the English government could not altogether exterminate the one, while nearly all Charles's most trusted lieutenants were brigands by profession. In the slang of that day, they were called *écorcheurs*, skimmers or flayers. When, by a rare chance, one of these unspeakable ruffians was threatened with punishment, he had only to present a petition to Charles in order to receive a free pardon. The effrontery of these petitions is almost incredible. In one of them a redoubtable skinner confesses that he has been guilty of "much plundering, putting to ransom, imprisoning of men, women, priests, nobles, burghers, merchants, laborers, and others. He has been a highway robber and a pilager of markets and fairs. Perhaps some of his men have occasionally, or even frequently, murdered men, burned houses, and violated women. In such case he has received the said men and given them aid and comfort. Since his youth he has committed many and divers crimes, wrongs, and offenses which it is impossible to mention. Otherwise he is a man of good and notable life and renown and honest conversation; he has served the king honorably, without ever having been guilty of villainy or incurring any reproach." His pardon was forthcoming immediately. Now and then our feelings are relieved by reading that the exasperated peasants caught a skinner at a disadvantage, and stabbed or drowned him out of hand. Unhappily such retribution was rare.

Thomas Basin was naturally tender-hearted. Such awful misery distressed him, and, besides, he could find no suitable position for himself. After passing several months in Rouen, he started again for Italy, late in the summer of 1438. Not daring to venture by the direct road, he crossed the Channel to England, and pursued his journey through the Low Countries and up the Rhine.

He spent a few months at Pavia, then sought the papal court at Ferrara, and followed it to Florence.

Christendom presented at this time the extraordinary spectacle of a Pope and a so-called Ecumenical Council devoting each other to perdition, while the Pope, loudly protesting his love of Christian unity, was trying to wheedle the Eastern Church into union with the Western. At Ferrara and at Florence, Thomas Basin went in and out daily among the papal councilors and the Greek envoys. Under the government of Cosimo de' Medici, he breathed a little of the spirit of the Renaissance, as he talked familiarly with Poggio and its first apostles. He stood high in the Pope's favor, and through it, in 1440, he obtained a canonry in the cathedral of Rouen, "with some other ecclesiastical preferments." This was a sufficient inducement to return to Normandy, and he went back there at once. In May, 1441, he paid the accustomed fee of one hundred pence to the canons and chaplains of the church, and took possession of his canonry and prebend, after a dispute with another priest who claimed the same position. His first residence of six months was hardly over, when he was called to a more important duty. Immediately after the loss of Paris, the English, wishing to keep the education of Norman youth in friendly hands, set up a university at Caen, the city farthest removed from the danger of attack. Then, as now, it was not easy to create a real university out of nothing, and the royal council was glad to find at hand a young man at once so well educated and so respectable as Thomas Basin. By its orders the delegates of the four faculties of theology, civil law, medicine, and arts unanimously elected him their rector. His salary was about one hundred pounds a year. To eke out his income or to add to his importance, he was appointed vicar-general of his diocesan, the Bishop of Bayeux. At Caen

he lectured for more than six years on canon law.

In 1444 came the first break in the hitherto uninterrupted misery of Normandy. A truce was agreed upon between the French and the English. In describing its effect, the dry, elaborate Latin of Basin for once grows eloquent: "By reason of their great terror and peril, they [the common people] had long been cooped up within the walls of cities and castles, and, like criminals in prison, they had lived almost without hope in the world. Now they had marvelous joy when they saw themselves liberated from the filthy dungeon they had lived in so long, and loosed from their horrible slavery. They were glad to see the fields, though almost untilled and deserted, the woods, the green meadows, the springs, the rivers, and the brooks; for many men, who never had gone outside city walls, knew of these things by hearsay only, and never had seen them." Even the brigands and the peasants they had tortured feasted and danced together in safety. For a time it seemed that a lasting peace might be made. Basin went as ambassador from the English court to ask Jeanne de France, daughter of Charles VII., in marriage for the Duke of York's eldest son, afterwards Edward IV. The embassy was unsuccessful, but Basin's reputation steadily grew, until, in 1447, being elected Bishop of Lisieux by the unanimous vote of the chapter, he was confirmed by Pope Nicholas V. It is probable, however, that the real choice was made by the English government.

We are apt to think that every priest in the Middle Ages was either a saint or a fiend, either a St. Francis or an Alexander VI. In fact, most clergymen then adopted their profession for much the same reasons that now lead men to become lawyers or physicians. All hoped to make a living; the more ambitious hoped to make a reputation.

And just as nowadays most lawyers and physicians practice their professions honorably and to the public advantage, so most priests then did their duty, and watched their flocks with no more than the ordinary admixture of selfishness, ignorance, and crime. Such an average man was Thomas Basin. Lisieux, lying a few miles southwest of Rouen, was a rich bishopric, and the new bishop kept a very firm hold on his temporalities, heaping up a good fortune from his surplus income. He was chaste and temperate, and ruled his people as well as he could, under a strong sense of responsibility. He was the most prosperous member of his family, and he helped his poor relatives to such offices as he could dispose of, but no doubt he required of them the fidelity that he showed himself. It is curious to note that, while he gives a full list of his academic degrees, he never tells us how or when he took holy orders.

The first duty of every suffragan of the Archbishop of Rouen was to give a "past," or banquet, to the archbishop and chapter. Basin said that if the chapter preferred a round sum of money to the feast, he would not object to pay the reasonable equivalent. His proposition met with favor, and the terms were almost arranged when an unexpected difficulty arose. The archbishop demanded a large share of the commutation money. As he could hardly have eaten more than a minor canon, the chapter refused to grant his demand unless he would give his portion to the library; and when they found him inexorable, they notified Basin that perforce they must eat the past. It was now his turn to delay, and, though demanded by committee after committee, the past was still uneaten in 1451, four years after his consecration. Tired of waiting, the exasperated chapter then patched up its differences with the archbishop, and brought suit for the past. Basin was forced to give way, and the meal was

accordingly eaten in great state at his palace in Rouen.

Long before this happened, Basin was called upon to settle a matter of more general interest. A soldier, desiring absolution for crimes like those mentioned above, offered to the church at Bernay, as the price of his pardon, a reliquary containing some hair. The soldier stoutly affirmed that this hair belonged to the Blessed Virgin, and that he had stolen it, reliquary and all, in the pillage of a church, which, for obvious reasons, he declined to name. Although the good people of Bernay were most anxious to believe his story, they felt the need of confirming the authenticity of the relic by their bishop's certificate. Basin found within the reliquary a statement concerning the hair in question, written "in antique characters;" he duly confirmed this statement, and quite possibly the relic is venerated to-day. It did not occur to any one that the receiver of a stolen relic might find it less efficacious than would a more innocent possessor.

More serious matters now pressed upon Basin. War had begun again, chiefly through English fault. English discipline had broken down. Civil war was impending at home, and the soldiers abroad, half fed and unpaid, roamed about the country as masked banditti. On the other hand, the vigor of Arthur de Richemont, who now governed the imbecile Charles, had created a regular army in France, paid and disciplined, vastly superior to anything that England could put into the field. In May, 1449, messengers rushed into Rouen at five o'clock in the morning, and announced that the French had taken Pont de l'Arche, a few miles up the river. There was a wild scene in the castle when the news arrived. The English governor, Somerset, raved like a madman, and rushed shouting from room to room, dragging out of bed his half-awakened followers, one after another. His wife followed him in her night-gown,

screaming that all was lost; yet she had the kindness and the quick wit to save her French physician from her husband's blind fury, by hiding him in the curtains of her chamber. When the disturbance was at its height, Basin arrived with two other bishops, members of the duke's council. Basin says that their arrival was opportune, and that they brought to the duke's great sorrow "some cheer and consolation of good hope, like a useful medicine." As the duke must have known the hollowness of their sympathy, it is rather singular that he should have been brought to a better frame of mind by "their discourse and sweet exhortation." Basin saw that the day of the English had gone by, and he set out at once for Lisieux. Two years before he had sworn fealty to Henry VI., and there is no reason to doubt the good faith of his service, but we may be quite sure that he did not grieve for the necessity which forced him to change his allegiance. In August, the French appeared before Lisieux. The walls were weak and the English garrison was small. The French citizens, who had shivered with horror at the tales of French cruelty, dared neither to open the gates nor to defend themselves. Even the English garrison besought the bishop to save their lives; and so, though he might have taken refuge in his strong castle, near by, he went forth from the city gates, followed by his priests, and met Dunois, St. Pol, and the other French captains. The treaty he obtained gave safe retreat to the English, ample protection to the French, and full confirmation of the rights and privileges of the bishop. He was very proud of this exploit, and boasted of the good advice he afterwards gave to the seasoned French generals. Certainly there was some reason for his satisfaction.

The English lost ground in Normandy almost daily. In October, Charles himself marched against Rouen, though

he was very careful to keep a safe distance between his precious person and the English troops. Their demoralization, however, and the skill of his lieutenants insured his success. After thirty years of captivity, the Norman capital opened its gates to receive a French king. The streets were hung with rich blue cloths; the windows were filled with burghers' wives and daughters. Here the life of some saint was acted out "very authentically;" there stood two young girls, holding in a silken leash the king's emblem, a flying stag, so contrived mechanically that it knelt to Charles as he passed by. Attended by his generals and the nobles of his court, escorted by two hundred burghers of the city, under a golden-fringed canopy of vermilion satin, the king rode slowly through the shouting streets, from the Beauvais gate to the cathedral porch. As he heard the minstrels play and the little children cry "Noël!" in his welcome, we wonder if he dared turn his head, just before he reached the cathedral, and look over his right shoulder up a certain narrow street, toward the old marketplace of Rouen. Joan of Arc had been burnt there eighteen years before, but it is to be feared that Charles was too brutish and selfish to know shame even for his treatment of her.

In the years that followed, Basin reaped the full reward of his adroit change of party, — a change common to nearly all the leading men of Normandy. His brother was ennobled; he himself was made a privy councilor and pensioned. "When, on account of the affection, zeal, and wisdom we have always shown concerning our native land, we had given not a little help to this work and enterprise, it came to pass that an exceeding good report and high opinion of our lowliness and littleness were spread abroad through all parts of France," said the complacent bishop. One thing alone arose to disturb his peace. The Dauphin, Louis, then on the worst of

terms with Charles VII., sent secret letters to the leading men of Normandy, begging them to join in an intrigue to secure for him the government of the duchy, now freed from the English. To Basin he offered honors and an increased pension, but the bishop was too loyal and too prudent to yield. He was in cruel straits, for he was almost sure to survive Charles, a man ten years his senior, and ruined by early and late debauchery. He cast in his lot with the king, however, and forwarded the Dauphin's letters to court. Of course Louis found him out at once.

In 1461, Charles died at his castle of Mehun sur Yèvre, having starved himself to death, for fear he might be poisoned by Louis, who was undoubtedly plotting against his father from his retreat at the court of Burgundy. With fear and trembling, Basin set to work to ingratiate himself with the new king. At first he met with some success, and even went so far as to offer the king a good deal of advice on the proper method of governing France. He soon found out, however, that "the king's horse carried the whole royal council on his back," as one of Louis' servants pithily observed.

Matters went from bad to worse, in Basin's opinion. Before long the king, "without any regard whatever for divine worship or religion," forbade all persons, including priests, from hunting, even over their own land. This was not all. Nobles and prelates had had the right to transport their wine throughout France without the payment of any dues. The king, "confounding and perverting all laws, divine and human," took this privilege away from them, and put them on a level with the rest of his subjects. The wrath of Basin knew no bounds; he could not speak respectfully even of the king's devotions, and he described him as visiting "I don't know what oratory of the Blessed Mary, for the sake of worship or

some superstition." It must be admitted that some of the king's remedial measures would hardly commend themselves to a modern statesman. In order to repopulate unhappy Paris, he declared it a sanctuary for all murderers and thieves who were willing to live there, and, as a special favor to faithful Tournai, he pardoned in one act of amnesty over four hundred cut-throats and other criminals, thus restoring them to their sorrowing families. It is reported that Tournai was not grateful for this act of clemency.

Several years passed before the Duke of Burgundy and the other great French nobles found out how wide was the difference between Louis XI. and his father. When, at last, the unwelcome discovery was made, they rallied about Charles of Berry, Louis' younger brother, who had inherited nearly all of his father's cowardice, indecision, and sloth. "I love France so well," said Charles the Bold, "that for one king it has, I would it had six." The League of the Public Weal, as they called their alliance, at first was able to get the upper hand of Louis, and the treaty of Conflans, in 1465, gave Normandy to Charles of Berry. On his arrival at Rouen, he was duly installed with great state, being wedded to the duchy by Basin himself, and receiving a ring in token of the marriage. After the ceremony was over, a chronicle was read to the people, which told how a certain second son of a certain king of France succeeded in wresting the crown from his avaricious elder brother. The moral was obvious, and must have commended itself highly to Louis. Basin devoted himself at once to the cause of Duke Charles, and became one of his most trusted counselors.

Louis XI. was a man born to prove that honesty is not always the best policy. False and treacherous as were many of his contemporaries, beside him they appear the victims of their confid-

ing innocence. Often forced to sell his promises very cheap, he never failed to make a profit out of the transaction. It is impossible not to admire the unwearying subtlety by which the king, apparently so weak, triumphed over his enemies, so many and so strong. The treaty of Conflans was not three months old, the honeymoon of Duke Charles and his bride was hardly begun, before "the public weal had become the private weal," as a chronicler puts it. With fresh promises, Louis bought up two of the rebels, and loosed them upon his brother. Charles of Berry ran away at once, after dispatching Basin to ask aid from Philip of Burgundy.

The bishop could get no help for his master, but he was treated with marked distinction at the Burgundian court. By the duke's request, he consecrated as Bishop of Liege Louis of Bourbon, the gentle prelate of Quentin Durward. Most of his time he passed, pleasantly enough, at his old university of Louvain. Before long Louis granted a universal amnesty, and after much hesitation, in a moment of homesickness Basin committed the unspeakable folly of trusting his royal master's word. Scarcely had he crossed the frontier, when his retreat was cut off, and he was ordered to proceed at once to Orleans to meet the king. He begged that he might at least make some stay at Rouen, where he had "a very noble house, — yea, many houses." Louis yielded only so far as to let him enter the city after dark, to leave it on the morrow at daybreak. He never saw Normandy again. His temporalities were given to Charles d'Albret, who, as the bishop tells us, "put them to what uses he would, having cast the fear of God behind him. Afterwards, having had some quarrel with the king, he was beheaded and quartered, last summer, at Poitiers. Yet I humbly pray that God will have mercy upon him, and pardon his sins and shortcomings."

When Basin reached Orleans and

tried to get speech with the king, Louis scowled fiercely at him, snapped out a word or two as he passed him by, and cut off all chance for further conference. "There was near the king's person at this time," says Basin, "on very intimate and friendly relations with him, and held in high honor, one Master John Balue, whom he had lately made Bishop of Evreux, and for whom, two years later, he secured the bishopric of Angers and a cardinal's hat. Although this man was not considered by discreet persons to be eminent either for culture or for good conduct, yet, through the pressing necessity of the case, we sought to wait upon him and gain his acquaintance, in order that we might find in him a mediator and intercessor with the king. Wherefore, we humbly besought him for this thing only: that the royal clemency would allow us to live quietly in our diocese, and serve the household of Christ therein according to our calling. But what efforts the same Balue made to gain this favor we never could know exactly. By the testimony of many persons we learned that he merely pretended to help us, and that in reality he was playing the part of a traitor rather than that of a faithful friend. At first, before he got the bishopric of Angers and the cardinal's hat, this same Balue, then Bishop of Evreux, sought our bishopric, because it was esteemed to yield a larger income and to be of greater dignity than his own bishopric of Evreux. Wherefore, to accomplish his purpose, he brought it about that we should be sent to Perpignan, though we thought we had secured him to plead our cause with the king, and to that end had given him an ample present. Such, however, is wont to be the faith and craftiness of courtiers."

After following the king about for several months, Basin was told by another of the king's favorites that he must go at once to Perpignan, on the borders of Spain. On account of its

fiery climate, the Spaniards called Perpignan the graveyard of the French, and there is little reason to doubt that Louis hoped it would become the grave of a man no longer young. In vain Basin begged for some poor bishopric in Auvergne or Dauphiny, in vain he asked leave simply to visit Lisieux. The most he could obtain was the promise of a salary, not a penny of which was ever paid to him. In April, 1467, he was rudely bidden to leave the court at once. He passed fourteen months at Perpignan, acting as chancellor for the provinces of Roussillon and Cerdagne, and discharging his duties to the satisfaction of all the people. It was a healthy summer, as summers went in so hot a place, yet two thousand people were sick of the fever, and five hundred of them died. Basin himself was far from well. Day after day he longed for permission to go home, but no word came to him, and he believed himself forgotten; he did not know the devilish ingenuity of Louis in torturing those whom he hated.

Early in the spring of 1468, letters reached Basin directing him to return to court; but by the time he could comprehend his good fortune, these orders were countermanded, and he was sent on an embassy to Barcelona. On his return to Perpignan, he learned that fresh orders had been dispatched by Louis, forbidding him to leave Perpignan on any terms. The hottest season of the year was approaching, and the wretched man was in despair. He saw himself, as he said, "condemned, not only to exile, but to everlasting punishment; chained in that hot and burning region as in a globe of hottest fire, which is said to be the greatest and bitterest punishment of lost souls." He could bear the king's caprices no longer. No official notification of the royal commands had been received, and Basin fled for his life, through Languedoc, across the Rhone, and over the mountains of Dauphiny to Geneva. The king's messen-

ger followed him, but Basin naturally declined to trust himself again in France. Yolande of Savoy, although she was Louis' sister, would not enforce the royal orders. Geneva was a safe refuge from a French king's wrath in the fifteenth century as well as in the eighteenth.

The court of Savoy was brilliant and much given to all sorts of pleasure. Mummeries were common, and even bishops took part in the revels. One of these entertainments was the drama or "morality" of St. Susanna, a performance which must have been calculated to arouse a curious combination of religious and sensual emotions. Basin was in too much trouble, as we may imagine, thoroughly to enjoy diversions like these. A powerful party had been formed at the French court, with the object of seizing his bishopric. His enemies told the king that Basin had instigated Yolande's brothers-in-law to take up arms against France, and they persuaded Louis, if indeed he needed any persuasion, to seize Basin's own brothers and throw them into prison. The bishop knew very well that the object of these plots was to make him resign his bishopric, but, now that he was out of Louis' reach, he declined to yield. In order to prove his innocence, he left the territory of Savoy, and went to Basle. His unhappy brothers, after lingering for some time in prison, at length were released.

Basin's enemies now tried another plan. They forged a certificate of his death, and begged the Pope to fill the vacancy; at the same time sending a royal missive to the chapter of Lisieux, ordering it to proceed with the election of a new bishop. Neither the Pope nor the chapter was deceived, however, and the conspirators were only laughed at for their pains. In the mean time Basin continued to beg Louis to grant him the pardon solemnly promised before his return to France. For a moment, indeed, it seemed that he might be suc-

cessful. In a freak which it would require a treatise on psychology to explain, Louis had thrust himself into the power of his greatest enemy, Charles the Bold. Basin had always been a favorite at the court of Burgundy. He rushed from Basle to Ghent, and besought Charles to intercede for him. The duke did so, but Louis, who had already escaped from Charles's clutches, was angrier than ever. When Basin learned that the king was inexorable, he went again to his beloved Louvain.

The attempt to gain possession of the revenues of Lisieux, begun by D'Albret and Balue, was now continued by several brothers named Mannoury. "There was a youth, born in our diocese," says Basin, "one of the king's body-guard, the baser and degenerate son of an unrighteous and crime-loving father. He had a brother, whom we had lately ordained priest, — a youth almost without education, in life and habits so utterly infamous and dissolute that by many he was esteemed to be weak-minded and crazy." The plan of the Mannourys was audacious enough. Balue, Basin's last persecutor, had sold his royal master to Charles of Burgundy at Péronne. When he was safely out of Charles's hands, Louis had revenged himself by shutting Balue up in a small cage, placed in a dungeon of the castle of Onzain. The Mannourys represented to Louis that Basin was Balue's accomplice. The king knew perfectly well that the cardinal had betrayed Basin, and that the story was preposterous. He was pleased to give it credit, however, and he swore, with great appearance of honest indignation, that he never would forgive a man who had sought his life. Still, the poor bishop was so homesick that he would not submit to his banishment, and he besought his former master, Charles of Berry, Louis' brother, to intercede in his behalf. The choice of a mediator was not happy. Charles hated Louis with all the hatred of which so

imbecile a boy was capable. Louis hated Charles with the whole might of his malignant nature. When these two hopeful brothers met, as each of them remembered well how their common father had murdered John of Burgundy at the bridge of Montereau, they conversed only through a small opening in a very stout wooden grating. To such a brother Louis was not inclined to grant much; and even when at length he found himself able to dispense with these formalities of intercourse, he yielded only so far as to promise Basin a bishopric in Languedoc, if he would surrender Lisieux. Basin would not accept the compromise. His life at Louvain was as pleasant as the life of an exile can be; wherever educated men were found, he was sure of a cordial welcome.

Even now he had not lost all hope of softening the heart of Louis. To the Sire de Châtillon, a favorite at court, he gave two thousand crowns, but he could get nothing but permission to come to Orleans, and there abide the king's pleasure. As he could have gone to Orleans quite as well without permission, and as he retained vivid recollections of his visit there six years before, he declined to enter France. One after another his persecutors had been removed. D'Albret had been quartered, Balue was caged in a miserable dungeon, and the Mannourys were dead. One of the brothers had fallen in battle, another in a brawl; still another was reported to have drowned himself. "In behalf of all our persecutors, we humbly pray for the divine mercy, that those who still live may be led to that true repentance which alone can obtain remission of sins, and that to those who have passed from this world God may be gracious and merciful. Although, for the sake of a complete history, we have been compelled to tell of the wrongs they have done us, we grieve for their wickedness and the peril of their souls rather than for the pain and the insults they have

inflicted; and though they have been our enemies without a cause, we shall never cease to pray for them, according to the gospel teaching of our Redeemer." A curious mixture of conscious Christianity and unconscious cant.

Though all the other enemies of Basin were dead, the king was still bent upon revenge and hungry for the revenues of Lisieux. Even his power was insufficient entirely to confiscate ecclesiastical property. Again he tried to induce the Pope to nominate a new bishop, but the Pope was friendly to Basin. Then he seized those brothers of Basin whom he had before imprisoned, and, along with them, other relatives and friends of the refugee. They were threatened with torture, heavily fined, and released only in order to visit the bishop and beg him to resign his bishopric into the king's hands.

Basin was sorely distressed. The verse of Scripture which declares that the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep seemed to forbid his resignation; but he reflected, with some acuteness, that in this case it was the shepherd only who was threatened, while the sheep were quite safe. "No one in his senses can deny that a bishop may corporeally desert his flock, when he is personally sought by the oppressors, and when the faith and the safety of his flock are not imperiled. For this the blessed Augustine says expressly, and the Angelic Doctor after him. It is expressly asserted in chapter seven of his *Secunda Secundæ*, where this matter is treated in the text and in the notes, and this opinion is supported by authorities and examples, among which is the uncontrollable command of our Saviour to his apostles: 'If they persecute you in one city, flee into another.'" Fortified by reasoning like this, Basin yielded at last to the entreaties of his brothers. In March, 1474, he went to Rome. Here, as elsewhere, he was received with the highest honor. The Pope offered him

a patriarchate; he was willing even to intercede for the bishop with the king. But by this time poor Basin had had enough of intercession; he definitely laid down his bishopric of Lisieux, accepting in its stead the archbishopric of Cæsarea, *in partibus infidelium*. For this surrender he received some money and a pension.

It is pleasant to know that the last years of his life were calm and peaceful. For some time he lived at Treves and at his beloved Louvain. When, in 1477, his old enemy, Louis, invaded the Burgundian territory, after the death of Charles the Bold, he took refuge in Utrecht, being a friend of its bishop, David of Burgundy, illegitimate son of Philip the Good. At Utrecht he lived quietly in a "most convenient and most pleasant house, a large part of which we ourselves caused to be built for the gratification of our old age." In 1483, he heard of the death of Louis XI., after the prayers of nuns and hermits, the holy oil flask of Rheims, and "many terrible and marvelous medicines" had been tried in vain for the king's relief. Louis' son, Charles VIII., probably in good faith, asked Basin to return to France, but the old man refused.

Basin had never been a slothful man. Now that his pastoral labors were ended, he devoted himself with great energy to literature. He prepared an elaborate history of the reigns of Charles VII. and Louis XI., availing himself freely of this opportunity to express his opinion of the latter monarch: "For we fear that if we shall relate all his acts of meanness, craft, perfidy, cowardice, wrong-doing, and cruelty, they will not be believed by some who shall read these writings. But since ancient authors have written not only the lives of men eminent in virtue and wisdom and useful to the nation, but also the lives of those infamous for their iniquity and for the foulness of their vices (such as Caligula, Nero, Domitian, Commodus,

and many others), we have therefore dared to describe the king's acts and to write the history of his times." Beside this, his great work, Basin wrote a voluminous apology for his course in abandoning his flock at Lisieux, wherein, among other things, he shows how much better was the condition of the Druids among the Gauls than was that of Christian priests under Louis XI. He refuted the opinion of a Carthusian monk of Ruremonde, who maintained that Antichrist had been born in 1472, and that his advent would be manifested in 1504 by the appearance of three comets. In 1490, he published an elaborate treatise against the "rash and damnable opinions" of Paul of Middleburg, the foremost of these being a belief that Jonah passed three whole days and three whole nights in the whale's belly, and not two nights and three days, according to the orthodox belief.

With some of his family gathered about him, Basin lived quietly to a good old age. He died on December 3, 1491, and was buried at Utrecht, in the choir of the church of St. John. In spite of his long exile, he never forgot his native Normandy. By his will he left a sum of money to the clergy of his own cathedral of Lisieux, and in a window of his old parish church at Caudebec stood for many years his likeness in stained glass.

When he was seventy-six years old, a curious fancy took him. The Scriptures tell us that the Children of Israel rested in forty-two places on their journey to the Promised Land. "All things happened to them as a type," and so the old man wrote a "Short discourse of the wanderings and of the forty-two resting-places which in the desert of this life fell to the lot of Thomas, whilom Bishop of Lisieux, now Archbishop of the Palestinian Cæsarea, as through faith he traveled to the real and true Land of Promise during seventy-six years." In order to come out exactly even, he left

out some places and set down others more than once, "as I remember that I read was done in the catalogue of the resting-places of the Children of Israel." He closed the Short Discourse with these words: "Almighty and merciful God, who hast taught thine unworthy servant that in the desert of this world I have no abiding city, but must seek in heaven a city whence I can neither need nor wish to depart, teaching me this by giving me many various mansions in the same desert, and by keeping me from unnumbered evils as I journeyed along,

grant that in the journey of this mortal life, through faith in thy love and through observance of thy commandments, I may be kept even to the end in thy holy household, and at length, when the course of this journey is run, that I may enter the true Land of Promise, the heavenly kingdom, thy holy city Jerusalem, and that there, with all thy saints and elect, I may be filled forever with the vision and enjoyment of thy blessed Godhead: through our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be praise, honor, and glory forever. Amen."

Francis C. Lowell.

HANNAH CALLINE'S JIM.

IN TWO PARTS. PART SECOND.

IV.

ABOUT two o'clock one misty, moonlight night in October, Mary Frances was awakened by the shutting of the side gate, that led from the flower-garden in front to the back yard. This gate, which was overlooked by Mary Frances's bedroom window, was, more accurately, a sort of door in a high plank wall, and when it shut it struck the wall with a dull sound that was unmistakable. Mary Frances heard this sound twice, as if some one had entered, and then gone back again after a few moments.

When she heard the sound the second time, she rose and looked out of the window, and saw a dark figure—whether man or woman she could not tell—flit past the mimosa-tree, and disappear around the bay-window. She woke her father out of a sound sleep to tell him all this, and Mr. Newsome, failing to persuade her that she had had the nightmare, armed himself with a pistol, and proceeded to search the house, fol-

lowed by Mrs. Newsome with an umbrella, and Mary Frances with a boot-jack; but nothing out of the way could be discovered.

Early next morning, however, Mary Frances descried, in the middle of the flower-border in the back yard, a rough stick, broken from some tree or shrub, and stuck upright in the earth. When she jerked it out of the ground, a coarse white thread followed the stick, and drew after it something that glittered in the sunlight. Mary Frances, stooping to examine this glittering something, was astonished to find her diamond ring. It was covered with dirt, but it was her ring, for there were her initials, M. F. N., on the inside. She rushed into the house and proclaimed her discovery, but no inquiry availed to throw any light on the mystery. It could only be surmised that whoever it was that came through the gate in the middle of the night must have come with the purpose of returning the ring in this secret fashion. Mr. Newsome had a strong suspicion that this person might be Hannah Calline, but nei-

ther she nor Jim Brand could be found. "The rascal has skipped from justice," Mr. Newsome said, "and Hannah Calline has followed him. Heaven help her! I don't suppose we shall ever see her again."

Time passed, and on a dismal, rainy day in March an old negro woman, ragged and haggard, rang timidly at the back gate, and asked to see Mrs. Newsome.

"Miss Louisa, is you done furgot me?" said the poor creature tremulously, seeing that Mrs. Newsome did not recognize her.

"Oh, Hannah, is *this* you?" Mrs. Newsome exclaimed in distress. She saw that Hannah was in some great trouble, and she made her sit down by the fire, while Mary Frances brought a glass of wine.

Hannah Calline was glad to sit down, for she was very weak and tired. She was trembling, and the muscles of her face quivered so that at first she could not speak; but when she had swallowed the wine, she said, with a long sigh, "I'se had a heap o' trouble, Miss Louisa; an' Mars Dan'l, he tole me ter come back, an' I come."

"That is right," said Mrs. Newsome. "What has been the matter?"

Hannah Calline hardly seemed to hear her. "Honey, did you git yo' ring?" she asked eagerly, turning to Mary Frances, who held up her finger, on which the ring sparkled. "Yes! yes!" said Hannah Calline. "I prayed ter Gawd, an' I made sho' you'd not miss hit ef I stuck hit up 'mongst yo' flowers. I sneaked in by night, cawse I wuz fair 'shamed ter come by day an' own up Jim stole dat ring. I did n' know hit when I quit dis house, but I foun' hit out afterwuds, an' I ain' had no peace o' mind tell I fotch hit back. Jim wuz skeered ter sell hit in Mobile, an' the nex' day after I fotch hit back we went ter a place in Massisip they calls Corinth. An' Jim, when he foun'

out I had brung back dat ring — dat wuz de fust time Jim beat me."

"Beat you? The first time?" repeated Mrs. Newsome, aghast.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried little Mary Frances.

"Yes, Miss Louisa," said Hannah Calline mournfully. "I'se been disapp'inted in Jim. I'se 'bleedged ter own up, I'se disapp'inted in Jim. But I ain' raised him, an' dat's a comfort."

"And where is he now?" Mrs. Newsome asked.

Hannah Calline lifted her ragged shawl, and wiped her eyes, as she answered brokenly, "Jim — he's jailed fur life" —

Mary Frances crept to her side, and whispered, "Don't cry. My popper will get him out."

"Bless yo' soul, honey, dere ain' no jedge nur lawyer kin git Jim out. Jim an' some yothers broke inter a place an' stole some things, an' dey proved on him strong. An' I dunno ez I want Jim turned loose; he mought keep on in his sins; but shet up ez he is, he kin study on 'pentance. Hit warn't me raised Jim, Miss Louisa; but I rekin Miss Patty done de best she could," and Hannah Calline sighed. "I come away after I seed de las' of Jim. I went ter see him in de jail, an' what you rekin Jim said ter me? He *cussed* me, Miss Louisa, Jim *cussed* me, an' he said he did n' b'lieve I wuz his mammy." And Hannah Calline covered up her face.

"Well, Hannah," said Mrs. Newsome, after a painful pause, "you have other children who will be good to you."

Hannah Calline shook her head. "I dunno; I dunno ez they *kin* mek up fur hit all," she answered, with a kind of gasp. "I'se been through a sight o' trial sence las' I see you, Miss Louisa. I'se gone hungry an' I'se gone cold; I'se slep' on de bare flo' an' lived in de rain, an' I'se wuked harder fur Jim than ever I had ter fur ole marster: an'

fur all dat, Jim have *beat* me, time an' agin. An' I warn' niver struck a lick in my life, 'ceptin' de time *dat man*, Walsin'ham, wuz cussin' his luck wid Kaintuck niggers."

"Why did you submit to such treatment?" asked Mrs. Newsome.

"I ain' niver owned hit befo'," Hannah Calline made reply. "When de neighbors said Jim beat me, I tole 'em dey *lied*. But nothin' ain' niver hu't me lak dem words he said ter me in jail — Lawd A'mighty, honey, is you cryin'? You need n' fret; hit wuz de Lawd's will. I 'se boun' ter be thankful I foun' Jim, any way. I wuz n't niver gwan be satisfied ontel I foun' him; 'peared lak dat what freedom wuz fur. On'y I doan want ter go back ter de plantation jes' *yit*. Dey was always sot beginst me huntin' Jim. I wants ter stay 'long o' you an' Mars Dan'l ontel I gits qualified, sorter."

So once again a place was made in the Newsome household for Hannah Calline, and once again Mary Frances had the pleasure of replenishing the forlorn creature's wardrobe.

The man that drove Mrs. Newsome's carriage at this time was a negro, who was called Jay. In point of style, Jay was decidedly inferior to Jim Brand. He was short of stature and slouching in his gait, and he lacked that air of confidence in himself which gave to Jim Brand so imposing an appearance on the carriage-box; and though, like Jim Brand, he could read and write, in cookery he had no skill to speak of, neither did he understand the fluting-irons. Nevertheless, Jay was diligent and obliging, and it was long before Mrs. Newsome had any cause to find fault with him. He had entered her service in January, and from that date until began the warm days in April Jay pursued a blameless course; but when afternoon drives became the order of the day, Jay informed Mrs. Newsome, one Friday morning, in his most respectful manner,

that he could not drive the carriage that afternoon.

Mrs. Newsome inquired if he were ill; but no, Jay said he was very well. He had a round, honest, good-natured face, and did not shrink from meeting Mrs. Newsome's eyes, yet evidently he was unwilling to give his true reason. He had an engagement, he stammered.

"You have an engagement to drive my carriage," said Mrs. Newsome. "I don't understand this, Jay, and I don't like it."

"Yes 'm," sighed Jay humbly, and looked distressed. "I 'se 'bleedged ter give hit up, for this day."

"Very well," Mrs. Newsome assented, finally. She reflected that Jay, on the whole, had given satisfaction, and she was willing for this once to excuse him, without inquiring too closely.

She had almost forgotten the affair, when, the next Friday, Jay again respectfully begged leave to absent himself. Mrs. Newsome very naturally felt annoyed, but this time also she consented. When the third Friday came, and the same request was made, she was indignant.

"Is this to happen *every* Friday?" she demanded.

"'Spect it is, ma'am," Jay sighed. "It is come ter be a standin' engagement."

When Mr. Newsome was informed of this, he remarked that Jay might find it lead to a walking engagement. "It is some political society has got you in its clutches, I 'll bet my head," he said to Jay.

"No, sir; 't ain't politics, Mr. Newsome," Jay declared. "I ain't got no money ter waste on politics."

"What, then, is it?"

But on this point Jay remained obstinately silent; though when threatened with dismissal, he begged so piteously to be retained that Mr. Newsome had not the heart to refuse him.

The following Friday, however, to

Mrs. Newsome's surprise, Jay did not present his usual petition for leave of absence.

"What?" said she. "Has that engagement come to an end?"

"Fur de present," answered Jay dejectedly.

"And when is it to be renewed?"

Mrs. Newsome was disposed to rally him on his Friday outings. But Jay had perfect manners; his bearing said plainly that Mrs. Newsome might condescend to jest with him, but that he could not presume to jest with her. He answered, with a sober solemnity, —

"At the Lawd's will, ma'am."

Several weeks went by, and still Jay did not renew his customary request on Friday; and as he became, if possible, more assiduous than ever in the performance of his duties, the Newsomes now hoped that at last they had secured a coachman whom they could regard as a fixture in their establishment.

But there came a cloud over this happy state of things: Jay had the misfortune to incur Hannah Calline's suspicion.

Since her return, Hannah Calline had kept very much to herself. The cook and the house-girl derided her countrified ways, and taunted her with her lack of spirit in clinging to the family of her former owners; but Hannah Calline knew her friends, and was faithful to them. She had looked upon Jay with favor because of the respectful consideration with which he treated a poor old woman, who might be, as he explained, the age of his mother, if his mother were living; but Jay's "manners" counted for nothing, in her estimation, when she discovered that he had made off with one of the nine baked apples she herself had set on the tea-table just half an hour after Mrs. Newsome returned from her drive. What it was that required Jay's presence in the dining-room, a few minutes later, was more than Hannah Calline could divine; she only knew that eight apples remained where there had

been nine, and she immediately counted the spoons. The spoons were found to be all right, but the missing apple gave Hannah Calline great distress. She kept her trouble to herself, however, and decided to watch Jay; and watch him she did, as the poor fellow was soon painfully aware.

"What makes Jay look so uneasy?" Mrs. Newsome asked.

"Dunno 'm," Hannah Calline answered.

A few days later, she went to Mrs. Newsome with the information that a silver fork was missing. "Miss Louisa, does you 'spect I tuk hit?" she asked piteously.

"No," Mrs. Newsome assured her. "It may be in the kitchen or the pantry. It will be found."

But the fork was not found.

"Jay got dat fork," Hannah Calline insisted. "Dat what mek him gwan 'bout so oneasy."

Mrs. Newsome was very loath to believe this; and she preferred to wait for developments rather than accuse him unjustly.

No such scruples had Hannah Calline; she taxed Jay openly with the theft, which Jay indignantly denied. "His ole miss what raised him had larnt him better then ter steal."

This denial, so far from convincing Hannah Calline, determined her to search the little room over the stable, assigned to Jay. She knew the room well; it was the same Jim Brand had occupied. There was a closet beside the chimney, the door of which was nailed up. Hannah Calline had never seen the inside of this closet, for it was made fast during Jim Brand's occupancy. But she did not stop to consider this. Armed with a hatchet, she was proceeding to burst open the door, when Jay came in.

"You better quit dat," he counseled. "You gwan git yo'sef in trouble, medlin' wid white folks' do's. Dat been nailed up ever sence I been here, an'

what's inside don't consarn you nur me."

"I boun' ter see what's inside," said Hannah Calline. It lent energy to her purpose to find Jay no whit disconcerted by her proceeding. "Brazen raskil!" thought Hannah Calline.

When at last she had the door open, she stood an instant, dazed at what she saw; then, with a cry of rage, and joy, and wonder, she dragged forth a small, hair-covered trunk. With as little ceremony as she had used in regard to the closet door, she burst open the lid, and before Jay had time for further speech she held aloft in her left hand an ancient brown satin dress; the next instant, with blazing eyes, she sprang upon him, and collared him with her right hand. Rage lent her strength. "You thief! You thief!" she shrieked, and shook him violently.

"Lemme go! Oh, Lawd, lemme go!" pleaded Jay, with a face of abject terror.

But Hannah Calline held on grimly.

"Whey dem chickens, you thief?" she shouted. "An' whey dat baked apple an' dat silver fork, you eberlastin', owdacious thief?"

The hubbub brought the other servants, and finally Mrs. Newsome and Mary Frances, upon the scene.

"You tell me you dunno?" stormed Hannah Calline, too much beside herself to feel the restraint of any presence. "I'll mek you know!" And she shook him again.

"I 'clar' ter gracious, Miz Newsome," said Jay appealingly, "I ain't niver seed dat trunk befo'."

"No; you ain't seed dat trunk, nur de coob o' chickens lef' in yo' charge, 'bout a year ago! I wonders I ain't seed de favor o' you befo', you owdacious wagabone!"

"Let him go, Hannah," Mrs. Newsome commanded.

"No, Miss Louisa, I ain't gwan let him go tell I done shuk de truth outen

him. You kin read, you nigger; read me *dat*!" Hannah Calline shouted, still holding Jay by the collar, while she thrust the lining of the brown satin waist under his eyes.

"Oh, Lawd! Lawd!" cried Jay fearfully, as his reluctant glance encountered the words, "Miss Patty Larkin. Her dress." "'Spect I gwan crazy! Who *is* you? Lemme go! Lemme go!"

For answer Hannah Calline jerked him fiercely, and the missing fork dropped upon the floor.

"*Dar*, now, Miss Louisa!" cried Hannah Calline in triumph.

"Oh, Jay!" said Mrs. Newsome.

"I 'clar' ter gracious, I ain't stole hit!" Jay asseverated.

"Oh, no!" retorted Hannah Calline. "You jes' *borry'd* hit. Git out!"

"I ain't stole hit!" Jay insisted. "It was puore accident. But none o' you ain't gwan b'lieve me. You sen' fur my ole miss, Miz Newsome, up here on Palmetto Street; *she* kin tell you this one nigger doan steal. Fur Gawd's sake, fur my ole miss' sake, doan sen' me ter jail!" he pleaded, dropping on his knees.

"Get up, Jay," said Mrs. Newsome. "Don't make the matter worse by denial. Since the fork is recovered, you may go your way in peace. But I cannot keep you in my service. I will pay you what is due you, but you must go at once."

Jay made no further entreaty. He took the money Mrs. Newsome paid him, thanked her humbly, and departed, the picture of woe.

"Well, thang Gawd," said Hannah Calline, "I got some comfort: dat thief what stole my brown satting Miss Patty Larkin give me, I'se seen him *shamed good*."

V.

The rest of that eventful day was spent by Hannah Calline in airing the

brown satin and muttering thanksgiving that Mars Dan'l and Miss Louisa were rid of that nigger Jay forever; for Hannah Calline thought never to see him more.

But strange tidings came next day. Betimes, in the morning, the door-bell rang with a vigorous peal, and the house-maid admitted a little old white-haired woman, who demanded to see Mr. Newsome. The house-maid delivered her card with some trepidation, for there were rumors afloat concerning this strange woman calculated to raise the hair on an African's head; but Mr. Newsome, reading the name "Mrs. Lassiter," descended with alacrity to see her. He remembered her encounter with Jim Brand on the Bay Shell Road, and he expected interesting developments.

Mrs. Lassiter had come on business, and she proceeded immediately to unfold the purpose of her visit. "I am the owner of a negro, sir," said she, "that has gotten into trouble" —

"Pardon, madam," Mr. Newsome interrupted, smiling, yet somewhat startled. "I must remind you of a certain date in our history" —

"Precious little I care for that!" she retorted. "All the rest are gone, and I submit; but this one I bought with good, hard money of my own saving, and I say he *belongs* to me so long as I live."

"And has he deserted you?" Mr. Newsome asked, humoring her whim. He had now no doubt that she was demented.

"Deserted me! I'd like to see him desert me! No! Jim knows better. Jim is your carriage-driver" —

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Newsome. "A year ago we had a carriage-driver named Jim, — Jim Brand."

"A precious rascal he to go unhanged!" she cried, springing from her chair, and clenching her small fists. "If he lived with you, he robbed you."

"He did," said Mr. Newsome; "but

he has met his deserts since then: he has been sentenced for life."

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated Mrs. Lassiter, dropping into her chair again. "A bad negro. He robbed me. It was to enlighten you about Jim Brand that I came; but I've something to say first about your other coachman, the other Jim" —

"Jim Brand was the only coachman we've had named Jim."

"Jim, Jim, Jim," repeated Mrs. Lassiter irritably, "who drove your carriage yesterday or the day before."

"He called himself Jay, — Jay Beel, if I remember."

"Well, Jim or J., it's all the same. There were so many Jims on the place we had to distinguish them, and this one we called J. B. L., and then J. for convenience, but *Jim* is his name, and I know him for an honest negro. Appearances may be against him, but Jim does n't steal."

"Appearances *are* against him," said Mr. Newsome. "It's a strong case."

Mrs. Lassiter rose abruptly, with a look of keen distress, and walked to one of the windows, where she stood some moments silent, with her back to Mr. Newsome; but she returned with a resolute air.

"I am going to make a humiliating confession," she said. "I am very poor, as you see, but that's not the point. I am also old and feeble, and there is nothing I can do to help myself. Once I had property, but it's all gone. I'm alone in the world, with nobody to take care of me but J. B. L. It seems to me that's fair, since I paid good money for him when he was no manner of use to me. A puny little rickety-legged baby, bereft of his mammy, — nobody would be bothered with him until I was called a fool for laying out good money in a sorry bargain. But it eased my heart in a heavy hour; and here am I to-day, a poor old penniless woman, tottering to her grave, and I say

I bought Jim out of pity, and he has no right to freedom until I die. And Jim is n't ungrateful; he works for my support. This is hard on a proud woman, sir, but I've said to myself it may be borne among strangers. Two years ago I had still a little left of my once ample means, but the last is gone. Some diamonds I had saved in case of need were stolen from me by Jim Brand. Now I am destitute, and if J. B. L. did not work for me — I should starve." After a moment's pause she continued: "I'm here to-day to see Jim righted. Jim did n't steal that fork. I've been ill the last three weeks, and he brought me a baked apple, which he stole, if you will, from your table; and in his haste he took away the fork, which he tried time and again to return, but that old woman you have here kept so close a watch he never found a chance, and he carried the fork about with him for fear of its being lost. I raised Jim myself. I can vouch for his principles. Don't you believe *me*?"

"But, my dear madam," said Mr. Newsome, who could not surrender his conviction on demand, "why did n't he make known your case, and *ask* for the apple?"

"Because I have forbidden him to speak of me, or my needs, or my whereabouts!" she answered fiercely. "And Jim is a simple soul; he knows only to obey."

"We should have been happy to be of service to you, madam" —

"*You owe me nothing!*" she interrupted with violence; "but Jim pays a debt of gratitude I need not scruple to accept. He does the best he can. He has never let me miss my drive, when I could take it."

"Ah? That explains!" interjected Mr. Newsome.

"It does n't explain half!" retorted the old lady fretfully. "J. B. L. is suspected of having stolen a little old hair trunk; and there has been much

ado about a coop of chickens, concerning which he knows nothing, neither do I. But since you say Jim Brand was your coachman a year ago, I'll warrant *he* knows what became of the chickens, and how that trunk found its way into that closet. It was Jim Brand, and nobody else, that stole that trunk, — what for, or how, I don't know; but that brown satin dress I know, and I must see it, — the dress and the old woman who claims it."

"Jim Brand's mother" — Mr. Newsome began.

"No such thing! If she was worth having for a mother, that rascal was sharp enough to pass himself off for her son; for he knew the whole story, and how I had tried to find Jim's mother, and failed. But Jim Brand's mother died in Kentucky, and I saw her buried; it was just after I married Dr. Penniman" —

"I beg pardon!" interrupted Mr. Newsome. "The name on your card" —

"Mrs. Lassiter. Did never you hear of a woman marrying twice? I married Dr. Penniman, and a life I led of it, between his property and mine; and I was cheated by his lawyer."

"So you are Miss Patty Larkin, whom poor old Hannah Calline talks of?"

"I was — a long time ago."

"If you will wait" — said Mr. Newsome, as he left the room.

He ordered a cup of coffee for Mrs. Lassiter, and, hastening up-stairs, told his wife and little Mary Frances the strange story.

"Then it was all a mistake about Jim Brand being Hannah Calline's son!" cried Mary Frances. "And this new Jim is the *real* Jim? I'm so glad!"

"Not so fast, my little daughter. We'll wait until that queer old woman down-stairs has seen Hannah; and we'll go down and witness the interview."

But Hannah Calline was hard to persuade to that interview. "*Lawd* save

us, Mars Dan'l!" she pleaded. "Doan you know dat's a kunjer-woman? She's mo'n five hund'ed years ole, dat same little ole woman down-stairs. She's de one what rides on de Bay Shell Road ev'ry Friday. Hit's a onlucky day, but hit suits her, 'long o' her bein' a kunjer-woman. Folks tell me thet onct she wuz rich in lan' an' niggers, but now she ain' got mo'n one po' nigger thet is too skeered ter b'lieve he's free. She kunjered him, sho'ly; an' how I know but she gwan kunjer me, 'long o' dat nigger Jay?"

At last, however, upon the repeated assurance that under the circumstances it was impossible that she should be "kunjered," Hannah Calline produced the brown satin, and followed Mr. and Mrs. Newsome and the little Mary Frances into the "kunjer-woman's" presence.

The cup of coffee had refreshed Mrs. Lassiter, and she looked less wan and weary. When she had acknowledged the introduction to Mrs. Newsome and Mary Frances, she turned and stared eagerly at Hannah Calline, who held up the brown satin as a shield between herself and the fearful mistress of magic.

What thoughts, what memories of hopes long vanished, of dead-and-buried joys, clung round that frayed and faded garment! The lines of Mrs. Lassiter's face softened as she looked at it.

"Patty Larkin's dress!" she sighed. "You need not turn the lining to show me her name; I should know that dress anywhere. Poor Patty Larkin! A young woman she was, when she wore that dress."

"She wuz middlin' on, an' past her prime," murmured Hannah Calline, as if involuntarily.

"I say she was *young*," repeated Mrs. Lassiter, — "a baby, compared to what she is now. I suppose you'd like to hear the story of that bit of finery poor Patty Larkin never wore but once?" she said, turning abruptly to

Mary Frances, whose face was aglow with the keenest interest. "Well, it was a great while ago, and Patty Larkin was a happy woman when she put it on for the first and last time. She wore it in honor of the return of an old friend who had been a wanderer fifteen long years, — a friend who was more than a friend, though neither he nor she had ever acknowledged as much; but all the world was welcome to know who it was Patty Larkin had waited for, when she put on that brown satin dress, one happy day in June. But before she could dress for him again a great calamity befell, — no matter what, no matter how, — and Patty Larkin gave up her long-delayed chance of happiness to watch over a poor, forlorn, demented creature who had no other friend. May be she was n't wise; may be she had as good a right to accept happiness as to accept duty; but that's no matter now. The sight of that brown satin made her miserable, yet it was precious in her sight, and therefore she made a strange disposition of it: she gave it to a poor negro mother, forced to part from her little child."

"Whey Miss Patty now, in Gawd's name, mistis?" entreated Hannah Calline, in spite of fear.

A moment the faded old woman looked at her in silence. "Hannah Calline?" she said, and smiled. "Am I so changed?"

Hannah Calline staggered back, threw up her arms, uttered a hoarse cry, and fell at Mrs. Lassiter's feet, her face to the floor. "Miss Patty! Miss Patty! Miss Patty!" she wailed.

"Get up!" said "Miss Patty," but Hannah Calline would not lift her face.

"I'se 'shamed of myself forever!" she moaned. "De Lawd is blinded my jedgment ter mek me always misdoubt. Folks telled me you wuz a kunjer-woman, an' I b'lieved 'em, tell now I'se 'shamed ter look you in de face. An' dar wuz Jim, my Jim, what I wuz so

sot beginst. You done yo' best, Miss Patty, but Jim ain' no credit ter yo' raisin'."

"I know better! Get up from there, Hannah Calline!"

Hannah Calline, obeying the voice of authority, slowly gathered herself up, and stood with clasped hands and bowed head. "I ax yo' pardin, Miss Patty," she said humbly.

"Not Jim Brand, you benighted creature!" declared Mrs. Lassiter, bringing her fist down upon her knee with emphasis. "That rascally Penniman nigger! He's a sharp one, but he never fooled me. He was cunning enough to pass himself off for your son; and I'll warrant he made you work for him! Oh, he knew all about Hannah Calline's Jim; he knew I had tried my best to find you for the real Jim, until I gave you up for dead and gone. No! *your* son Jim is the simple-witted creature you called a thief yesterday, because he had one of the Newsomes' silver forks in his possession; and that brown satin" —

Then once again "Miss Patty" gave her evidence, and once again was Hannah Calline convicted of a "blinded jedgment."

"Lemme sed down, Miss Louisa, please, ma'am," she said faintly, as she sank upon the rug. "I'm pow'ful weak, an' dat s'prised hit doan seem lak I kin ratly on'erstan' — 'bout Jim. You'll hatter 'splain agin, Miss Patty, honey."

But "Miss Patty's" excitement had spent itself; she leaned back in her chair exhausted, and a few slow tears rolled down her withered cheeks. "I'm an old woman," she said. "I've seen a world of sorrow and trouble, and I'm left alone, too poor to live, too old to work. Jim is the last piece of property remaining to me, and now I must give him up."

"Lawd, Miss Patty, ain' you 'shame' ter talk so?" Hannah Calline remonstrated. "You sho'ly doan b'lieve we gwan quit you, me an' Jim? Ef hit be Jim?" she added, still in a state of confusion.

"Of course it's Jim," said Mrs. Lassiter fretfully. "Don't you suppose I know what I'm talking about? Jim Brasswood first, then Jim Larkin, and he might have been Jim Penniman and Jim Lassiter, I suppose, as well, only he got the initials J. B. L. fitted to him. Come with me, and you shall see."

So Hannah Calline put on her capacious bombazine bonnet, and went with "Miss Patty" to "ax pardin of Jim."

"'Pears lak the Lawd ain' got no use fur dish yer ole nigger, 'ceptin' jes' ter mek a fool of her," she said, between tears and laughter. "Jes' ter think o' me jukin' *my* Jim aroun', an' tellin' him he wuz a lie an' a thief! Well! de Lawd be thanked for all his blessin's! An' doan you cry, Miss Mary Frances, honey; you ain' seed de last o' Hannah Calline *yit*."

Elizabeth W. Bellamy.

COÖPERATION.

To cancel wrong it ever was required
The wrong should be forgiven, and forgot:
Ah, see, how well have thou and I conspired,
Since I forgive, and thou rememberest not!

Edith M. Thomas.

FROM VENICE TO ASSOS.

IN the course of the year 1881, — the first of three during which archæological investigations were carried on at Assos, in the southern Troad, — there were in all ten young Americans present at various times upon the ground, and more or less directly concerned in the work. One was a boy under the charge of the heads of the expedition, and returned to America early in the summer. The two chiefs were the salaried agents of the Institute of Archæology. They had some previous acquaintance with the site, acquired during a yachting cruise in Greek waters, and they continued during the whole three years in charge of the excavations. It is no part of my present plan, nor indeed within the powers of any but professional archæologists, to give any account, even in outline, of their achievements. They have already made their report, in part, with pencil and pen; and the monumental work which is to embody all the important results of the expedition will no doubt eventually see the light.

The rest of us had at least one bond of sympathy in our ludicrous and helpless ignorance of land, people, and language, and of the work we proposed to do. We had all seven volunteered at a uniform monthly salary of 0 medjids, 0 metalliques (Turkish currency, one medjid = 80 metalliques = about 80 cents), with moderate rations of native food and Lesbian wine while in active service. Not all this number were ever in Assos at one time, and the extraordinary size of the staff was largely due to accidental causes. Nearly all of us closed our connection with the work in that year, as we and the Institute both found it a relation too expensive to be maintained longer.

Two of the seven, M. W. and C. H. W., were young architects, intimate

friends of our junior chief, F. H. B. No one who knows him will wonder that they followed to the world's end for love of adventure and of his companionship. J. S. D. was a most indefatigable geologist, who, both in 1881 and 1882, made summer trips to the Troad from his German university. J. H., a Williams graduate and ex-teacher, had accompanied that nineteenth-century paladin, William J. Stillman, to Crete, where their excavations were prevented and their stay cut short on account of a perverse belief on the part of the Turks that wherever Stillman did the subsoiling something younger and more explosive than archaic pottery was sure to appear. This comrade had learned the art of photography from his former chief, and if any apparatus had arrived for him would have been the photographer of the expedition. In fact, he acted in that capacity the next year, during vacations from his professorial duties at Roberts College, Constantinople. Lastly there were three Harvard graduates: E. R. and C. W. B. fresh from college, while the writer had spent five or six years in the exposition of the *Æneid* and *Iliad* Alpha Beta Gamma in a high-school class-room.

Any one of my comrades could unfold quite as varied and curious a tale of experience as mine, and it is to be hoped that the survivors will some day do so. A few of my own reminiscences, especially so far as they illustrate the educational effects of such a tour, are presented in this article, chiefly in journal form. Some of our rambles in Lesbos, the Troad, and other parts of Asia Minor may form the subjects of one or two subsequent papers. The author spent very little time in active service at Assos. He was usually either wind-bound or recovering from malarial fever

in Mitylene, or else engaged in excursions about the Troad.

April 24, 1881.

In the window of the Albergo Aurora, on the Riva, Venice.

Five years have hardly left a trace on the gray swan of the lagoons. The same struggle with the gondolier at the station, ending, of course, as of old, in the imposition of a second oarsman, and their utter refusal to follow the windings of the Grand Canal through the city. The coasting vessels, with their faded gay sails and swarthy chattering crews, still line the Riva beneath our window. The rosy-faced urchins still alternately turn "cartwheel" along the hot stone pavement, and come up, cringing and drawing a doleful face, with dirty paw outstretched to the passers-by: "No father nor mother! Nothing to eat for three days! For the Lord's love, a penny!"

The Fräulein has prospered. The tiny parterre front, where our half dozen from Bohemia, breakfasting *à la carte*, made the only rush in Antonio's easy day, is but the reading-room now, and the London Times and Punch intimate that the Milordi have dispossessed us even in this little hostelry.

Ah, yes, there is a grand *table d'hôte* up-stairs, and the Fräulein's round, ruddy face beams down through a long double line of Teutons to where I sit, at the "parting of the ways;" for all to the right are English or American, opposite is the only French family, and over my shoulder the gondolier of the hotel, in his blue and white uniform, now begirt with waiter's apron, lets fall in my ear his soft, caressing "Comanda, Signore?"

I succeeded in securing a Greek teacher, and have taken a few lessons during the week spent here. Our first interview occurred in his school-room, in the presence of half a dozen roguish

Venetian urchins, who did not conceal their delight at so novel an interruption, and at the efforts of the blonde Inglese to make known his wishes in their native speech. It was easy to imagine myself in the Venice of five or six centuries ago, and in the presence of one of those Hellenic exiles of that day, who brought to the Occident the first dim knowledge of ancient Greek. The learned Professor Triantoffillis — thin, nervous, keen-eyed, and not opulent — is a Bœotian, and has devoted less time to teaching me the rudiments of Romaic than to a thunderous defense of his countrymen against the slanders of Herodotos and the prejudice of all historians since. His own epoch-making work will show conclusively that the common people of Thebes fought gallantly against Xerxes under other standards than their own, and that only the oligarchs "medized." He grew red and furious over this patriotic harangue in Italian, our only common language.

The professor introduced me to his "most diligent pupil," a short, stout, lugubrious little Venetian of twenty Novembers. He has clung to me ever since, courteously suffering me to pay his boat-fares, entrance-fees, etc., all over Venice, though he too is a professor, lives in a picturesque palace on the Grand Canal, and has published a volume of verses. These bear the fitting title of *Cosucie* (Wretched Little Things), and are full of "sighs," "tears," "melancholy," "mother's kiss," "darksome night," etc. They have been read or recited to me day by day and eke by night, in a long-drawn, high-pitched tremolo, until at last, this afternoon, sitting on the sand at the Lido, I mustered all my Italian, and freed my heart to him.

It is insufferable that young Italians, for whose chief benefit all the great wars of the century have been fought out, who see their country, free and united, waiting for them to make her strong and pure, must spend their efforts

in love-sick canzones and mock-melancholy. It seems as if they were all at it, except those too sensual to seek any intellectual life at all. Real melancholy is a disease, which every sufferer had best keep secret; and this maudlin literary pretense of it is sickening indeed! Who can spare the time nowadays to hear a fellow-mortal drawl his rhymes about his sensations on a foggy night?

But my damnatory remarks were received in half-tearful resignation, as merely one more fated blow upon the long-suffering, misunderstood poetic soul!

Venice revisited has somehow lost its veil of romance. One is painfully conscious that all its inhabitants are keeping shop for us, and trading upon a sentiment which they neither share nor understand. Only the pictures of Tiziano and the glorious eyes of the native women, still dreaming of the vanished splendor of their city, do not disappoint the memory.

May 2d, 8 P. M.

On board the Narenta, in the harbor of Corfù.

At Trieste, looking back over the Adriatic to the far "snow-roofed Apennine," the beaten tracks of Europe seem already closed behind us, and the gates of the East are opening wide. And yet I never walked along the quay, crowded with shipping, without expecting a hail from some sailor cousin or playmate from New Bedford, just arrived in "Try-east."

The distant Albanian mountain peaks on our left have been marching southward all day with us, and we are already in Hellenic waters. The Adriatic has been as tranquil as if we were steaming between the Elizabeth Islands, or crossing Vineyard Sound. The water is of a remarkably deep blue, and seems singularly opaque.

Among the half dozen cabin passengers are two Greeks: a young widow, returning to Athens after five years' absence, and a merchant from Trieste,

a graduate of the Athenian university. They chat glibly together in Romaic by the hour, but the most painful attention fails to distinguish and recognize a single word. They are both glad to assist me in my struggles with the little Romaic grammar of Vincent and Dixon, but do not agree very well as to what is good or vulgar new-Greek. Thus Madame told me to-day that the genitive has wholly supplanted the dative, — that, for example, everybody says *dós mou*, not *dós moi*; and again, that in nouns like *gérōn* (an old man) the accusative plural form, *gérontas*, is always used for the nominative singular. Soon afterward, the young merchant, seeing my grammar in which I had written in these changes, assures me I am grossly misinformed; that he should think himself a barbarian, utterly ignorant of his own language, if he ever said *dós mou* or *o gérontas*.

There seemed to be no opening between Corfù and the mainland as we approached, but a sudden turn brought us very quickly to the harbor. There is a dismantled fortress on the promontory upon the north side of the entrance, and another structure, apparently of recent origin, on a high rock facing it from the southern side. I was told that the Greeks were compelled to destroy the former defenses, and to promise that they should not be rebuilt, when England ceded the Ionian Islands to the kingdom of the Hellenes. In the rosy sunset light, the port and island are quite lovely enough to have been the Scheria of Odysseus' wanderings; though that has always seemed to me to be an isle of enchantment in the wide seas of dreamland, as far beyond recovery as Calypso's or Circe's dwelling-place.

The inhabitants at the present day are said to be quite generally trilingual, as they are largely of Italian stock, and have now learned Greek without forgetting their English. But the voracious swarm of boatmen and hotel-runners,

who were upon us the instant the anchor was dropped, were apparently gifted with all the tongues known to men since the great tower was builded in the plain of Shinar. We did not venture to land, as our steamer was to proceed in the night.

SMYRNA, *May 5th.*

Our voyage was a most tranquil and uneventful one. We passed close to the bare, rocky island of Ithaca, running between it and Kephallenia, in the early morning after we left Corfù. Zante, or Zakynthos, remains in the memory as a lovely picture, and indeed is famed as the garden of the Levant, — “Zante, Fior del Levante,” the most beautiful of all Greek islands. The same afternoon we passed the Strophades, mere naked brown rocks, three or four in number and a few acres each in extent, whence even the Harpies must have been starved out long ago. The coast of the Peloponnesos, during the afternoon, was often very bold, with far-away mountains, doubtless the sentinels of the great Arcadian tableland. In general the mainland appeared bare and desolate, contrasting painfully with the rich vegetation and frequent villages of Corfù and Zante. The same evening we passed Cape Matapan. How strangely has the world’s life shifted and changed since this was the westernmost bulwark of civilization, — the days when the Ionian mariner was bidden “all hope abandon,” as he steered by the promontory toward the setting sun, and, doubling the cape on his return, thanked the gods for his safe arrival once more in the Ægean, where the enlightening worship of Apollo taught the duties of gentleness and hospitality to the savage hearts of men!

Upon going on deck, next morning, we found that the steamer was already approaching Attica. What we ought to have seen and recognized is charmingly detailed in the opening chapter of Mahaffy’s *Rambles and Studies in Greece*; but in truth our Romaic fellow-passen-

gers were almost as ignorant of the details of the panorama as the barbarian stranger, and we were hardly sure of a single height until the Acropolis of Athens came into view. We had only a few hours in the harbor of Piræus before a steamer started for Smyrna; and the hurried flight through Athens, with a small party of fellow-voyagers of various nationalities, left an impression almost as dreamy and unreal as did Tito Melema’s moonlight visit, though we feared only the sailing of our galley, and were safe from his dread of capture by the Turks.

At Corfù, C. W. B., who had been staying over for a few days upon the island, came on board the *Narenta*; and in the harbor of Athens we were joined by E. R. and his bride, who had arrived there by a different route. Together we enjoyed the sail across the Ægean, while the islands, which had been of old the stepping-stones of Phœnicians and Ionians from continent to continent, rose up before us, one after another, through the luminous haze. During a very brief stop in the harbor of Chios we could see the tents of the inhabitants, who are encamped in the cemeteries and open fields; the city having been almost completely destroyed by the earthquake, a few weeks ago. Here we saw a number of islanders in the picturesque native costume, with long black hair falling over their foreheads from beneath the heavy drooping fez.

When we anchored here, we were at once besieged by boatmen, guides, interpreters, and hotel-runners, far more numerous and rapacious even than at Corfù or Athens. It appears to be a regular Levantine custom for steamers to anchor in mid-harbor, or even outside the bar, leaving the passengers free to reach the shore as best they may.

Our hotel windows look upon the broad promenade on the water-front, where men of all the nations of the earth seem to be passing in endless suc-

cession. To-morrow morning we are to devote to the bazaars, the afternoon to the dervishes.

SMYRNA, May 6th.

Our persistent little volunteer guide, the "geborener Hamburger," was lying in wait for us near the hotel, this afternoon, when we sallied forth again after lunch, and, coolly appropriating our party, carried us off in triumph, remarking that we were just in time to see the dervishes. As we plodded over the rough stones, through the hot and narrow streets, files of camels glided noiselessly by us, half a dozen lashed together, the last perhaps with a tinkling bell. The countless dogs have a lean, wild, wolfish look. The little Turkish girls, the most angelic-looking children we have ever seen, clatter about fearlessly upon wooden sandals or clogs, in their gauzy, bright-colored dresses. The red fez is so nearly universal here that our European hats seem grotesquely out of place. The endless diversity of costume, the babel of tongues, the wealth of color, of which we have read in every book upon Eastern life, remain indescribable.

We finally entered at a stone gateway, and crossed a small court, along one side of which, behind an iron fence, was a row of gravestones with Turkish inscriptions, several of them surmounted by a carved fez, colored red. We turned into a paved alley, on the right of which we could look into the mosque windows, while on the left were three rooms with open doors. Within these sat the dervishes, cross-legged, on divans against the wall, smoking and drinking coffee. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. accepted an earnest invitation to come in, and were offered coffee and cigarettes.

After fifteen or twenty minutes our guide told us it was time for the service to begin; so we passed around to the mosque door, took off our shoes, and climbed a steep, narrow staircase on the left of the entrance to a rough wooden gallery. Here we crouched on sheep-

skins, and leaned over a railing a foot high. The mosque was about as large as a New England village church. On a low dais opposite the door the priests were taking up their positions, bowing to earth, then kneeling upon leopard-skins. A circle of leopard, panther, and sheep skins extended quite about the area, and the worshipers, gradually dropping in, took their places upon them. There was the utmost variety of costume and apparent rank, but evidently all were equal here. One handsome gray-bearded gentleman was, as we thought, an officer in the Turkish army. Next him was a wild-looking Arab, with gay turban and his brown legs bare. Each one bowed to earth before seating himself. Opposite us was a close lattice, behind which a few women came in to look on. Near the door, an archway opened into a little chapel or shrine, a step or two higher than the mosque floor, and within were two catafalques, as we imagined. High up on the mosque walls were a series of texts in gilt on circular black panels within yellow rings. Over our heads was a small, very low dome, from which a glass chandelier, filled with candles, hung by a green iron chain.

After a few minutes' sombre chanting by the chief priest, all began to repeat together, over and over,

"Lá illáh 'illá Alláh! Lá illáh 'illá Alláh!"

This continued nearly half an hour. The chief priest, in black robes, his fez bound about with a white turban, held a long black rosary, and from time to time interrupted with a few words and set a more rapid movement. The other priests were in various colors. One was in coarse brown, like a Capuchin, with bare brown feet.

As the chant grew faster and louder, the worshipers rocked to and fro, still in their kneeling posture. Two, who had places just below the dais, occasionally shrieked out in most discordant tones; but neither these nor a responsive chant

of the priests checked the monotonous rush of the ever-repeated prayer. These two we designated as the "old and the young fanatic." Our guide told us afterward that these were the second priest and his son. The elder one became so excited that he would sometimes beat the time with his hands, but all the rest kept theirs placidly folded in their laps.

Around the door gathered a group of the lovely little girls, with bare feet, wondering eyes, flowers in their hair, their soft robes of green and yellow clinging about them, and gazed in at the swaying, moaning worshipers. Among them we saw one black child, crouched upon the step, with her chin in her hand. Beyond the children we could see one or two of the quaint gravestones, and some bright green shrubbery with yellow flowers.

Just beside us a boy of four or so, in Turkish dress, was sitting looking over the gallery rail. Presently one of the little girls, who had been leaning like a graceful statue against the doorway, with hands clasped behind her head, clambered up the stairs, and called him softly. The boy, passing down the staircase with her, left her at the door, and touched on the shoulder one of the men, who made room for him in the ring of worshipers. Here he also began to sway and chant with inaudible baby voice!

A moment later all rise, and join hands in a circle, within which stand seven priests. They step backward and forward, as they slowly revolve. The child is in the outer circle, and imitates the long steps of his elders as well as he can. The "old fanatic" is also among the twenty common worshipers of the outer circle, and his strange, wild cries ring out occasionally above the monotonous chant.

Now the two circles fuse into one. Each man has his right arm about a neighbor's waist, and the left hand over the shoulder of his comrade on the other

side. A tall young barefoot boy, who just now comes in, seeing he has taken a place in the ring between two gentlemen, bows down to kiss each one on the breast. One after another the priests pass within the circle, until again there are seven, and among them stands the child. The chant is like a deep, hoarse bark. They clasp each other's hands, and swing them together.

Once more there is a change. The barking has become a strange, eager panting. The circular dance ceases; the ring is broken. The priests gradually approach the altar, but stand quietly, facing the door. The lay worshipers gather into a line near the door, looking toward the priests. The rhythmic moan or panting grows still wilder and faster. The air is heavy and hot. One or two can hardly stand, and sway mechanically with closed eyes. The weird cries of the "old fanatic" are answered by short choruses from the priests. The child is still kneeling in the centre of the mosque floor. One priest runs up and down before the line of weary moaners, and beats time by clapping his hands.

Now there is a long, solemn solo. All kneel. Suddenly the service is at an end. With a prostration to earth, as at the beginning, the devotees slip quietly out. A few tarry before the shrine which we noticed beside the door, bowing twice before it, kneeling in two rows, and chanting.

We are glad to hurry out into the sunshine, and find we have all been much affected and excited by the ceremony.

MITYLENE, *Tuesday, May 10th.*

Last Saturday afternoon, leaving E. R. and his wife at the hotel in Smyrna, C. W. B. and I took the Constantinople steamer, which stops here on her way north. It was dark and stormy when we approached Lesbos, and as the steamer stops but a few minutes outside the harbor, and we are still quite unable to understand any spoken Greek, we

were in a state of growing anxiety and trepidation. However, as soon as the anchor-chain ran out, a young Greek clambered nimbly aboard, and, approaching us with a confident look in his soft dark eyes, uttered a laborious "How-do, gen'l'men," and presented a letter of introduction: "This is George: good boy, George. F. H. B." In the boat alongside we were affectionately welcomed by the young chief himself, in command of the queer little two-sticker, *Mezethra* (Cream-Cheese), with a crew of one, his slave boy *Costanti*. The curious name of the Americans' boat excites much mirth and wonderment among the Greeks. It is a tribute to the chief delicacy we have as yet discovered in *Mitylene*.

Upon landing, we trudged sleepily through one or two rough, stony streets, and stumbled up a flight of stone steps into a small house, whose chief furniture seemed to be hammocks and trunks. The first words we heard were a doleful "Hundred 'n' ninety-one, hundred 'n' ninety-two!" from the inner room, in the familiar tones of the youngest member of the party. We did not long need any explanation as to the nature of the game he was pursuing. The evening meal was not especially memorable, but we were "at supper," *Polonius*-like, all night, and every night under that roof.

The chief is in *Smyrna*, and will go from there to *Constantinople*, where it is hoped the firman, including permission to excavate, will soon be secured. Until then no digging can be done, and the only work now going on, or likely to be done soon, is the survey and large map of *Assos*, upon which the two engineers have been busy for some weeks. *Mitylene* is their base of supplies, though thirty miles away, and the *Mezethra* returned loaded this morning to *Assos*, where *M. W.* had meanwhile been left alone in charge. *F. H. B.* is at a loss to know why we three Harvard men have been hurried across Europe, and says he can make no earthly use of us.

C. W. B. and *E. N.* have returned north to-day with him, but by his advice I have remained here to devote all my energies to *Romaic Greek*, as his greatest lack at present is an interpreter.

MITYLENE, May 19th.

The *Mezethra* arrived again last Sunday, the 15th, under command of Captain *Maxwell Wrigley*, — stately, straight, and jolly, six feet two, architect, artist, banjoist, yachtsman, bicyclist, and prince of good fellows, — and manned by the sturdy *Mitylenæan* boy *Costanti*, bare-legged, curly-headed, and sun-browned. The latter is fast bound to the *Assians* by written contract for a term of months, and is to be paid only for faithful service to the end of that time.

The boat is already loaded with provisions, a keg of wine, etc., and *Costanti* mounts guard over it by day, while *Max* and I sleep soundly in it at night, despite the chatter and singing of the Greek sailors and boatmen all about us. The *Etesian* winds are blowing steadily "dead ahead," and the *Mezethra* will not sail against the wind, as she blows off to leeward rather more than she gains on her tacks; so we linger reluctantly from day to day.

We are both very fond of children. *Max's* banjo and sketch-book draw all our little neighbors to the steps of our palace. We had a lawn-party there this afternoon, having issued informal invitations to *Kalliôpe*, *Eriphyle*, *Chairékleia*, and several other little maids whose illustrious Hellenic names we have not yet the privilege of knowing. I am trying vainly, with the aid of unlimited oranges and very limited Greek, to approach our artist musician in popularity, but the daughters of *Sappho* are still true to the nobler arts of life.

The old woman from whom the palace is hired lives next door, — or rather, she and her half dozen daughters live in the yard between the two houses; weaving, spinning, washing, and knitting

from dawn till dusk. They welcome cordially any attempt to practice upon them the Romaic absorbed in the long daily conferences with George, but it is very slow and uncertain work as yet, despite their ingenuity in pantomime and their merry perseverance.

Our neighbors are all Greeks, and nearly all very poor. Of the men we see little. The women sit in groups upon rocks in the middle of the steep, narrow streets, knitting and chatting. Just a few steps up the hill is a marble fountain at the wayside, and all day the girls and women come in long procession, bringing upon their shoulders jars which have not changed in the least from the shapes of twenty-five centuries ago.

George shows toward us a devotion and deference not unlike the behavior of an intelligent animal. Very soon after the noon meal he comes puffing and perspiring up the hill, in the hot sun; and if there are no errands to run for us in the town, and no one will talk or read with him, he coils down in the shade and goes to sleep.

He is the pharmacist at the Greek hospital, and devotes his mornings to duty there; the rest of the day to his dear Americans. He is working away patiently at his Ollendorff, in the hope that he may some time understand our talk. He is a native of a village in the interior of the island, and in the rude two-room cottage which is his official residence he makes a home for his small brother, Aristides, and for an earnest, manly little hunchback from the same hamlet. This crippled boy is the best pupil in the excellent Greek gymnasium here, and hopes eventually to earn a hundred medjids a year as a country schoolmaster in some Greek community of Lesbos.

It is wonderful to see how much the Rayahs are doing for their own education and improvement, despite all the oppression and exactions of their Mos-

lem masters. The local church, schools, hospital, and other charities are all apparently well sustained.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. are very pleasantly settled here, in a comfortable house at the top of the hill, above the Entomological Palace. There is an understanding with their host that any of their friends may have a "shake-down" upon the sitting-room floor whenever they desire. Our traps are gradually ascending the hill, as we intend to abandon the palace. From the veranda of the upper house there is a clear view of the city, of the broad channel which divides us from Asia, and of the mountains in the Troad and Mysia. Nearest of all, and just below us, lies the basin of the southern harbor. The northerly one is little used, and the ancient break-water which protected it is fallen into decay. We have not discovered any trace of the canal which once united the two ports. The point of the peninsula between the harbors is occupied by the picturesque little Genoese fortress, whose Turkish garrison now holds the wealthy and numerous Rayah population in easy subjection.

The Mussulman quarter is on the further side of the town, nearer the northern harbor. We occasionally saunter through their principal street. The Turks sit smoking their nargilehs before the shop doors. Their heavy, expressionless faces, the few half-grunted words, the faded brilliancy of their turbans and robes, make an effect totally different from the throng of spare, alert, "glancing-eyed" Greeks who chaffer and laugh about the busier harbor.

The Rayahs curse the Turks in a general way under their breath, and nearly every one with whom we become acquainted quotes a stanza whose origin we have not discovered:—

*"Οπου Τούρκος, ούτε φύσις
Ούτε κοινωνία θάλλει.
Τὸν Παράδεισον εἰς Ἀϊδην
Τὸ θηρίον μεταβάλλει!*

"Where the Turk is neither nature
Nor society can flourish:
Paradise into a Hades
By the beast is metamorphosed!"

And yet Rayah and Ottoman often hobnob together pretty freely in the cafés and at the shop doors. In many cases, such apparent friendship may be only the fawning of the supple, quick-witted Hellenes upon their duller masters, but we do not think there is a very fierce hatred toward the individual Mussulman. Of course the Greeks feel bitterly that the revenue extorted from their rich island is mere tribute, for which no pretense of any benefit in return is offered. No portion of the taxes is devoted to the material or moral welfare of the Christian population. The Turk never even builds roads, and the harbor is rapidly filling up, and will soon be useless.

Our days here are all very much alike; full only of reading and study, of chats among ourselves and chaffering with the natives. There is a dreamy charm about our life in this glorious climate, this clear, dry, luminous air, through which Ida and the peaks of Mysia stand forth in firm outlines, and seem only a league or two away.

There are hardly any remains of antiquity to be seen here. The famous theatre has been robbed of its stone for the benefit of the modern city, until little more is visible than a curving hollow in the hillside. The ruins of one temple, of late and coarse construction, have been unearthed in the town, and drums, capitals, etc., from it are lying about neglected in the street. The Greek inhabitants could undoubtedly point out the exact location of some classical structures which they have hit upon in digging cellars and sinking wells, but to make them known under present conditions would entail a probable loss of property, and possibly a forfeiture of life or liberty, to gratify the avarice of some powerful Turk.

The bit of ancient art we most desire to carry off with us is a little bas-relief from a dog's grave, with a poetical tribute to the virtues of the dead pet. This stone was discovered and is owned by a well-to-do miller in the suburbs, who says he will not part with it unless to give it to the museum in Athens.

The Assos party has been enabled to transact business here chiefly by the eager helpfulness of M. Photion, until lately the American consular agent at Mitylene, an honorary office which he hopes soon to regain. He speaks French, and some English. The pioneers of our party have denominated him Photion the Great (*ὁ μέγας*), to distinguish him from a young Greek friend at Assos, Photion or Photiades the Good (*ὁ καλός*), of whom they tell incredible tales. They say he makes no attempt to learn English nor to teach them Greek; that he comes in to leave flowers for them early in the morning, and slips away unseen; that they frequently discover favors which he has done them, and which were never intended to come to their knowledge.

Assos, May 25th.

Yesterday morning, we — J. H., who arrived a few days ago, E. R., who goes to visit Assos for a few days, and myself — determined to embark with our gallant captain and his crew, and to head for Assos, even if we had to row the whole thirty miles against this unceasing Tramontana. We pulled out of Mitylene harbor at 10.30. It was hot and calm, hardly a ripple upon the water. Though we hoisted sail, we scarcely stirred for two hours, drifting about within a stone's-throw of the little ruined tower on the point. The water was wonderfully clear, and many yards beneath us we frequently saw stones which looked precisely like fragments of architectural carving. A slight breeze finally sprang up, not quite contrary to our course, and by dark we had made nearly twenty miles. Laying to behind

some little islands on the Lesbian shore, we slept soundly, wrapped in our blankets, in the bottom of the boat, under the stars.

At seven this morning we were up and starting again, and all the morning the stately rock of Assos, the acropolis of all the southern Troad, rose before us higher and higher above the sparkling blue waters.

This afternoon we have taken a hasty scramble among the ruins. The classic city was built upon terraces, connected by flights of steps, on the hillside facing the sea. The chief temple crowned the great hill, seven hundred feet, at least, above the water's edge. From the temple site the vessels in the little port seem almost at our feet, for the average descent is more than twenty degrees. The great gate of the city opened to the westward, and the road outside it is still piled with numberless sarcophagi of immense size, which were once arranged upon several terraces lining the highway. The theatre is quite stripped of stone, the orchestra being occupied by a cow-yard, and looks like a mere hole in the hillside. The most striking remains now above ground are the Hellenic walls, large portions of which are yet standing.

The wretched little Turkish town Bechram is on the northern slope of the ridge, looking down into the valley of the Touzla, or Satnioeis, which flows

through a fertile plain close behind the Acropolis. The Americans, however, are lodged in one of the three or four warehouses which compose Bechram Scala, the little landing-place at the water's edge. We occupy two rooms in the newest of the buildings. The Acropolis is shut from our view by a cliff of red clayey rock, just above our heads, but we can look across the strait to the mountains of northern Lesbos, nine miles away, with a white village or two clinging to their sides.

The port is merely a small, shallow basin surrounded by a long pile of stones, but affords shelter to the coasting vessels which carry cargoes of acorns to the Smyrna market. Among and around the warehouses there is hardly more than room enough to walk about comfortably between cliff above and sea below. The fountain of the hamlet is under our window, — a tiny rill flowing from a hole in the rock. Just now thousands of locusts are drowning in the little rock basin beneath it, and every inch of ground is brown with them. Dogs and chickens are all about, and a long file of camels have crowded in to discharge their load of acorns and spend the night. So with all these, the half dozen Americans, the few Greeks and many Turks, this bit of earth clinging to the foot of the great cliff is covered to overflowing with living creatures to-night.

William Cranston Lawton.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

VIII.

[Continued.]

At this Mrs. Dallow turned away, leaving Nash the impression that she probably misunderstood his speech, thinking he meant that he drew from the living

model, or some such platitude; as if there could have been any likelihood that he drew from the dead one. This, indeed, would not fully have explained the abruptness with which she dropped their conversation. Gabriel Nash, however, was used to sudden collapses, and

even to sudden ruptures, on the part of his interlocutors, and no man had more the secret of remaining gracefully with his ideas on his hands. He saw Mrs. Dallow approach Nick Dormer, who was talking with one of the ladies of the embassy, and apparently signify to him that she wished to speak to him. He got up, they had a minute's conversation, and then he turned and took leave of the secretary's wife. Mrs. Dallow said a word to her brother, Dormer joined her, and then they came together to the door. In this movement they had to pass near Nash, and it gave her an opportunity to nod good-by to him, which he was by no means sure that she would have done if Nick had not been with her. The young man stopped a moment; he said to Nash, "I should like to see you this evening, late; you must meet me somewhere."

"We'll take a walk—I should like that," Nash replied. "I shall smoke a cigar at the café on the corner of the Place de l'Opéra; you'll find me there." Gabriel prepared to compass his own departure, but before doing so he addressed himself to the duty of saying a few words of civility to Lady Agnes. This proved difficult, for on one side she was defended by the wall of the room, and on the other rendered inaccessible by Miriam's mother, who clung to her with a quickly-rooted fidelity, showing no symptom of desistance. Gabriel compromised on her daughter Grace, who said to him—

"You were talking with my cousin, Mrs. Dallow."

"To her rather than with her," Nash smiled.

"Ah, she's very charming," said Grace.

"She's very beautiful," Nash rejoined.

"And very clever," Miss Dormer continued.

"Very, very intelligent." His conversation with the young lady went lit-

tle further than this, and he presently took leave of Peter Sherringham; remarking to him, as he shook hands, that he was very sorry for him. But he had courted his fate.

"What do you mean by my fate?" Sherringham asked.

"You've got them for life."

"Why for life, when I now lucidly and courageously recognize that she is n't good?"

"Ah, but she'll become so," said Gabriel Nash.

"Do you think that?" Sherringham inquired, with a candor which made his visitors laugh.

"You will—that's more to the purpose!" Gabriel exclaimed, as he went away.

Ten minutes later Lady Agnes achieved a rupture with Mrs. Rooth's amiability and withdrew with her daughters. Peter had had very little talk with Biddy, but the girl kept her disappointment out of her pretty eyes and said to him—

"You told us she did n't know how—but she does!" There was no suggestion of disappointment in this.

Sherringham held her hand a moment. "Ah, it's you who know how, dear Biddy!" he answered; and he was conscious that if the occasion had been more private he would have lawfully kissed her.

Presently three others of his guests departed, and Mr. Nash's assurance that he had them for life recurred to him as he observed that Mrs. Rooth and her daughter quite failed to profit by so many examples. The Lovicks remained—a colleague and his sociable wife—and Peter gave them a hint that they were not to leave him absolutely alone with the two ladies. Miriam quitted Mrs. Lovick, who had attempted, with no great subtlety, to engage her, and came up to Sherringham as if she suspected him of a design of stealing from the room and had the idea of preventing it.

"I want some more tea; will you give me some more? I feel quite faint. You don't seem to suspect how that sort of thing takes it out of you."

Sherringham apologized, extravagantly, for not having seen that she had the proper quantity of refreshment, and took her to the round table, in a corner, on which the little collation had been served. He poured out tea for her, and pressed bread and butter upon her, and *petits fours*, of all which she profusely and methodically partook. It was late; the afternoon had faded, and a lamp had been brought in, the wide shade of which shed a fair glow upon the tea-service, the little plates of comestibles. The Lovicks sat with Mrs. Rooth at the other end of the room, and the girl stood at the table, drinking her tea and eating her bread and butter. She consumed these articles so freely that he wondered if she had been in serious want of food — if they were so poor as to have to count with that sort of privation. This supposition was softening, but still not so much so as to make him ask her to sit down. She appeared, indeed, to prefer to stand; she looked better so, as if the freedom, the conspicuity of being on her feet and treading a stage, were agreeable to her. While Sherringham lingered near her, vaguely, with his hands in his pockets, not knowing exactly what to say and instinctively avoiding, now, the theatrical question (there were moments when he was plentifully tired of it), she broke out, abruptly, "Confess that you think me intolerably bad!"

"Intolerably — no."

"Only tolerably! I think that's worse."

"Every now and then you do something very clever," Sherringham said.

"How many such things did I do to-day?"

"Oh, three or four. I don't know that I counted very carefully."

She raised her cup to her lips, looking at him over the rim of it — a pro-

ceeding which gave her eyes a strange expression. "It bores you, and you think it disagreeable," she said in a moment — "a girl always talking about herself." He protested that she could never bore him, and she went on: "Oh, I don't want compliments — I want the truth. An actress has to talk about herself; what else can she talk about, poor thing?"

"She can talk sometimes about other actresses," laughed Sherringham.

"That comes to the same thing. You won't be serious. I'm awfully serious." There was something that caught his attention in the way she said this — a longing, half hopeless, half argumentative, to be believed in. "If one really wants to do anything, one must worry it out; of course everything does n't come the first day," she pursued. "I can't see everything at once; but I can see a little more — step by step — as I go: can't I?"

"That's the way — that's the way," said Sherringham. "If you see the things to do, the art of doing them will come, if you hammer away. The great point is to see them."

"Yes; and you don't think me clever enough for that."

"Why do you say so, when I've asked you to come here, on purpose?"

"You've asked me to come, but I've had no success."

"On the contrary; every one thought you wonderful."

"Oh, they don't know!" said Miriam Rooth. "You've not said a word to me. I don't mind your not having praised me; that would be too *banal*. But if I'm bad — and I know I'm dreadful — I wish you would talk to me about it."

"It's delightful to talk to you," Sherringham said.

"No, it is n't, but it's kind," she answered, looking away from him.

Her voice had a quality, as she uttered these words, which made him ex-

claim. "Every now and then you say something! —"

She turned her eyes back to him, smiling. "I don't want it to come by accident." Then she added, "If there's any good to be got from trying, from showing one's self, how can it come unless one hears the simple truth, the truth that turns one inside out? It's all for that — to know what one is, if one's a stick!"

"You have great courage, you have rare qualities," said Sherringham. She had begun to touch him, to seem different: he was glad she had not gone.

For a moment she made no response to this, putting down her empty cup and looking vaguely over the table, as if to select something more to eat. Suddenly she raised her head and broke out with vehemence, "I will, I will, I will!"

"You'll do what you want, evidently."

"I will succeed — I will be great. Of course I know too little, I've seen too little. But I've always liked it; I've never liked anything else. I used to learn things, and to do scenes, and to rant about the room, when I was five years old." She went on, communicative, persuasive, familiar, egotistical (as was necessary), and slightly common, or perhaps only natural; with reminiscences, reasons, and anecdotes, an unexpected profusion, and with an air of comradeship, of freedom of intercourse, which appeared to plead that she was capable, at least, of embracing that side of the profession she desired to adopt. He perceived that if she had seen very little, as she said, she had also seen a great deal; but both her experience and her innocence had been accidental and irregular. She had seen very little acting — the theatre was always too expensive. If she could only go often — in Paris, for instance, every night for six months — to see the best, the worst, everything, she would make things out, she would observe and learn, what to do,

what not to do: it would be a kind of school. But she could n't, without selling the clothes off her back. It was vile and disgusting to be poor; and if ever she were to know the bliss of having a few francs in her pocket, she would make up for it — that she could promise! She had never been acquainted with any one who could tell her anything — if it was good or bad, or right or wrong — except Mrs. Delamere and poor Ruggieri. She supposed they had told her a great deal, but perhaps they had n't, and she was perfectly willing to give it up if it was bad. Evidently Madame Carré thought so; she thought it was horrid. Was n't it perfectly divine, the way the old woman had said those verses, those speeches of Célie? If she would only let her come and listen to her once in a while, like that, it was all she would ask. She had got lots of ideas, just from that; she had practiced them over, over and over again, the moment she got home. He might ask her mother — he might ask the people next door. If Madame Carré did n't think she could work, she might have heard something that would show her. But she did n't think her even good enough to criticise; for that was n't criticism, telling her her head was good. Of course her head was good; she did n't need to climb up three hundred stairs to find that out. It was her mother — the way she talked — who gave that idea, that she wanted to be elegant, and very moral, and a *femme du monde*, and all that sort of stuff. Of course that put people off, when they were only thinking of art. Did n't she know, Miriam herself, that that was the only thing to think of? But any one would be kind to her mother who knew what a dear she was. "She does n't know when it's right or wrong, but she's a perfect saint," said the girl, obscuring considerably her vindication. "She does n't mind when I say things over by the hour, dinning them into her ears

while she sits there and reads. She's a tremendous reader; she's awfully up in literature. She taught me everything herself — I mean all that sort of thing. Of course I'm not so fond of reading; I go in for the book of life." Sherringham wondered whether her mother had not, at any rate, taught her that phrase, and thought it highly probable. "It would give on *my* nerves, the life I lead her," Miriam continued; "but she's really a delicious woman."

The oddity of this epithet made Sherringham laugh, and altogether, in a few minutes, which is perhaps a sign that he abused his right to be a man of moods, the young lady had produced a revolution of curiosity in him, reawakened his sympathy. Her mixture, as it spread itself before one, was a quickening spectacle: she was intelligent and clumsy; she was underbred and fine. Certainly she was very various, and that was rare; not at all, at this moment, the heavy-eyed, frightened creature who had pulled herself together with such an effort at Madame Carré's, nor the elated "phenomenon" who had just been declaiming, nor the rather affected and contradictory young person with whom he had walked home from the Rue de Constantinople. Was this succession of phases a sign that she really possessed the celebrated artistic temperament, the nature that made people provoking and interesting? That Sherringham himself was of that shifting complexion is perhaps proved by his odd capacity for being of two different minds at very nearly the same time. Miriam was pretty now, with likable looks and charming usual eyes. Yes, there were things he could do for her; he had already forgotten the chill of Mr. Nash's irony, of his prophecy. He was even scarcely conscious how much, in general, he detested hints, insinuations, favors asked obliquely and plaintively: that was doubtless also because the girl was so pretty and so fraternizing. Perhaps,

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indeed, it was unjust to qualify it as roundabout, the manner in which Miss Rooth conveyed to him that it was open to him not only to pay for lessons for her, but to meet the expense of her nightly attendance, with her mother, at instructive exhibitions of theatrical art. It was a large order, sending the pair to all the plays; but what Sherringham now found himself thinking about was not so much its largeness as that it would be rather interesting to go with them sometimes, and point the moral (the technical one), showing her the things he liked, the things he disapproved. She repeated her declaration that she recognized the fallacy of her mother's views about "noble" heroines and about the importance of her looking out for such tremendously proper people. "One must let her talk, but of course it creates a prejudice," she said, with her eyes on Mr. and Mrs. Lovick, who had got up, terminating their communion with Mrs. Rooth. "It's a great muddle, I know, but she can't bear anything coarse — and quite right, too. I should n't, either, if I did n't have to. But I don't care where I go if I can act, or who they are if they'll help me. I want to act — that's what I want to do; I don't want to meddle in people's affairs. I can look out for myself — I'm all right!" the girl exclaimed, roundly, frankly, with a ring of honesty which made her crude and pure. "As for doing the bad ones, I'm not afraid of that."

"The bad ones?"

"The bad women, in the plays — like Madame Carré. I'll do anything."

"I think you'll do best what you are," remarked Sherringham, laughing. "You're a strange girl."

"*Je crois bien!* Does n't one have to be, to want to go and exhibit one's self to a loathsome crowd, on a platform, with trumpets and a big drum, for money — to parade one's body and one's soul?"

Sherringham looked at her a moment. Her face changed constantly ; now there was a little flush and a noble delicacy in it.

"Give it up ; you're too good for it," he said, abruptly.

"Never, never — never till I'm pelted !"

"Then stay on here a bit ; I'll take you to the theatres."

"Oh, you dear !" Miriam delightedly exclaimed. Mr. and Mrs. Lovick, accompanied by Mrs. Rooth, now crossed the room to them, and the girl went on, in the same tone : "Mamma, dear, he's the best friend we've ever had ; he's a great deal nicer than I thought."

"So are you, mademoiselle," said Peter Sherringham.

"Oh, I trust Mr. Sherringham — I trust him infinitely," Mrs. Rooth returned, covering him with her mild, respectable, wheedling eyes. "The kindness of every one has been beyond everything. Mr. and Mrs. Lovick can't say enough. They make the most obliging offers ; they want you to know their brother."

"Oh, I say, he's no brother of mine," Mr. Lovick protested, good-naturedly.

"They think he'll be so suggestive, he'll put us up to the right things," Mrs. Rooth went on.

"It's just a little brother of mine — such a dear, clever boy," Mrs. Lovick explained.

"Do you know she's got nine ? Upon my honor she has !" said her husband. "This one is the sixth. Fancy if I had to take them over !"

"Yes, it makes it rather awkward," Mrs. Lovick amiably conceded. "He has gone on the stage, poor dear boy ; he acts rather well."

"He tried for the diplomatic service, but he did n't precisely dazzle his examiners," Mr. Lovick remarked.

"Edmund's very nasty about him. There are lots of gentlemen on the stage ; he's not the first."

"It's such a comfort to hear that," said Mrs. Rooth.

"I'm much obliged to you. Has he got a theatre ?" Miriam asked.

"My dear young lady, he has n't even got an engagement," replied the young man's unsympathizing brother-in-law.

"He has n't been at it very long, but I'm sure he'll get on. He's immensely in earnest, and he's very good-looking. I just said that if he should come over to see us you might rather like to meet him. He might give you some tips, as my husband says."

"I don't care for his looks, but I *should* like his tips," said Miriam, smiling.

"And *is* he coming over to see you ?" asked Sherringham, to whom, while this exchange of remarks, which he had not lost, was going on, Mrs. Rooth had, in lowered accents, addressed herself.

"Not if I can help it, I think !" Mr. Lovick declared, but so jocosely that it was not embarrassing.

"Oh, sir, I'm sure you're fond of him," Mrs. Rooth remonstrated, as the party passed together into the ante-chamber.

"No, really, I like some of the others — four or five of them ; but I don't like Arty."

"We'll make it up to him, then ; *we*'ll like him," Miriam declared, gayly ; and her voice rang in the staircase (Sherringham went a little way with them), with a charm which her host had not perceived in her sportive note the day before.

IX.

Nick Dormer found his friend Nash, that evening, on the spot he had designated, smoking a cigar, in the warm, bright night, in front of the café at the corner of the square before the Opéra. He sat down with him, but at the end of five minutes he uttered a protest

against the crush and confusion, the publicity and vulgarity, of the place, the shuffling procession of the crowd, the jostle of fellow-customers, the perpetual brush of waiters. "Come away. I want to talk to you, and I can't talk here," he said to his companion. "I don't care where we go. It will be pleasant to walk; we'll stroll away to the *quartiers sérieux*. Each time I come to Paris, at the end of three days, I take the boulevard, with its conventional grimace, into greater disfavor. I hate even to cross it, and go half a mile round to avoid it."

The young men took their course together down the Rue de la Paix to the Rue de Rivoli, which they crossed, passing beside the gilded railing of the Tuileries. The beauty of the night — the only defect of which was that the immense illumination of Paris kept it from being quite night enough, made it a sort of bedizened, rejuvenated day — gave a charm to the quieter streets, drew our friends away to the right, to the river and the bridges, the older, duskier city. The pale ghost of the palace that had died by fire hung over them awhile, and, by the passage now open at all times across the garden of the Tuileries, they came out upon the Seine. They kept on and on, moving slowly, smoking, talking, pausing, stopping to look, to emphasize, to compare. They fell into discussion, into confidences, into inquiries, sympathetic or satiric, and into explanations which needed in turn to be explained. The balmy night, the time for talk, the amusement of Paris, the memory of young confabulations, gave a quality to the occasion. Nick had already forgotten the little brush he had had with Mrs. Dallow, when they quitted Peter's tea-party together, and that he had been almost disconcerted by the manner in which she characterized the odious man he had taken it into his head to present to her. Impertinent and fatuous she had called

him; and when Nick began to explain that he was really neither of these things, though he could imagine his manner might sometimes suggest them, she had declared that she did n't wish to argue about him or ever to hear of him again. Nick had not counted on her liking Gabriel Nash, but he had thought it would n't matter much if she should dislike him a little. He had given himself the diversion, which he had not dreamed would be cruel to any one concerned, of seeing what she would make of a type she had never encountered before. She had made even less than he expected, and her implication that he had played her a trick had been irritating enough to prevent him from reflecting that the fault might have been in some degree with Nash. But he had recovered from his resentment sufficiently to ask this personage, with every possible circumstance of implied consideration for the lady, what *he*, on his side, had made of his charming cousin.

"Upon my word, my dear fellow, I don't regard that as a fair question," was the answer. "Besides, if you think Mrs. Dallow charming, what on earth need it matter to you what I think? The superiority of one man's opinion over another's is never so great as when the opinion is about a woman."

"It was to help me to find out what I think of yourself," said Nick Dormer.

"Oh, that you'll never do. I shall worry you to the end. The lady with whom you were so good as to make me acquainted is a beautiful specimen of the English garden-flower, the product of high cultivation and much tending; a tall, delicate stem, with the head set upon it in a manner which, as I recall it, is distinctly so much to the good in my day. She's the perfect type of the object *raised*, or bred, and everything about her is homogeneous, from the angle of her elbow to the way she drops that vague, conventional, dry little 'Oh!' That sort of completeness is

always satisfying. But she did n't understand me. I don't think they usually understand."

"She's no worse than I, then."

"Ah, she did n't try."

"No, she does n't try. But she probably thought you conceited, and she would think so still more if she were to hear you talk about her trying."

"Very likely — very likely," said Gabriel Nash. "I have an idea a good many people think that. It appears to me so droll. I suppose it's a result of my little system."

"Your little system?"

"Oh, it's nothing wonderful. Only the idea of being just the same to every one. People have so bemuddled themselves that the last thing they can conceive is that one should be simple."

"Lord, do you call yourself simple?" Nick ejaculated.

"Absolutely; in the sense of having no interest of my own to push, no nostrum to advertise, no power to conciliate, no axe to grind. I'm not a savage — ah, far from it — but I really think I'm perfectly independent."

"Oh, that's always provoking!" laughed Nick.

"So it would appear, to the great majority of one's fellow-mortals; and I well remember the pang with which I originally made that discovery. It darkened my spirit, at a time when I had no thought of evil. What we like, when we are unregenerate, is that a new-comer should give us a password, come over to our side, join our little camp or religion, get into our little boat, in short, whatever it is, and help us to row it. It's natural enough; we are mostly in different tubs and cockles, paddling for life. Our opinions, our convictions and doctrines and standards, are simply the particular thing that will make the boat go — *our* boat, naturally, for they may very often be just the thing that will sink another. If you won't get in, people generally hate you."

"Your metaphor is very lame," said Nick; "it's the overcrowded boat that goes to the bottom."

"Oh, I'll give it another leg or two! Boats can be big, in the infinite of space, and a doctrine is a raft that floats the better the more passengers it carries. A passenger jumps over from time to time, not so much from fear of sinking as from a want of interest in the course or the company. He swims, he plunges, he dives, he dips down and visits the fishes and the mermaids and the submarine caves; he goes from craft to craft, and splashes about, on his own account, in the blue, cool water. The regenerate, as I call them, are the passengers who jump over, in search of better fun. I turned my somersault long ago."

"And now, of course, you're at the head of the regenerate; for, in your turn, you all form a select school of porpoises."

"Not a bit, and I know nothing about heads, in the sense you mean. I've grown a tail, if you will; I'm the merman wandering free. It's a delightful trade!"

Before they had gone many steps further Nick Dormer stopped short, and said to his companion, "I say, my dear fellow, do you mind mentioning to me whether you are the greatest humbug and charlatan on earth, or a genuine intelligence, that has sifted things for itself?"

"I do puzzle you — I'm so sorry," Nash replied, benignantly. "But I'm very sincere. And I *have* tried to straighten out things a bit, for myself."

"Then why do you give people such a handle?"

"Such a handle?"

"For thinking you're an — for thinking you're not wise."

"I dare say it's my manner; they're so unused to candor."

"Why don't you try another?" Nick inquired.

"One has the manner that one can;

and mine, moreover, is a part of my little system."

"Ah, if you've got a system, you're no better than any one else," said Nick, going on.

"I don't pretend to be better, for we are all miserable sinners; I only pretend to be bad in a pleasanter, brighter way, by what I can see. It's the simplest thing in the world; I just take for granted a certain brightness in life, a certain frankness. What is essentially kinder than that, what is more harmless? But the tradition of dreariness, of stodginess, of dull, dense, literal prose, has so sealed people's eyes that they have ended by thinking the most normal thing in the world the most fantastic. Why be dreary, in our little day? No one can tell me why, and almost every one calls me names for simply asking the question. But I keep on, for I believe one can do a little good by it. I want so much to do a little good," Gabriel Nash continued, taking his companion's arm. "My persistence is systematic: don't you see what I mean? I won't be dreary — no, no, no; and I won't recognize the necessity, or even, if there is any way out of it, the accident, of dreariness in the life that surrounds me. That's enough to make people stare; they're so stupid!"

"They think you're impertinent," Dormer remarked.

At this his companion stopped him short, with an ejaculation of pain, and, turning his eyes, Nick saw, under the lamps of the quay, that he had brought a vivid blush into Nash's face. "I don't strike *you* that way?" Gabriel asked, reproachfully.

"Oh, me! Wasn't it just admitted that I don't in the least make you out?"

"That's the last thing!" Nash murmured, as if he were thinking the idea over, with an air of genuine distress. "But with a little patience we'll clear it up together, if you care enough about it," he added, more cheerfully. He let his friend go on again, and he continued:

"Heaven help us all! what do people mean by impertinence? There are many, I think, who don't understand its nature or its limits; and upon my word, I have literally seen mere quickness of intelligence or of perception, the jump of a step or two, a little whirr of the wings of talk, mistaken for it. Yes, I have encountered men and women who thought you were impertinent if you were not so stupid as they. The only impertinence is aggression, and I indignantly protest that I am never guilty of *that* clumsiness. Ah, for what do they take one, with *their* presumptions? Even to defend myself, sometimes, I have to make believe to myself that I care. I always feel as if I did n't successfully make others think so. Perhaps they see an impertinence in that. But I dare say the offense is in the things that I take, as I say, for granted; for if one tries to be pleased, one passes, perhaps inevitably, for being pleased above all with one's self. That's really not my case, for I find my capacity for pleasure deplorably below the mark I have set. That's why, as I have told you, I cultivate it, I try to bring it up. And I am actuated by positive benevolence; I have that pretension. That's what I mean by being the same to every one, by having only one manner. If one is conscious and ingenious to that end, what's the harm, when one's motives are so pure? By never, *never* making the concession, one may end by becoming a perceptible force for good."

"What concession are you talking about?" asked Nick Dormer.

"Why, that we are only here for dreariness. It's impossible to grant it sometimes, if you wish to withhold it ever."

"And what do you mean by dreariness? That's modern slang, and it's terribly vague. Many good things are dreary — virtue and decency and charity, and perseverance and courage and honor."

"Say at once that life is dreary, my dear fellow!" Gabriel Nash exclaimed.

"That's on the whole my most usual impression."

"*C'est là que je vous attends!* I am precisely engaged in trying what can be done in taking it the other way. It's my little personal experiment. Life consists of the personal experiments of each of us, and the point of an experiment is that it shall succeed. What we contribute is our treatment of the material, our rendering of the text, our style. A sense of the qualities of a style is so rare that many persons should doubtless be forgiven for not being able to read, or at all events to enjoy us; but is that a reason for giving it up — for not being, in this other sphere, if one possibly can, a Macaulay, a Ruskin, a Voltaire? Ah, we must write our best; it's the great thing we can do in the world, on the right side. One has one's form, *que diable*, and a mighty good thing that one has. I'm not afraid of putting all life into mine, without unduly squeezing it. I'm not afraid of putting in honor and courage and charity, without spoiling them; on the contrary, I'll only do them good. People may not read you at sight, may not like you, but there's a chance they'll come round; and the only way to court the chance is to keep it up — always to keep it up. That's what I do, my dear fellow, if you don't think I've perseverance. If some one likes it here and there, if you give a little impression of solidity, that's your reward; besides, of course, the pleasure for yourself."

"Don't you think your style is a little affected?" Nick asked, laughing, as they proceeded.

"That's always the charge against a personal manner; if you have any at all, people think you have too much. Perhaps, perhaps — who can say? Of course one is n't perfect; but that's the delightful thing about art, that there is always more to learn and more to do;

one can polish and polish, and refine and refine. No doubt I'm rough still, but I'm in the right direction: I make it my business to take for granted an interest in the beautiful."

"Ah, the beautiful — there it stands, over there!" said Nick Dormer. "I am not so sure about yours — I don't know what I've got hold of. But Notre Dame *is* solid; Notre Dame *is* wise; on Notre Dame the distracted mind can rest. Come over and look at her!"

They had come abreast of the low island from which the great cathedral, disengaged to-day from her old contacts and adhesions, rises high and fair, with her front of beauty and her majestic mass, darkened at that hour, or at least simplified, under the stars, but only more serene and sublime for her happy union, far aloft, with the cool distance and the night. Our young men, gossiping as profitably as I leave the reader to estimate, crossed the wide, short bridge which made them face toward the monuments of old Paris — the Palais de Justice, the Conciergerie, the holy chapel of St. Louis. They came out before the church, which looks down on a square where the past, once so thick in the very heart of Paris, has been made rather a blank, pervaded, however, by the everlasting freshness of the great cathedral-face. It greeted Nick Dormer and Gabriel Nash with a kindness which the centuries had done nothing to dim. The lamplight of the great city washed its foundations, but the towers and buttresses, the arches, the galleries, the statues, the vast rose-window, the large, full composition, seemed to grow clearer as they climbed higher, as if they had a conscious benevolent answer for the upward gaze of men.

"How it straightens things out and blows away one's vapors — anything that's *done!*" said Nick; while his companion exclaimed, blandly and affectionately —

"The dear old thing!"

"The great point is to do something, instead of standing muddling and questioning; and, by Jove, it makes me want to!"

"Want to build a cathedral?" Nash inquired.

"Yes, just that."

"It's you who puzzle *me*, then, my dear fellow. You can't build them out of words."

"What is it the great poets do?" asked Nick.

"*Their* words are ideas — their words are images, enchanting collocations and unforgettable signs. But the verbiage of parliamentary speeches!"

"Well," said Nick, with a candid, reflective sigh, "you can rear a great structure of many things — not only of stones and timbers and painted glass." They walked round Notre Dame, pausing, criticising, admiring, and discussing; mingling the grave with the gay and paradox with contemplation. Behind and at the sides, the huge dusky vessel of the church seemed to dip into the Seine, or rise out of it, floating expansively — a ship of stone, with its flying buttresses thrown forth like an array of mighty oars. Nick Dormer lingered near it with joy, with a certain soothing content; as if it had been the temple of a faith so dear to him that there was peace and security in its precinct. And there was comfort, too, and consolation of the same sort, in the company, at this moment, of Nash's equal response, of his appreciation, exhibited by his own signs, of the great effect. He felt it so freely and uttered his impression with such breadth that Nick was reminded of the luminosity his boyish admiration had found in him of old, the natural intelligence of everything of that kind. "Everything of that kind" was, in Nick's mind, the description of a wide and bright domain.

They crossed to the further side of the river, where the influence of the Gothic

monument threw a distinction even over the Parisian smartnesses — the municipal rule and measure, the importunate symmetries, the "handsomeness" of everything, the extravagance of gaslight, the perpetual click on the neat bridges. In front of a quiet little café on the right bank, Gabriel Nash said, "Let's sit down" — he was always ready to sit down. It was a friendly establishment and an unfashionable quarter, far away from the Grand Hôtel; there were the usual little tables and chairs on the quay, the muslin curtains behind the glazed front, the general sense of sawdust and of drippings of watery beer. The place was subdued to stillness, but not extinguished, by the lateness of the hour; no vehicles passed, but only, now and then, a light Parisian foot. Beyond the parapet they could hear the flow of the Seine. Nick Dormer said it made him think of the old Paris, of the great Revolution, of Madame Roland, *quoi!* Gabriel Nash said they could have watery beer, but were not obliged to drink it. They sat a long time; they talked a great deal, and the more they said the more the unsaid came up. Presently Nash found occasion to remark, "I go about my business, like any good citizen — that's all."

"And what is your business?"

"The spectacle of the world."

Nick laughed out. "And what do you do with that?"

"What does any one do with a spectacle? I look at it."

"You are full of contradictions and inconsistencies. You described yourself to me half an hour ago as an apostle of beauty."

"Where is the inconsistency? I do it in the broad light of day, whatever I do: that's virtually what I meant. If I look at the spectacle of the world, I look in preference at what is charming in it. Sometimes I have to go far to find it — very likely; but that's just what I do. I go far — as far as my

means permit me. Last year I heard of such a delightful little spot; a place where a wild fig-tree grows in the south wall, the outer side, of an old Spanish city. I was told it was a deliciously brown corner, with the sun making it warm in winter! As soon as I could I went there."

"And what did you do?"

"I lay on the first green grass — I liked it."

"If that sort of thing is all you accomplish, you are not encouraging."

"I accomplish my happiness — it seems to me that's something. I have feelings, I have sensations: let me tell you that's not so common. It's rare to have them; and if you chance to have them it's rare not to be ashamed of them. I go after them — when I judge they won't hurt any one."

"You're lucky to have money, for your traveling-expenses," said Nick.

"No doubt, no doubt; but I do it very cheap. I take my stand on my nature, on my disposition. I'm not ashamed of it, I don't think it's so horrible, my disposition. But we've befogged and befouled so the whole question of liberty, of spontaneity, of good-humor, and inclination and enjoyment, that there's nothing that makes people stare so as to see one natural."

"You are always thinking too much of 'people.'"

"They say I think too little," Gabriel smiled.

"Well, I've agreed to stand for Harsh," said Nick, with a roundabout transition.

"It's you, then, who are lucky to have money."

"I have n't," Nick replied. "My expenses are to be paid."

"Then you too must think of 'people.'"

Nick made no answer to this, but after a moment he said, "I wish very much you had more to show for it."

"To show for what?"

"Your little system — the æsthetic life."

Nash hesitated, tolerantly, gayly, as he often did, with an air of being embarrassed to choose between several answers, any one of them would be so right. "Oh, having something to show is such a poor business. It's a kind of confession of failure."

"Yes, you're more affected than anything else," said Nick, impatiently.

"No, my dear boy, I'm more good-natured: don't I prove it? I'm rather disappointed to find that you are not worthy of the esoteric doctrine. But there is, I confess, another plane of intelligence, honorable, and very honorable in its way, from which it *may* legitimately appear important to have something to show. If you *must* confine yourself to that plane, I won't refuse you my sympathy. After all, that's what *I* have to show! But the degree of my sympathy must of course depend on the nature of the manifestation that you wish to make."

"You know it very well — you've guessed it," Nick rejoined, looking before him in a conscious, modest way, which, if he had been a few years younger, would have been called sheepish.

"Ah, you've broken the scent with telling me you are going to return to the House of Commons," said Nash.

"No wonder you don't make it out! My situation is certainly absurd enough. What I really want to do is to be a painter. That's the abject, crude, ridiculous fact. In this out-of-the-way corner, at the dead of night, in lowered tones, I venture to disclose it to you. Is n't that the æsthetic life?"

"Do you know how to paint?" asked Nash.

"Not in the least. No element of burlesque is therefore wanting to my position."

"That does n't make any difference. I'm so glad!"

"So glad I don't know how?"

"So glad of it all. Yes, that only makes it better. You're a delightful case, and I like delightful cases. We must see it through. I rejoice that I met you."

"Do you think I can do anything?" Nick inquired.

"Paint good pictures? How can I tell, till I've seen some of your work? Does n't it come back to me that at Oxford you used to sketch prettily? But that's the last thing that matters."

"What does matter, then?" Nick demanded, turning his eyes on his companion.

"To be on the right side — on the side of beauty."

"There will be precious little beauty, if I produce nothing but daubs."

"Ah, you cling to the old false measure of success. I must cure you of that. There will be the beauty of having been disinterested and independent; of having taken the world in the free, brave, personal way."

"I shall nevertheless paint decently if I can," Nick declared.

"I'm almost sorry! It will make your case less clear, your example less grand."

"My example will be grand enough, with the fight I shall have to make."

"The fight — with whom?"

"With myself, first of all. I'm awfully against it."

"Ah, but you'll have me on the other side," smiled Nash.

"Well, you'll have more than a handful to meet — everything, every one that belongs to me, that touches me, near or far: my family, my blood, my heredity, my traditions, my promises, my circumstances, my prejudices; my little past, such as it is; my great future, such as it has been supposed it may be."

"I see, I see; it's admirable!" Nash exclaimed. "And Mrs. Dallow into the bargain," he added.

"Yes, Mrs. Dallow, if you like."

"Are you in love with her?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, she is with you — so I perceived."

"Don't say that," said Nick Dormer, with sudden sternness.

"Ah, you are, you are!" his companion rejoined, judging apparently from this accent.

"I don't know what I am — heaven help me!" Nick broke out, tossing his hat down on his little tin table with vehemence. "I'm a freak of nature and a sport of the mocking gods! Why should they go out of their way to worry me? Why should they do everything so inconsequent, so improbable, so preposterous? It's the vulgarest practical joke. There has never been anything of the sort among us; we are all Philistines to the core, with about as much æsthetic sense as that hat. It's excellent soil — I don't complain of it — but not a soil to grow that flower. From where the devil, then, has the seed been dropped? I look back from generation to generation; I scour our annals without finding the least little sketching grandmother, any sign of a building, or versifying, or collecting, or even tulip-raising ancestor. They were all as blind as bats, and none the less happy for that. I'm a wanton variation, an unaccountable monster. My dear father, rest his soul, went through life without a suspicion that there is anything in it that can't be ground into blue-books; and he became, in that conviction, a very distinguished person. He brought me up in the same simplicity, and in the hope of the same eminence. It would have been better if I had remained so. I think it's partly your fault that I have n't," Nick went on. "At Oxford you were very bad company for me, my evil genius; you opened my eyes, you communicated the poison. Since then, little by little, it has been working within me; vaguely, covertly, insensibly, at first, but during the last year or two

with violence, pertinacity, cruelty. I have taken every antidote in life; but it's no use, — I'm stricken. It tears me to pieces, as I may say."

"I see, I follow you," said Nash, who had listened to this recital with radiant interest and curiosity. "And that's why you are going to stand."

"Precisely — it's an antidote. And, at present, you're another."

"Another?"

"That's why I jumped at you. A bigger dose of you may disagree with me to that extent that I shall either die or get better."

"I shall control the dilution," said Nash. "Poor fellow — if you're elected!" he added.

"Poor fellow, either way. You don't know the atmosphere in which I live, the horror, the scandal, that my apostasy would inspire, the injury and suffering that it would inflict. I believe it would kill my mother. She thinks my father is watching me from the skies."

"Jolly to make him jump!" Nash exclaimed.

"He would jump indeed; he would come straight down on top of me. And then the grotesqueness of it — to *begin*, all of a sudden, at my age."

"It's perfect, indeed; it's a magnificent case," Nash went on.

"Think how it sounds — a paragraph in the London papers: 'Mr. Nicholas Dormer, M. P. for Harsh, and son of the late Right Honourable, and so forth and so forth, is about to give up his seat and withdraw from public life, in order to devote himself to the practice of portrait-painting. Orders respectfully solicited.'"

"The nineteenth century is better than I thought," said Nash. "It's the portrait that preoccupies you?"

"I wish you could see; you must come, immediately, to my place in London."

"You wretch, you're capable of having talent!" cried Nash.

"No, I'm too old, too old. It's too late to go through the mill."

"You make *me* young! Don't miss your election, at your peril. Think of the edification."

"The edification?"

"Of your throwing it all up the next moment."

"That would be pleasant for Mr. Carteret," Nick observed.

"Mr. Carteret?"

"A dear old fellow who will wish to pay my agent's bill."

"Serve him right, for such depraved tastes."

"You do me good," said Nick, getting up and turning away.

"Don't call me useless, then."

"Ah, but not in the way you mean. It's only if I don't get in that I shall perhaps console myself with the brush," Nick continued, as they retraced their steps.

"For the sake of all the muses, then, don't stand. For you *will* get in."

"Very likely. At any rate, I've promised."

"You've promised Mrs. Dallow?"

"It's her place; she'll put me in," Nick said.

"Baleful woman! But I'll pull you out!"

X.

FOR several days Peter Sherringham had business in hand which left him neither time nor freedom of mind to occupy himself actively with the ladies of the Hôtel de la Mayenne. There were moments when they brushed across his memory, but their passage was rapid and not lighted up with any particular complacency of attention; for he shrank considerably from bringing it to the proof — the question of whether Miriam would be an interest or only a bore. She had left him, after their second meeting, with a quickened expectation, but in the course of a few hours that flame had

burned dim. Like many other men, Sherringham was a mixture of impulse and reflection; but he was peculiar in this, that thinking things over almost always made him think less well of them. He found illusions necessary, so that in order to keep an adequate number going he often earnestly forbade himself that exercise. Mrs. Rooth and her daughter were there, and could certainly be trusted to make themselves felt. He was conscious of their anxiety, their calculations, as of a kind of oppression, and knew that, whatever results might ensue, he should have to do something positive for them. An idea of tenacity, of worrying feminine duration, associated itself with their presence; he would have assented, with a silent nod, to the proposition (enunciated by Gabriel Nash) that he was saddled with them. Remedies hovered before him, but they figured also, at the same time, as complications; ranging vaguely from the expenditure of money to the discovery that he was in love. This latter accident would be particularly tedious; he had a full perception of the arts by which the girl's mother might succeed in making it so. It would not be a compensation for trouble, but a trouble which in itself would require compensation. Would that balm spring from the spectacle of the young lady's genius? The genius would have to be very great, to justify a rising young diplomatist in making a fool of himself.

With the excuse of pressing work he put off his young pupil from day to day, and from day to day he expected to hear her knock at his door. It would be time enough when they came after him; and he was unable to see how, after all, he could serve them even then. He had proposed, impetuously, a course of theatres; but that would be a considerable personal effort, now that the summer was about to begin, with bad air, stale pieces, and tired actors. When, however, more than a week had elapsed

without a reminder of his neglected promise, it came over him that he must himself, in honor, give a sign. There was a delicacy in such discretion, and he was touched by being let alone. The flurry of work at the embassy was over, and he had time to ask himself what, in especial, he should do. He wished to have something definite to suggest before communicating with the Hôtel de la Mayenne.

As a consequence of this speculation he went back to Madame Carré, to ask her to reconsider her unfavorable judgment and give the young English lady — to oblige him — a dozen lessons of the sort that she knew how to give. He was aware that this request scarcely stood on its feet; for in the first place Madame Carré never reconsidered, when once she had got her impression, and in the second she never wasted herself on subjects whom nature had not formed to do her honor. He knew that his asking her to strain a point to please him would give her a false idea (for that matter, she had it already) of his relations, actual or prospective, with the girl; but he reflected that he need not care for that, as Miriam herself probably would not care. What he had mainly in mind was to say to the old actress that she had been mistaken — the *jeune Anglaise* was not such a duffer. This would take some courage, but it would also add to the amusement of his visit.

He found her at home, but as soon as he had expressed the conviction I have mentioned she exclaimed, "Oh, your *jeune Anglaise*, I know a great deal more about her than you! She has been back to see me twice; she does not go to her ends by four roads. She charges me like a grenadier, and she asks me to give her — guess a little what! — private recitations, all to herself. If she does not succeed, it won't be for want of knowing how to thump at doors. The other day, when I came in, she was waiting for me; she had been there for an

hour. My private recitations — have you an idea what people pay for them?"

"Between artists, you know, there are easier conditions," Sherringham laughed.

"How do I know if she's an artist? She won't open her mouth to me; what she wants is to make me say things to her. She does make me — I don't know how — and she sits there gaping at me with her big eyes. They look like open pockets!"

"I dare say she'll profit by it," said Sherringham.

"I dare say *you* will! Her face is stupid while she watches me, and when she has tired me out she simply walks away. However, as she comes back" — Madame Carré paused a moment, listened, and then exclaimed, "Did n't I tell you?"

Sherringham heard a parley of voices in the little antechamber, and the next moment the door was pushed open and Miriam Rooth bounded into the room. She was flushed and breathless, without a smile, very direct.

"Will you hear me to-day? I know four things," she immediately began. Then, perceiving Sherringham, she added in the same brisk, earnest tone, as if the matter were of the highest importance, "Oh, how d'ye do? I'm very glad you are here." She said nothing else to him than this, appealed to him in no way, made no allusion to his having neglected her, but addressed herself entirely to Madame Carré, as if he had not been there; making no excuses and using no flattery; taking, rather, a tone of equal authority, as if she considered that the celebrated artist had a duty toward her. This was another variation, Sherringham thought; it differed from each of the attitudes in which he had previously seen her. It came over him suddenly that so far from there being any question of her having the histrionic nature, she simply had it in such perfec-

tion that she was always acting; that her existence was a series of parts assumed for the moment, each changed for the next, before the perpetual mirror of some curiosity or admiration or wonder — some spectatorship that she perceived or imagined in the people about her. Interested as he had ever been in the profession of which she was potentially an ornament, this idea startled him by its novelty, and even lent, on the spot, a formidable, a really appalling character to Miriam Rooth. It struck him, abruptly, that a woman whose only being was to "make believe," to make believe that she had any and every being that you liked, that would serve a purpose, produce a certain effect, and whose identity resided in the continuity of her personations, so that she had no moral privacy, as he phrased it to himself, but lived in a high wind of exhibition, of figuration — such a woman was a kind of monster, in whom, of necessity, there would be nothing to like, because there would be nothing to take hold of. He felt, for a moment, that he had been very simple not to have achieved before that analysis of the actress. The girl's very face made it vivid to him now — the discovery that she positively had no countenance of her own, but only the countenance of the occasion, a sequence, a variety (capable possibly of becoming immense), of representative movements. She was always trying them, practicing them, for her amusement or profit, jumping from one to the other and extending her range; and this would doubtless be her occupation more and more as she acquired ease and confidence. The expression that came nearest to belonging to her, as it were, was the one that came nearest to being a blank — an air of inanity when she forgot herself, watching something. Then her eye was heavy and her mouth rather common; though it was perhaps just at such a moment that the fine line of her head told most. She had looked slightly *bête* even

when Sherringham, on their first meeting at Madame Carré's, said to Nick Dormer that she was the image of the Tragic Muse.

Now, at any rate, he had the apprehension that she might do what she liked with her face. It was an elastic substance, an element of gutta-percha, like the flexibility of the gymnast, the lady who, at a music-hall, is shot from the mouth of a cannon. He colored a little at this quickened view of the actress; he had always looked more poetically, somehow, at that priestess of art. But what was she, the priestess, when one came to think of it, but a female gymnast, a mountebank at higher wages? She did n't literally hang by her heels from a trapeze, holding a fat man in her teeth, but she made the same use of her tongue, of her eyes, of the imitative trick, that her muscular sister made of leg and jaw. It was an odd circumstance that Miriam Rooth's face seemed to him to-day a finer instrument than old Madame Carré's. It was doubtless that the girl's was fresh and strong, with a future in it, while poor Madame Carré's was worn and weary, with only a past.

The old woman said something, half in jest, half in real resentment, about the brutality of youth, as Miriam went to a mirror and quickly took off her hat, patting and arranging her hair, as a preliminary to making herself heard. Sherringham saw, with surprise and amusement, that the clever Frenchwoman, who had, in her long life, exhausted every adroitness, was in a manner helpless, condemned, both protesting and consenting. Miriam had taken but a few days and a couple of visits to become a successful force; she had imposed herself, and Madame Carré, while she laughed (yet looked terrible too, with artifices of eye and gesture), was reduced to the last line of defense—that of declaring her coarse and clumsy, saying she might knock her down, but that proved nothing. She spoke jestingly enough not to

offend Miriam, but her manner betrayed the irritation of an intelligent woman who, at an advanced age, found herself for the first time failing to understand. What she did n't understand was the kind of social product that had been presented to her by Gabriel Nash; and this suggested to Sherringham that the jeune Anglaise was perhaps indeed rare, a new type, as Madame Carré must have seen innumerable varieties. He guessed that the girl was perfectly prepared to be abused, and that her indifference to what might be thought of her discretion was a proof of life, health, and spirit, the insolence of conscious power.

When she had given herself a touch at the glass she turned round, with a rapid "*Ecoutez maintenant!*" and stood leaning a moment, slightly lowered and inclined backward, with her hands behind her and supporting her, on the table in front of the mirror. She waited an instant, turning her eyes from one of her companions to the other, as if she were taking possession of them (an eminently conscious, intentional proceeding, which made Sherringham ask himself what had become of her former terror and whether that and her tears had all been a comedy); after which, abruptly straightening herself, she began to repeat a short French poem, a composition modern and delicate, one of the things she had induced Madame Carré to say over to her. She had learned it, practiced it, rehearsed it to her mother, and now she had been childishly eager to show what she could do with it. What she mainly did was to reproduce with a crude fidelity, but with extraordinary memory, the intonations, the personal quavers and cadences, of her model.

"How bad you make me seem to myself, and if I were you how much better I should say it!" was Madame Carré's first criticism.

Miriam allowed her little time to develop this idea, for she broke out, at the shortest intervals, with the five other

specimens of verse to which the old actress had handed her the key. They were all delicate lyrics, of tender or pathetic intention, by contemporary poets — all things demanding perfect taste and art, a mastery of tone, of insinuation, in the interpreter. Miriam had gobbled them up, and she gave them forth in the same way as the first, with close, rude, audacious mimicry. There was a moment when Sherringham was afraid Madame Carré would think she was making fun of her manner, her celebrated simpers and grimaces, so extravagant did the girl's performance cause these refinements to appear.

When she had finished, the old woman said, "Should you like now to hear how *you* do it?" and, without waiting for an answer, phrased the last of the pieces, from beginning to end, exactly as Miriam had done, making this imitation of an imitation the drollest thing conceivable. If she had been annoyed, it was a perfect revenge. Miriam had dropped on a sofa, exhausted, and she stared at first, looking flushed and wild; then she gave way to merriment, laughing with a high sense of comedy. She said afterwards, to defend herself, that the verses in question, and indeed all those she had recited, were of the most difficult sort: you had to do them; they did n't do themselves — they were things in which the *gros moyens* were of no avail. "Ah, my poor child, your means are all *gros moyens*; you appear to have no others," Madame Carré replied. "You do what you can, but there are people like that; it's the way they are made. They can never come nearer to the delicate; shades don't exist for them, they don't see certain differences. It was to show you a difference that I repeated that thing as you repeat it, as you represent my doing it. If you are struck with the little the two ways have in common, so much the better. But you seem to me to coarsen everything you touch."

Sherringham thought this judgment harsh to cruelty, and perceived that Miss Rooth had the power to set the teeth of her instructress on edge. She acted on her nerves; she was made of a thick, rough substance which the old woman was not accustomed to manipulate. This exasperation, however, was a kind of flattery; it was neither indifference nor simple contempt; it acknowledged a mystifying reality in the girl, and even a degree of importance. Miriam remarked, serenely enough, that the things she wanted most to do were just those that were not for the *gros moyens*, the vulgar obvious dodges, the starts and shouts, that any one could think of and that the *gros public* liked. She wanted to do what was most difficult, and to plunge into it from the first; and she explained, as if it were a discovery of her own, that there were two kinds of scenes and speeches: those which acted themselves, of which the treatment was plain, the only way, so that you had just to take it; and those which were open to interpretation, with which you had to fight every step, rendering, arranging, doing it according to your idea. Some of the most effective things, and the most celebrated and admired, like the frenzy of Juliet with her potion, were of the former sort; but it was the others she liked best.

Madame Carré received this revelation good-naturedly enough, considering its want of freshness, and only laughed at the young lady for looking so nobly patronizing while she gave it. It was clear that her laughter was partly dedicated to the good faith with which Miriam described herself as preponderantly interested in the subtler problems of her art. Sherringham was charmed with the girl's pluck — if it was pluck and not mere density — the brightness with which she submitted, for a purpose, to the old woman's rough usage. He wanted to take her away, to give her a friendly caution, to advise her not to become a bore, not to expose herself. But she

held up her beautiful head in a way that showed she did n't care at present how she exposed herself, and that (it was half coarseness — Madame Carré was so far right — and half fortitude) she had no intention of coming away so long as there was anything to be picked up. She sat, and still she sat, challenging her hostess with every sort of question — some reasonable, some ingenious, some strangely futile, and some highly indiscreet; but all with the effect that, contrary to Sherringham's expectation, Madame Carré warmed to the work of answering and explaining, became interested, was content to keep her and to talk. Yet she took her ease; she relieved herself, with the rare cynicism of the artist, all the crudity, the irony and intensity of a discussion of esoteric things, of personal mysteries, of methods and secrets. It was the oddest hour Sherringham had ever spent, even in the course of investigation which had often led him into the *cuisine*, as the French called it, the distillery or back-shop, of the admired profession. He got up several times to come away; then he remained, partly in order not to leave Miriam alone with her terrible initiatrix, partly because he was both amused and edified, and partly because Madame Carré held him by the appeal of her sharp, confidential old eyes, addressing her talk to him, with Miriam as a subject, a vile illustration. She undressed this young lady, as it were, from head to foot, turned her inside out, weighed and measured and felt her: it was all, for Sherringham, a new revelation of the point to which, in her profession and nation, a ferocious analysis had been carried, with an intelligence of the business and a special vocabulary. What struck him, above all, was the way she knew her reasons and everything was sharp and clear in her mind and lay under her hand. If she had rare perceptions, she had traced them to their source; she could give an account of what she did; she knew per-

fectly why; she could explain it, defend it, amplify it, fight for it: and all this was an intellectual joy to her, allowing her a chance to abound and insist and be clever. There was a kind of cruelty, or at least of hardness in it all, to Sherringham's English sense, that sense which can never really reconcile itself to serious art and has extraneous sentiments to placate with compromises and superficialities, frivolities that have often a pleasant moral fragrance. In theory there was nothing that he valued more than just such a logical passion as Madame Carré's; but in fact, when he found himself in close quarters with it; it was apt to seem to him an ado about nothing.

If the old woman was hard, it was not that many of her present conclusions, as regards Miriam, were not indulgent, but that she had a vision of the great manner, of right and wrong, of the just and the false, so high and religious that the individual was nothing before it — a prompt and easy sacrifice. It made Sherringham uncomfortable, as he had been made uncomfortable by certain *feuilletons*, reviews of the theatres in the Paris newspapers, which he was committed to thinking important, but of which, when they were very good, he was rather ashamed. When they were very good, that is when they were very thorough, they were very personal, as was inevitable in dealing with the most personal of the arts: they went into details; they put the dots on the *i*'s; they discussed, impartially, the qualities of appearance, the physical gifts of the actor or actress, finding them in some cases reprehensibly inadequate. Sherringham could not rid himself of a prejudice against these pronouncements; in the case of the actresses especially they appeared to him brutal and indelicate — unmanly as coming from a critic sitting smoking in his chair. At the same time he was aware of the dilemma (he hated it; it made him blush still more)

in which his objection lodged him. If one was right in liking the actor's art, one ought to have been interested in every candid criticism of it, which, given the peculiar conditions, would be legitimate in proportion as it should be minute. If the criticism that recognized frankly these conditions seemed an inferior or an offensive thing, then what was to be said for the art itself? What an implication, if the criticism was tolerable only so long as it was worthless — so long as it remained vague and timid! This was a knot which Sherringham had never straightened out: he contented himself with saying that there was no reason a theatrical critic should n't be a gentleman, at the same time that he often remarked that it was an odious trade, which no gentleman could possibly follow. The best of the fraternity, so conspicuous in Paris, were those who did n't follow it — those who, while pretending to write about the stage, wrote about everything else.

It was as if Madame Carré, in pursuance of her inflamed sense that the art was everything and the individual nothing, save as he happened to serve it,

had said, "Well, if she *will* have it she shall; she shall know what she is in for, what I went through, battered and broken in as we all have been — all who are worthy, who have had the honor. She shall know the real point of view." It was as if she were still haunted with Mrs. Rooth's nonsense, her hypocrisy, her scruples — something she felt a need to belabor, to trample on. Miriam took it all as a bath, a baptism, with passive exhilaration and gleeful shivers; staring, wondering, sometimes blushing and failing to follow, but not shrinking nor wounded; laughing, when it was necessary, at her own expense, and feeling, evidently, that this at last was the air of the profession, an initiation which nothing could undo. Sherringham said to her that he would see her home — that he wanted to talk to her and she must walk away with him. "And it's understood, then, she may come back," he added to Madame Carré. "It's my affair, of course. You'll take an interest in her for a month or two; she will sit at your feet."

"Oh, I'll knock her about; she seems stout enough!" said the old actress.

Henry James.

BEFORE THE ASSASSINATION.

THE darkest year of Cicero's life was the year, or, more strictly speaking, the period of between ten and eleven months, which he passed at Brindisi, after his return from Dyrrachium. It was far worse than the year of his exile, which he bore so ill, when he was all the time either lamenting that he had not died yesterday, or protesting that he would die to-morrow. Then he could and did hope — even while he professed to despair — that the tyranny of the moment would presently be overpast, and he himself completely restored to the

keen delights, the congenial conflicts, the great and satisfying activities of his Roman life. Then, though worsted for the moment by his political adversaries, he had never so much as dreamed of a foe in his own household. He knew, or thought he knew, himself to be a man exceptionally happy in his private relations; with a wife on whom he leaned, a daughter whom he adored, and a brother whom he trusted implicitly, beside the lifelong friend who lent him a hand in every emergency, and from whom he had no reserves. Now

every week that passed added something to the proof that the wife of almost thirty years had taken advantage of his free-handed recklessness in money matters to overreach and systematically swindle him; the brother whom he had so generously associated with all his own success, and whose freaks of surly ill-temper he had been at such tender pains to soothe and palliate, had quarreled fiercely with him, and was base enough to be trying to do him a deadly mischief with the man on whom, alas, they were all to depend henceforth for the very breath of their civic life.

Cicero's daughter and his friend, indeed, were still and always true: the daughter passionately, the friend calmly, considerately, and wisely. But the marriage which Terentia had arranged for Tullia during her father's absence in the East had justified all Cicero's misgivings. Dolabella had good manners in society; he was not without natural good feeling, as he showed when Tullia died; but he was a man more entirely and, as one may say, triumphantly unprincipled than it is easy now to conceive. He had married Tullia quite simply for her dowry, as the easiest way of raising a considerable sum of money, and he seized and spent the installments of the same even before they were due: so that but for the untiring goodness of Atticus she would have been, in Cicero's enforced absence, positively distressed for money; while to a woman of the fastidious mental and personal refinement which we surely divine in Tullia, life with a man of Dolabella's rooted vices had proved, as her father had foreseen it would, intolerably repugnant.

Politically, that winter of 707 (48-47 B. C.) was to Cicero and men like him, with whom the abstract love of country had been a species of religion, a period of black suspense. Cæsar had followed Pompey into Egypt, and Pompey was dead; but a great mystery hung over

the subsequent movements of the conqueror, — if indeed he were conquering still. We know now that he had to meet an unexpectedly desperate resistance on the part of the republican army and its allies in Egypt, and that he had to encounter Cleopatra; but meanwhile for six months — from December, 706, to June, 707 — not a letter or dispatch from the great general was received in Italy. Should he come back victorious, who could say what the ultimate fate might be, even of those republican leaders who had laid down their arms after Pharsalia: of Cicero, who had returned to Brindisi; of Cassius, who had surrendered the fleet; of Brutus, who had, in some sort, made personal submission? But if Cæsar never came back at all, the doom of these men was sure. Cato would never forget, nor the sons of Pompey forgive.

If we add to so many sources of anxiety and doubt the fact that the climate of Brindisi appears to have been as unwholesome then as it is now, and peculiarly poisonous to Cicero, the miserably morbid condition both of body and mind which the letters of this time betray is, I think, fully accounted for. A great and last reaction was to follow; a final upgathering of all the man's intellectual and moral forces, when his philosophy, so called, took shape, and he taught himself, and did his best to teach other Romans, how to support life without hope, as well as to face death without fear. We like to believe of Cicero, as we would like others to believe of ourselves, that the nobler self was the true self. At all events, we shall not do him the presumable injustice of quoting extensively from the dreary letters of the Brindisi time. A very few short extracts will suffice.

It was in December, 706, that the rumor first reached Marcus that Quintus had sent his son to Cæsar, not merely to make his own peace, but to undermine, if possible, the credit of the brother to

whom he owed so much. "I am told," Cicero writes to Atticus, "that Cæsar and all his friends repudiated his insinuations, but that he still persists on all occasions in saying the most vindictive things about me. It is the bitterest of all my present troubles, and the most incredible thing that ever happened to me." On the 3d of January, 707, we find Cicero making naïve avowal of a proceeding at which we stand aghast, but which evidently infringed no code of honor prevailing at the time. A large packet had arrived from Quintus. "I opened it to see if there were any letters for me, and found none, but one for Vatinius and one for Ligurius, which I caused to be delivered. Directly afterward they both came to me in hot indignation, crying out upon the baseness of the man. They then proceeded to read me their letters, in which all manner of opprobrium was heaped upon me. Ligurius was raving. He said he knew that Cæsar disliked Quintus, but that he had shown him consideration, and even supplied him with money, entirely for my sake. Under these painful circumstances I wished to know what he had written to other people. I thought it would be most injurious to him if this villainy of his should get about, for I know his disposition." (One wonders if Cicero thought more leniently of Pomponia at that moment than he had done when starting for Cilicia.) "So I send the letters to you,"—having, of course, read them himself,— "and if you think it will serve his cause to have them forwarded, why, forward them. They'll not harm me; and as to their having been opened, Pomponia, I believe, has his seal."

The mixture, in this and the letter next to be quoted, of striking magnanimity with what all our own training compels us to consider meanness is amazing. We have to console ourselves as best we can by reflecting that if a perfectly well-bred man of the last cen-

tury B. C. could open letters not addressed to himself, the world must have made some progress.

On the 8th of March, by which time it had become tolerably certain that Cæsar had sustained no permanent check, Cicero writes to Atticus: "You betray some anxiety as to what reason I may be able to give Cæsar for having left Italy at all. I see no need of any new reason. I have written to him repeatedly, and I have said the same thing to many others,—that I could not have endured the odium of staying behind even had I desired to do so, and much more to the same effect. The last thing which I should wish would be for him to think that I had acted on any judgment save my own, in a matter of such importance. And so when I got a letter from Cornelius Balbus the younger, saying that *he*" (Cæsar) "thought that my brother Quintus had 'sounded the trumpet'—those were his words—for my departure, I, who did not then know what Quintus was writing about me to all the world, though he had been extremely taunting and unpleasant to my face, nevertheless wrote to Cæsar as follows:—

"'I am no less concerned on my brother Quintus's behalf than on my own; but I am hardly in a position just now to recommend him to you. So much, however, I do beg you to believe, that he never did anything to shake my allegiance or weaken my attachment to you, but rather to cement our union; and that he was my companion merely, not my leader, when I went away. Deal with him in other respects as your own humanity and regard for himself may dictate, but do not, I most earnestly entreat you, allow me to stand in his way with you.'"

There are a few letters to Terentia of this period; all very short, and stiff, and cold. It is plain that the matter of their divorce was already under consideration, though not effected till the

ensuing year; that the husband and wife had agreed each to provide by will for Tullia and her children, but that Cicero found great difficulty in keeping Terentia to her word. He declined to receive a visit from her at Brindisi, but Tullia did come to him in June; and the saddest letter of the whole year, in view of the calamity that was coming, and which Cicero seems half to have foreboded, is that in which he bitterly reproaches himself for having been too much distracted in mind to get the full comfort of his daughter's presence: —

"My dear Tullia came to me on the 4th of June, bringing your three letters, and telling me all about your great goodness and devotion to herself. Yet I did not enjoy as I ought to have done the nobility, sweetness, and filial affection of the rarest girl alive, so unspeakably did it distress me to see that fine creature involved in misery through no sin of her own, but by my unpardonable fault."

A greater rascal than Tullia's husband, Cicero elsewhere opines, was never born. "And to think," we find him writing in July, "of a son-in-law of mine moving for a general repudiation of debts!" For Dolabella had followed the bright example of Clodius, and gotten himself adopted into a plebeian family, that, as tribune of the people, he might be able to further the radical measure aforesaid. Yet all the while he was exerting himself to smooth matters between Cicero and Cæsar; and outside, in the world of men, Dolabella and Cicero never ceased to be on friendly terms. It is only less wonderful than the opening of Quintus's letters.

It was authentically known, soon after this, that Cæsar had completed the circle of his victories by beating Pharnaces and the Pompeian remnant in Asia, and that he was coming home by way of Achaia. Cicero had a passing thought of sending his son to meet the Impera-

tor on his arrival, but eventually decided on the manlier course of going in person; "not altogether without hope," says Plutarch, "and yet in some fear of making experiment of the temper of an enemy and a conqueror before so many witnesses." But "Cæsar, as soon as he saw him coming, a good way before the rest of the company, came down from his chariot and saluted him, and, leading the way, conversed with him alone for some furlongs."

So that trying moment was well over, thanks to the superb address of the master of the world, and the relief of both men was doubtless great. For Cæsar had come prepared to be very conciliatory to the more illustrious of the old optimates; and they, — what better hope, what other hope, had they now, either for themselves or their country, than in him?

There began then for Cicero, with the opening of the year 708, another and an altered life in Rome. What sort of peace he had first made with himself, based on what renunciations, fortified by what resolutions, may best be gathered from the letters of this time to his learned friend Varro, who had commanded two Pompeian legions during the first Spanish campaign, surrendered to Cæsar at Cordova, and was now living in retirement on his estates, absorbed in literary pursuits.

"You must know that, on my return to the city, I made my peace with those old friends, my books: not that we had ever quarreled, but that I felt a little abashed in their presence. For it seemed to me as if I had been disloyal to their precepts when I condescended to mix myself in the turmoil of affairs with associates who afterward proved so treacherous. But my books have forgiven me and restored me to our old intimacy, assuring me at the same time that you, who never swerved from them, have been a wiser man than I. After such a reconciliation, I feel encouraged to hope that

when you and I meet we may be able to make light both of our present anxieties and our forebodings for the future." And in April, toward the close of that second African campaign of Cæsar's, which ended with the battle of Thapsus and the suicide of Cato: "You have my reasons for remaining in Rome; and little by little the daily habit of my life here has dulled the edge of my sensibility. But if I were you, I should stay quietly where you are, until the present excitement is over and we know how this affair has ended. For ended I believe it to be, but much must still depend on the mood of the victor and the turn of events. I have my own ideas about the matter, but still I wait to see. One thing, however, remains for us, — to live in those common studies, which once we pursued for pleasure solely, but now in self-defense. If anybody wants to employ us, I will not say as architects, but as mere workmen in the rebuilding of the republic, why, we must not only not demur, but accept the commission joyfully. If, on the other hand, there is no call for our services, we can, at all events, read and write politics, and discuss questions of morals and of law; influencing the fortunes of the state, if not in the Forum and Senate-House, by our books and our letters, like the learned men of old. Such, at least, is my idea, but I very much wish that you would write me how your own inclination lies, and what you propose to do."

How much was meant by these brave resolves; how strong the rebound, at sixty-one, of Cicero's intellectual energy; what teeming reflections and speculations were his, which would find vent, even though the orator were constrained to be dumb, appears from his extraordinary literary activity of the present year. He began his elaborate essay *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*, — On the Highest Good and Evil. He wrote a history of Roman eloquence, the *De Claris Oratoribus*, which he dedicated to Marcus Bru-

tus, — now governor, under Cæsar, of Cisalpine Gaul, — reviewing the political situation in a noble and outspoken preface. He wrote an analysis of the various kinds of eloquence, a sort of manual of public speaking, in the form of dialogues between himself and his son, and projected and composed the introductory essay to a volume of translations from the great Greek orators; and he wrote the panegyric on Cato, to which allusion has already been made. All through the winter, also, Cicero went much into society, and seems to have enjoyed it with almost youthful zest. Oppius and Balbus, Hirtius and Dolabella, and other prominent Cæsarites were living in town, and entertaining at a more magnificent rate than ever before. They all wanted Cicero and his wit at their sumptuous banquets, and he, on his part, professes to have turned epicure, if not Epicurean, and to have enjoyed the same thoroughly. "Don't talk to me," he writes gayly to Papirius Pætus, "of your two-penny pilot-fish and your spiced and potted sardines! I used to condescend to such things once, but it's all altered now. Hirtius and Dolabella are my masters in the art of dining, and my disciples in that of speaking. Surely you must have heard, if you get any news at all, how they are forever spouting in my house, and I supping at theirs. . . . I have eaten more peacocks than you ever ate pigeons." All the letters to Pætus are marked by a charming humor, and the figure itself of the wealthy old patrician, who made so amusing a parade of his own frugality, and had kept out of politics as consistently as Atticus himself, comes out in a most attractive light. "I must confess," runs the earliest letter to Pætus which we possess of this year, "that I seem just now to be treated with no little consideration by numbers of people, but no one of them all is more congenial to me than you. Not so much because of your old and stanch friendship, which is a great thing indeed,

perhaps the greatest of all, but many others have shown me the like. What renders you so attractive, so altogether grateful and delightful, to me is a something peculiar to yourself. It is the quality of your wit, which is not Attic, but even more spicy, — the real old pungent Roman humor. You might not think it, but I get a wonderful pleasure out of *bons-mots* that smack of the soil. They began to go out when foreign fashions were first introduced into the city, and now, since the advent of these men in breeches from beyond the Alps, hardly a trace remains of the sweet old-fashioned gayety."

Cicero's tone with Pætus is always comparatively light, even when he touches on grave matters. "I ask no questions about the future," he says in another letter, "for, in the first place, it is by sheer luck that I have lived for the last four years, — if there be either life or luck in surviving the republic! — and, moreover, I fancy I can pretty well foresee the course of events. The right of the stronger will prevail, and arms will always be the stronger. I must content myself with what is given. The man who cannot ought to die. They are measuring the land about Veii and Capua" (for distribution among Cæsar's veterans). "The latter place is not far from Tusculum, but I have no fear. I shall take my ease while I can, and hope it may last. If it fall out otherwise," he adds with delicate irony, "why, having made up my mind to live nobly, like a hero and a sage, I can surely have no ground of complaint against him who enables me to fulfill my resolution!"

With the opening of spring, Cicero went, as of old, into the country; and never had his beloved villas or his childhood's home appeared to him so fair. Now the letters to Atticus recommence,

the first being dated from the ancestral Arpinum: "It is ten days since we parted, and I am scribbling this note before light, being off for Anagni, which I shall reach to-day. Thence I shall go for one day to Tusculum, and this will bring us to the 28th, which was the day appointed. If only I could fly at once to the arms of my dear Tullia and your Attica's kiss of welcome!"

Later in the season, after a longer stay at the Tusculanum, he writes, "On my soul, Atticus, not this villa in which I revel, not the very Islands of the Blest, can console me for so many days' absence from yourself." And from Antium, by the summer sea, "Nothing could be sweeter than the solitude of this place; . . . nothing lovelier than the house, the shore, the view seaward, the whole situation. But having nothing else to say, and being very sleepy, I will enlarge on this theme no more."

All this time Cicero was writing industriously, and often engaging Atticus to clear up for him, in the libraries of Rome, some doubtful point of history. In the halcyon mood of the moment, he could even write of the brother who had wronged him, cavalierly indeed, but without the bitterness of last year: "Quintus the father shows not the quarter nor the thousandth part of a grain of common sense, exulting as he does over the fact that his son and Statius have become priests of Pan,¹ and so brought a double disgrace upon the family. Philotimus is another."

Cæsar was now once more, for a short time, in the city. The embers of republican resistance in the East had been thoroughly stamped out, and the pang endured by the elder men of seeing him celebrate his fourfold triumph, — the triumph of a Roman over Romans. His generosity to his soldiers had been more than kingly, and his

¹ The new Lupercal College had been opened in Cæsar's honor; and the Lupercalia, or festivals of Pan, were seasons of organized li-

cense, often of the most degrading description, for the youth of Rome.

temper was very gracious. He was planning for the ensuing winter a final campaign against the sons of Pompey in Spain, but he laid his masterly hand, meanwhile, to the administration of home affairs, and seemed in a fair way to reduce their unspeakable chaos to a new and brilliant order. We are dazzled even now by the spectacle of his versatility, when we see how he found time and complaisance to reply quietly in his *Anti-Cato* to Cicero's daring panegyric; and we half understand the acquiescence of the populace in his divine pretensions, when we find him setting the stars in order *en passant*, and bringing the lagging new year up to time by flinging two additional months into the autumn of 708.

Cicero, having concluded his own peace, or rather arranged the terms of his truce with the master, began exerting himself to bring about the reconciliation and restoration of certain of his less practicable friends who were still in exile. Doubtless he craved for himself the moral support no less than the congenial society of these men; but also he had not yet abandoned the hope that they might influence to some extent the policy of Cæsar. There was Marcus Marcellus, consul with Sulpicius in 705, who had resented with so much spirit Cæsar's first decisive aggressions; who, ever since Pharsalia, had been living proudly at Mitylene; and who was one of the very few men against whom Cæsar undoubtedly cherished a deep-seated grudge. Marcellus was cousin to half the patricians in Rome; and when the entire Senate had solicited his recall, and Cæsar had finally granted it, Cicero broke his resolution to speak no more in public, and thanked the autocrat in that exceedingly graceful and flattering address, the *Pro Marcello*, whose authenticity, after long dispute, seems now to be fully established. The spell being broken, he presently undertook the formal defense of Quin-

tus Ligarius, afterwards one of the conspirators against Cæsar, who, as governor of Asia, had made an obstinate resistance there, and was now impeached for having refused to surrender the government of the province to one Tubero, a kinsman of Cicero's own. We seem to see the slight shrug of Cæsar's lordly shoulders when he heard who was to be counsel for Ligarius. "There is no doubt," he observed, — or so we have it in Plutarch, — "that Ligarius is a bad man and my enemy, but why should we not give ourselves the pleasure of hearing Cicero plead once more?" He thought himself proof against the witchery of that silver tongue, but he was mistaken. When, after a subtle passage, of which the purport may be condensed into those words of Portia's, — "And earthly power doth then show likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice," —

Cicero passed on to an affecting mention of Pharsalia and Pompey's fate, the nervous thrill became too strong for Pompey's conqueror. He changed color, bowed his head, and pardoned his own future assassin.

It was a triumph for Cicero, though not like those of days gone by, when he had swayed the conscript fathers in Senate assembled; and we are not surprised to find him, in the first glow of complacency, extolling Cæsar's clemency to Cæcina, a learned knight of old Etruscan lineage, who had opposed the usurper valiantly, both with sword and pen, but was willing to be reconciled now.

"As for Cæsar," our friend writes from Rome, in the last days of July, "he is by nature mild and merciful. . . . Moreover, the one thing which he admires above all others is a commanding talent of the order of your own. . . . The bitterest enemy of the cause which Pompey sustained, bravely, indeed, but with inadequate preparations, does not say of us that we acted either as bad citizens or as base men; and I have

many a time had occasion to admire the dignity and impartiality of Cæsar himself in this regard. He never speaks even of Pompey otherwise than most respectfully. You will object that he acted harshly enough. Nay, that was the doing of war and of victory, not of Cæsar. And just see what a welcome he gave me! He has made Cassius his legate, Brutus prefect of Gaul and Sulpicius of Greece, and Marcellus, against whom he was peculiarly incensed, he has restored to all his dignities. What is the natural inference?"

And Cæcina replies warmly from his exile in Sicily: "I do not wish, in my trouble, either to stultify myself or grossly to impose on your kindness. In either case, my excuse would have to be that it has been the constant habit of your life to exert yourself so untiringly for your friends that not only do they never think of asking help elsewhere, but they demand your services as their right."

Cicero's divorce was now consummated, and that of Tullia arranged, although the child that was coming was to be born, probably by way of establishing its legitimacy, under Dolabella's roof. Divorce, as we know, was of daily occurrence in Rome, but the society which approved it seems equally to have exacted re-marriage with the least possible delay; so that nothing short of death, we may presume, could have spared poor Tullia a fourth husband from among the Roman nobility. Terentia married at least twice again, and lived, some say, to her hundredth year; but to Cicero, with his exceptionally refined and affectionate disposition, the first thought of separation had been full of distress. "I never could have resolved on such a step," he wrote as late as in October of this year, to Planicius, who had been so good to him in his exile, "if I had not found my home affairs, when I came back, in quite as desperate a condition as those of the

state." Once the scruple silenced, however, and the resolution taken, he had enjoyed, as we have seen, a rather peculiar lightness of spirit; and it is deplorably natural that he should have taken the silliest step of his entire life in choosing a successor to Terentia. Already in the summer, Atticus is proposing candidates for the vacant place; but Cicero rejects with vehemence the idea of paying court to a daughter of Pompey, and says of another lady, whom he is kind enough not to name, that she is the greatest fright ever beheld. Nevertheless, before the close of the year, we find him espousing Publilia, a beautiful heiress of about eighteen, and a ward of his own. There is reason to suppose that the step was deeply distasteful to both of Cicero's children, and that the young wife, as might have been foreseen, showed herself angrily jealous, from the very first, of his devotion to his daughter; but the situation presently resolved itself, and that most tragically. Tullia was confined in January, and as soon as possible — too soon, perhaps — was removed to the villa at Tusculum, where she immediately sank and died. From that hour, Cicero would have none of the vain young woman who had resented his darling's ascendancy; and though barely two months wedded, they lived together no more.

He must have been nearly beside himself in the first dark days of that supreme bereavement. Atticus took him away from Tusculum, and placed at his disposal — for it was long before he could endure society — a quiet lodge of his own, outside the walls of Rome. "A house in the midst of gardens," — this is all we know of the place. The spiritual conflict sustained there was too desperate for any written record, but that Cicero came out of it in some sort victorious, profoundly sad, indeed, and stripped of his last untimely illusions about life, though resolute and calm, appears plainly from the tone of the let-

ters when they recommence. In March we find him at Astura, that gem of an island set in the sweetest of all bays, with the villa-crowned and pine-shadowed heights of Antium in view on the one hand, and on the other the misty glories of the Circean cape. "What you say," he writes to Atticus, "about your longing to have me surmount this grief is like you, and I call you to witness that I have not been false to myself. I suppose that I read over, while I was in your house, every word ever written by any man concerning the mastery of sorrow, but my grief was mightier than all consolation. And then I did what no one, surely, ever did before: I undertook to administer comfort to myself in writing. I will send you the book when my amanuenses have copied it out. You may rest assured that no such Treatise of Consolation was ever written before. All day long I write, producing nothing of importance, yet distracted for the time being,—not much, for the power of my grief is mighty; nevertheless, I do get a certain relief, and I strive with all my might to recover, if not the reality, at least the outward appearance of composure. Sometimes, indeed, the very effort seems a sin, and then again I feel that it would be a sin not to make it. . . . I told you about Brutus's letter. It was very wise, but did not help me much. . . . Do not let Pilia distress herself too greatly. My grief should suffice for us all."

"Pray see that Apuleius, whom I cannot wholly refuse, is put off from day to day. At present I need speak to no one. I can make my way early into the tangled depths of the forest, and wander there all day, if I will. Solitude, as you say, is the best friend."

"I fancied from the beginning of your letter that you had some great piece of news to communicate, though little care I what happens in Spain; but I immediately perceived that you were

only replying to what I had previously said, in your remarks about my public life. You tell me that my home is in the forum. But I have lost both forum and home. No, Atticus, my life is done,—quite done. I knew it in my heart long ago, and now that this last link is broken I confess it freely."

Soon, however, under the kindly law no mourner can evade, the cares of this world begin to intrude upon Cicero's trance of sorrow. Both his own testamentary dispositions and those of Terentia have again to be altered on behalf of Tullia's orphan boy, and the lady is as impracticable as ever; makes trouble about the witnesses, makes trouble about everything. "Was the like ever known?" Cicero writes to Atticus. "She rejects the persons named because she thinks they will wish to know the terms of the wills. Very well; I have no objection. Why cannot she simply do what I have done? I am willing that my will should be read by anybody she may name. She will see that I could not have acted more generously by our grandson."

But his momentary anger fades away, and a few days later we find him writing gently: "What you say about Terentia is quite true, and you express my own feeling. The obligation is a very sacred one. And at any rate, if there is to be any wrong, let it be hers, not mine."

Young Marcus was at this time importuning his father to be allowed to go and serve under Cæsar in Spain. Cicero hated the thought of a son of his own engaged in a war of extermination against the sons of Pompey, but what ground had he for refusing? He suggests to Marcus that it might not be altogether agreeable to find himself anticipated in Cæsar's confidence and outranked on Cæsar's staff by his unfriendly and unscrupulous cousin Quintus. "*Sed tamen remisi.*" ("However, I gave my consent.") But the lad—for

he was not yet twenty-one, and plainly boyish for his years — decided that after all he would rather go to Athens, if he could have an establishment there, like certain other young Romans of fashion. Cicero was only too glad to accept the alternative, and to Athens Marcus went in the course of the spring, very handsomely provided, ostensibly to pursue a philosophical course, but really to a life of idleness and dissipation. His was the prevailing and unmistakable type of the great man's son in all ages; and long afterward, under Augustus, we find him renowned for his heroic potations.

But that which most of all served to distract the thoughts of the bereaved father and revive his energies was the project he had formed of commemorating Tullia's name and graces in such a monument as even the world of Cecilia Metella had not yet seen. The best artists were to be employed, the most beautiful site selected. Filial piety first draws his thoughts to the river-island at Arpinum. "What an ideal spot for a true apotheosis!" But no; Arpinum is too remote and obscure. He thinks of Ostia, and often of Astura, pervaded as its groves must ever be henceforth by Tullia's yearning shade. But in view of the stormy epoch which he forebodes only too surely, Cicero cannot bear to think of his daughter's "fane" exposed to the rude chances of internecine war. He would prefer, upon the whole, a site inside of Rome, in some one of the gardens along the Tiber banks; and of these he names so many as practicable for his purpose that we come to picture the now sullen river as bordered for its entire length, within the city wall, by luxuriant greenery.

Atticus, the wary, trembles to think of the ruinous expense involved in his friend's project, but Cicero will listen to no prudential discussions. "Do not be alarmed at the price put upon the gardens. I can do very well without silver-plate, or sumptuous clothes, or a

variety of pleasant houses, but this thing I must have."

"You ask me what is the utmost I am prepared to give, and how much more I will pay for those gardens of Drusus. I have never said that I would pay any more. I have in mind an ancient villa of Coponius', not very large, and a noble one belonging to Silius; but I do not know what either estate produces, and I suppose one ought to know. Nevertheless, I would pay an unreasonable price for either; that is, I would pay what they are worth to me just now. . . . Do me the justice to acknowledge that I am in my right. I am exceedingly anxious to buy, yet I will not, in the headlong eagerness of my grief, run counter to your advice."

It is plain enough that Atticus continued to put Cicero off, quietly and no doubt conscientiously throwing obstacles in the way of his acquiring one piece of property after another. No traces of the monument have ever been discovered, and whether it was even begun we do not know. If it were, it may well have been leveled, during the next few years, by the fury of Antony.

Some time in March, as we learn from one of the letters of this month to Atticus, the mother of Publilia requests, perhaps demands, to be allowed at least to come with her daughter and pay Cicero a visit; but he curtly refuses to see them, and soon there begin to be allusions to the best manner of repaying the little bride's handsome dowry. In connection with these final efforts after reconciliation, however, and undertaking at one time to promote them, we catch fleeting, tantalizing glimpses of another woman, of whom we would give much to know more. It is one Cærellia, a learned lady of seventy, a correspondent of Cicero's, and a great admirer of his philosophical works, of which she always appears to have advance copies. She was wealthy, also, for she had lent Cicero money, which, after her indiscreet

interference on Publilia's behalf, he dryly requests Atticus to repay. But what would we not give for a few of the notes which had aforetime passed between him and this clever old creature, to whom we instinctively attribute something approaching one of the French types of the *grand siècle*!

A few more weeks of strict retirement, and the letters of condolence begin to come from the friends of Cicero at a distance. Dolabella writes, and we see from the tone of Cicero's reply that the faithless husband had been shocked and sorry when the sad news came. Cæsar writes from Spain, on the eve of his last great victory; for the decisive battle of Munda was fought a year, almost to a day, before the fatal Ides of March. Once more we marvel at the man's universality, conquering the world, yet neglecting no slightest conventional obligation. Nevertheless, this letter is mentioned coldly. With the shock of the winter, the end had indeed come to the last of Cicero's flattering dreams. The glamour had gone forever from the affairs of this world, public as well as private. The literary work to which he set himself in the ensuing summer was to prove, in the first of the *Questiones Tusculanæ*, that death is no evil; nor have two millenniums of Christianity advanced the world so far but we come to the reading of that chapter to-day with a faint expectation of finding our own hope confirmed by his pathetic words.

Two of the letters of the later spring deserve especial citation, — that of Servius Sulpicius, now governor, as we have seen, of Achaia, and Cicero's reply.

"When the news came," Sulpicius writes from Athens in April, "of your daughter Tullia's death, I was indeed most deeply and painfully moved. I felt that we had sustained a common calamity, and that my sympathy, if I had been there to express it, might have been some support to you. It is a sad and

miserable sort of comfort, at best, which any friend can give, especially those nearest friends of all, who are smitten by the same blow as yourself, and so choked by their own grief, when they attempt to speak, that they seem rather to require consolation themselves than to be in a condition to offer it. Yet certain thoughts have come to me, which I will try to put into as few words as may be; not because I think they would be likely to escape you, but because grief may have blinded you to their force. Why, after all, should you be so profoundly cast down? Consider for a moment how fate has dealt with us. We have already lost what ought to be no less dear to a man than his children, — our country, our pride, our dignities, all. What can one more blow add to a sorrow like ours, or how is it possible for spirits exercised as ours have been not to grow callous and indifferent to what may yet be in store? Is it for *her* you grieve? Yet surely even you must have thought sometimes, as I have often done, that theirs is not the hardest fate just now who have been permitted to pass painlessly out of life. What great inducement had she to live, in times like these? What fact? What hope? What solace of the soul? . . . And I would mention another thought which has fortified me no little, and may possibly have power to soothe your anguish. On my way back from Asia, sailing from Ægina to Megara, I began to take in the view of the regions round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara before, the Piræus on my right, Corinth on my left, — all those glorious cities of the olden time lay there before my eyes in heaps of helpless ruin. And I said to myself, 'Why should we petty creatures mourn the death of any one of ourselves, and how should not our life be brief, when one look of ours can embrace the lifeless remains of so many mighty commonwealths? Collect yourself, Servius, and remember that you are born a man.'

. . . But I am ashamed to go on in this strain, for it seems as though I doubted your own self-command. One thing more I will say, and then have done. We have seen you sustain high fortune very nobly, and win great renown by your bearing in prosperity. Show us that you can equally endure adversity, that your burden has not unduly crushed you; for we would fain not find you wanting in this one of all the virtues. As soon as I hear that you are calmer I will write you about our affairs and the condition of the province."

Who will talk of the Roman hardness after this? The answer of the bereaved father is absolutely simple and unaffected, but in no wise unworthy: —

"I do indeed wish, dear Servius, that you could have been with me in my heavy misfortune. . . . You have really helped me, not only by what you say and the way in which you seem almost to assume my grief, but by the very authority which you use. I know it would be base in me not to bear my trouble in the way you so wisely indicate, and yet, when I think how I lack the consolations which all those others had whose example I try to follow, I am sore oppressed at times, and almost overpowered." *Maximas, Paullus, Gallus, Cato*, — they all, he says, when stricken in their home affections, could lose themselves in the life of the state, but for him that resource is withdrawn. "And once," he adds, after a few words of irrepressible bitterness over the civic disgrace that had befallen them all, "I had one to fly to, in whom I could rest, in whose sweet society I could lay aside every care; but when this last stab was dealt me, all the old wounds began to bleed afresh." He adds, later on, that he is longing to see *Sulpicius*, most of all that they may take counsel together about the true bearing to be assumed under the altered conditions of their life. "Everything has to be subordinated to the will of one man, — a wise and generous man, in-

deed, I do not deny it; no foe to me, as I have had good proof, and exceedingly friendly to yourself. Nevertheless, it is a subject for serious consideration what line we are to take, not of action, — there is no question of that, — but of acquiescence in the concessions of his bounty."

Certainly the old wound was aching again when he wrote that final sentence, as also when he began a letter to *Atticus* from the *Tusculanum*, in July, with the incisive words: "So *Brutus* says, does he, that *Cæsar* will rally to the optimates? Excellent news! But where will he find any, unless he have the grace to hang himself?"

Cicero had had a great shrinking from the sight of *Tusculum*, and had written, May 15, from *Civita Lavinia*, on the way thither: "I suppose I shall conquer my feeling, and proceed hence to the *Tusculan villa*. Either I must relinquish that estate once for all, — for my grief will never change, unless it becomes sharper yet, — or I may as well go there now as ten years hence; nor can the associations of that place be any more overpowering than the memories which here beset me, night and day. 'But I had thought,' you say, 'that letters were your solace.' In a case like this, I fear they are the very reverse. I might better have been made of sterner stuff. The cultivated mind is always too sensitive and soft."

Cicero did go to *Tusculum*, and in the end remained there for some weeks. *Atticus* paid him a visit there, and later he had the society of *Marcus Brutus*, with whom he was beginning to be much in sympathy in many ways, and who had also a villa on the same noble hillside. The father's period of open mourning was over, and his regrets were henceforth buried in his heart. He returned to the world, and his letters resumed their ordinary tone.

Before Cicero left *Tusculum* for *Arpinum*, the startling news had arrived from *Atticus* that *Marcellus* had been

murdered on the eve of setting out for Rome, to avail himself, at last, of Cæsar's reluctant pardon. Cæsar was freely accused of instigating the deed, but Brutus did not believe the charge, nor did Cicero, nor need we. It would have been unlike all that we know of Cæsar's character, while the actual assassin had private grounds of hatred, and killed himself after dispatching his foe. But none the less was the noble ex-consul an irreparable loss to the party which even yet would fain have imposed some check upon Cæsar.

There had been a question of Cicero's addressing to Cæsar an open letter; primarily of congratulation, of course, but also offering certain suggestions concerning the policy of the conqueror. Atticus had been much in favor of the plan, and a rough draft of such a letter appears to have been prepared and submitted to the inspection of Cæsar's particular friends. They, however, had found so much to criticise in the general attitude of the writer, and had suggested so many changes, that Cicero, who had never had much heart in the project, threw it up in disgust. "As to that matter," he says to Atticus, "of addressing a formal epistle to Cæsar, I swear that I find it next to impossible. It is not the sense of ignominy that deters me, as perhaps it ought, for I see no particular ignominy in acquiescence when one has reason to be ashamed even of living. No, it is not that; I should think better of myself if it were. I did actually begin once, and I could think of nothing whatever to say! The suggestions addressed by learned and eloquent men to Alexander had no particular influence on the course of events. . . . I did indeed manage to hew out of the oak some semblance of an image; but wherever I ventured to hint at anything of the nature of reform, the passage was immediately condemned. I am glad

of it. Had the letter been sent, I should assuredly have repented. Do you not yourself know that the aforesaid pupil of Aristotle, by nature as remarkable for modesty as for genius, became haughty, cruel, and ungovernable in temper, the moment he had received the title of king? And do you suppose that the man whose statue has been set up beside that of Romulus is going to take it kindly when I advise moderation?" And a few days later we find the following ironical reference to the same sore subject: "I have passed final sentence on the letter to Cæsar. They do say, indeed, that he has professed his intention of putting off the Parthian expedition until affairs are more settled here, which is precisely what I advised. However, I told him that he might do as he liked, which, of course, was what he was waiting for! He would never have thought of proceeding without my permission! Oh, for Heaven's sake, let us away with all vain pretense, and at least secure a semi-independence by living in retirement and holding our peace!"¹

In the autumn, however, Cicero removed as usual to Rome, and was present at the opening of the Senate, and, as augur, at the consecration of a temple which Cæsar had built and dedicated to Mars. He called the triumph which followed the return from Spain "a ridiculous display," and he chafed at the sight of Cæsar's body-guard, and even at his high-handed manner of prosecuting city improvements. "All is quiet here," he wrote to Cornificius, the governor of Africa, "but you would prefer to see a little honorable and healthful activity." And later, in a letter to the same, we find these ominous words: "Many things go on here which you would not like; some which are not over-pleasing, I think, to Cæsar himself. But it is always the way after a civil

¹ This letter must not be confounded with one, mainly of a literary character, commenting

on certain points in the *Anti-Cato*, which was actually sent soon after Cæsar's arrival.

war. Not only must the arch-victor's will be done, but the caprices must also be observed of those who have helped to win the victory."

The conspiracy against Cæsar was a coalition between two separate parties of malcontents, — the remnant of the old conservatives, who found it practically impossible, despite all their efforts, to adapt themselves to a state of personal subserviency and civic inaction, and the ambitious generals who had accompanied Cæsar on his campaigns, and were not satisfied with their share of the spoil. Our old acquaintance, Caius Cassius, whom we first encountered fighting gallantly in Cilicia, but of whom we learned, so to speak, in infancy that the fault of inferiority "is not in our stars, but in ourselves," may be regarded as the type of the second class of conspirators, as Marcus Brutus was the great exemplar of the first. Early in the year 709, before the death of Tullia, there had been a particularly lively interchange of letters between Cassius and Cicero, who, it appears, had known each other from boyhood. For the most part, I think, the deeper we dip into authentic Roman history and the contemporary writers of Cæsar's time, the more striking do we find the main veracity of that great Shakespearean drama from which most of us derived our first clear impressions of the year 54 B. C. The author of the tragedy of Julius Cæsar not only knew all that was to be known in his time about the men of that great year, but he came much nearer than some scholars will admit to knowing all that is now to be known. Not even the stupendous labors of Mommsen have availed materially to modify the outlines of his Brutus, his Antony, nor yet his Cæsar. But the real Cassius, if not positively misrepresented, appears to have been more, and in some respects other, than the instigator of Brutus in the play. For one thing, he was decidedly literary and

speculative in his turn, and had lately suffered a conversion from Stoicism to Epicureanism, whereon Cicero comments in the letters aforesaid with abundance of pleasant banter. He employs a pompous profusion of philosophical terms, both Latin and Greek, appending, in parentheses, "as your new friends say." "You are, of course, aware that Catiua Insuber, the Epicurean, bestowed the name of *spectra* on those" (invisible images) "which Gargettius, and Democritus before him, had called *εἰδωλα*. Now, even supposing a man to be able to conjure up these spectres before his eyes when he pleases, I fail to see how they can touch the mind. You will have to enlighten me, when you come, as to whether your spectre is so far subject to my control as to come rushing at me the moment I think of you (which would not be so remarkable, indeed, in your case, who are ensconced in my heart of hearts); but will the *εἰδωλον*, say, of the island of Britain fly to my arms when I begin thinking of that?"

"It is hardly possible," Cicero says, in another letter, "to be in earnest about anything without running some risk. 'Then let us have a good laugh,' methinks I hear you say. By Heaven, it is not so easy! Still, what other distraction have we from our present annoyances? 'Where, then, is philosophy?' Well, mine is in the gymnasium, and yours is in the kitchen!"

The later letters to Atticus of the year 709 afford some vivid glimpses of the troubled family affairs of the Ciceros. It appears to have dawned upon the rather mean mind of young Quintus, during that summer in Spain, that he was not, after all, furthering his own cause particularly by his persistent vilification of his uncle. Moreover, being on rather bad terms with his father just then, he perceived that it might be convenient to him, on his return, to have access to his uncle's purse. That Cicero

was under no delusion about the disinterestedness of the young lieutenant's motives will appear from the following letter, dated at Tusculum in July: —

"I had been up before dawn writing against the Epicureans, and I had also dashed off a word to yourself on the same spurt and by the same lamp, and dispatched it. I then went back to bed, but was awakened at sunrise by the arrival of a letter from your sister's son. . . . It begins insultingly enough, though possibly that was unintentional: 'Whatever unhandsome things men may say of you, I' — etc. He insinuates that there is a great deal of hard talk about me which *he*, Quintus, does not countenance! Did you ever hear of such impudence? The rest you can read for yourself, for I have sent you the letter. You will conclude, I fancy, that the rascal has been moved to write me by the highly eulogistic manner in which, as I hear on all hands, Brutus invariably speaks of me; and I dare say he will write you, also, — something for you to pass on to me. What he may have said to his father about me I do not know. He alludes to his mother in the most pious terms. 'I could have wished,' he says, 'for the utmost enjoyment of your society, that I might have been allowed a house of my own, and so I wrote you once before, but you did not see fit to answer the letter. I shall not be able to see much of you, as it is, for *that* house is out of the question for me.' He refers, of course, to the differences between his parents. Now aid me, Atticus, with your counsels. Shall I let him know that I see through his *blague*, and kick the fellow out altogether, or shall I temporize?"

Having failed by this delicate strategy to secure a separate establishment, young Quintus appears to have decided, after his return from Spain, that he might as well go with Cæsar on that Parthian expedition which the fates had already prohibited. Cool as ever, he

applied to his uncle for an outfit, who gave him a *mauvais quart d'heure*, which Cicero describes with much humor to Atticus: —

"Quintus burst in upon me one day, and I inquired to what I owed the honor. 'How can you ask?' says he. 'I have a journey before me, — a difficult and dangerous journey to the seat of war.' 'And what do you wish?' 'I should like to have my debts paid, and something beside for my traveling expenses.' At this point, I adopted your style of eloquence; that is to say, I held my tongue. He proceeded: 'I am very much disturbed about my uncle'" (meaning Atticus). "'How so?' 'He is angry with me.' 'Why do you suffer that?' I inquired. I refrained from saying, 'How do you come to deserve it?' 'I do not intend to suffer it,' he replied. 'I shall remove the cause.' '*A la bonne heure*,' says I; 'but, if it be not indiscreet to inquire, what is the cause?' 'Merely that both he and my mother were displeased at my hesitation about marrying. But nothing makes any difference now. I shall comply with their wishes.' 'Quite right,' I observed, 'and I wish you much happiness. And when is it to be?' 'Having accepted the situation,' he answered, 'I do not in the least care when.' 'Then,' said I, 'I would recommend that it take place before you go away. It would gratify your father, too.' 'Very well,' he answered, 'I will be guided by your advice.' And so the conversation ended."

It must have been about this time that Cicero pleaded his last cause before Cæsar. He defended, from the charge of conspiracy against the ruler, Deiotarus, king of Armenia, — at whose court, the reader may remember, the two young Ciceros had been placed, with their tutor, Dionysius, when Cicero was in Cilicia. Deiotarus was not immediately acquitted, but Cæsar promised to postpone judgment on the case until he should be able to collect further information,

on the way to Parthia; and, propitiated, as he may well have been, by the flattering tenor of the plea for Deiotarus, he graciously proposed to pay Cicero a visit at his villa in Pozzuoli. Nothing shows more clearly how completely royal were the habits which Cæsar had insensibly adopted than the manner in which this hospitality was both asked and accorded, and our last quotation for the year 55 B. C. shall be from the host's letter to Atticus after the affair was over:—

POZZUOLI, *December 18, 709.*

“I have had a somewhat troublesome guest; however, all passed off well. When he arrived at Philippus's [the stepfather of Augustus],—on the evening of the second day of the Saturnalia,—the villa was so crowded with soldiers that they could hardly be kept out of the dining-room where Cæsar was to sup. There were two thousand men. I

was at my wits' end to know how I should manage the next day, but Barba Cassius came to the rescue, and gave me a detachment of troops. A camp was pitched in the fields, and the villa was protected. Cæsar stayed with Philippus till one o'clock of the third day of the Saturnalia, and refused himself to every one. I fancy he was going over accounts with Balbus. After that, he took a walk upon the beach, and had his bath. . . . I gave him a capital dinner, well served, and 'seasoned, if you will, with good discourse.' His lesser freedmen and slaves had all they wanted, and the higher officers were elegantly entertained. To make a long story short, I behaved like a man. 'T is not the sort of guest whom you entreat to call again, on his way back. Once is quite enough. No serious topic was introduced at table. The talk was entirely literary. What would you have? He was evidently quite satisfied.”

Harriet Waters Preston.

IN ECLIPSE.

PRAYER strengthens us; but oft we faint,
And find no courage even to pray:
Oh that in heaven some pitying saint
For me might Ave-Mary say!

For sometimes present pleasures drown
The serious vein, and some dark days
Of great, o'ermastering anguish frown
Amid the sacred tapers' blaze.

Before the morning-watch I rose—
I say before *this* morn's—to kneel,
But of my voice the fountain froze;
Yea, something seemed my soul to seal.

And now I know what rosaries mean:
That oftentimes the heart is weak,
And could not unto the Unseen
Its dumb petition duly speak.

Yet every bead may count with Him
 Who healed the palsied and the blind,
 Restored the lame and withered limb,
 And lifted the disordered mind,

As mine was then, who had no might
 Of utterance with mine icy lips,
 For one great Shadow veiled the light
 Till hope itself was in eclipse.

Eclipses come, and also pass :
 Let us not dream, like savage men,
 With shouts and cries and sounding brass
 To scare that Shadow off again ;

But take the phases of our thought
 As of the planets. — wanderers they
 Even as ourselves, but better taught,
 Through gloom or glory, to obey ;

As of the Moon, that many times
 Conceals in clouds her crescent sheen,
 But when her fullness cometh climbs
 Above Orion's front, serene.

T. W. Parsons.

KING'S CUP AND CAKE.

FALMOUTH, DISTRICT OF MAINE,
 June 17, 1769.

HONORED GRANDSIR, — The post has at last arrived from Boston, being hindered near a month. We were pleased to receive your esteemed letter, and thankful that you and grandma'am continue in health.

Mother sends her duty to you, and bids me write the news, as she is under a course of mercury, — too weak to hold a pen.

The boys were inoculated five weeks ago come Wednesday, and it went very hard with little Davy. We can but be thankful he lived through it, for of all the folk in town that have been inoculated one in every six has died. I trust when you reflect upon this it will soften

your heart toward the boy, your name-child, for I have a sad story to relate of his misbehavior, and mother says the whole truth must be told.

To begin with, he made an ado last Sunday about going to meeting. Mother was not well, and when she said she would stay at home to read Toogood on Infant Baptism, Davy pleaded hard to stay too. He looked pale, and perhaps father might have let him off if he had n't whispered low to Ezra, —

"I'd be willing enough to go if I could sleep in meetin', the way father does, but I can't sleep a wink."

Father heard that, and took it for sauce. He never owns to closing his eyes in meeting, and we durst not accuse him of it.

"Davy," said he sternly, "buckle your shoes, straighten your wig, and walk along with Ezra."

For Davy's wig, you remember, is ever getting awry and dropping over his forehead.

"Ne'er a one of the other boys wears a wig. I wish I could lay mine off," he whimpered.

But that is impossible, as his head is shaved as smooth as his face. If mother had her way, his hair would grow out, and so would Ezra's, but Grandma'am Hillyer rules us. She says she "cares not what the fashion is; a lad without a wig is no gentleman."

Well, we started forward for meeting; double file, according to our ages; first waiting for Patty, who must needs roll herself in the camomile-bed to give her clothes a fine scent. Then we stopped as usual at Grandsir Hillyer's gate, and he and grandma'am headed the procession — eleven of us in all — toward the new meeting-house, founded on Sander's Hill. We had worshiped in it only four times, and Davy had never been inside it yet, and hung back half scared.

"Come up with me in the gallery," says Sukey, for she feared mischief, and wanted him where the tithing-man could watch him. But Davy scorns the tithing-man, and is ever afraid of being pointed at by his pole. "I'll not sit in your gallery," says he. And father would not have let him, neither. He says his children are best off under his eye.

Still, I wished mother was with us, and I grieved when Madam Jones gave Davy a cooky, which she did for his helping her off her pillion, like the little gentleman he is, though but twelve years old, as you know.

We entered the meeting-house just behind the minister. He is the young Englishman, James Fosdick by name, who pleased you so well a year and more ago; and I must admit he has shown great civility to our family. At

two different times he has given Davy a pistareen for taking his jalap; and last Saturday he helped father set out the cabbages and tobacco, to the admiration of all.

But on the Lord's Day he smiles not till set of sun, and the children are quite afeard of his "preaching face." They suffered much in the old meeting-house, where he could look straight down into our pew with what Ezra calls his "terrible black eyes," albeit they are a sky-blue, as mild as ever was. But in the new meeting-house the pulpit is monstrous high, in the clouds almost, and the children encouraged one another that the parson could n't spy over it.

We all marched up the aisle together, — all but Sukey, who sings in the gallery, — and Grandsir Hillyer's gold-headed cane came down at every step with an aristocratical thud; and grandma'am leaned on his arm, gazing neither right nor left, though she knows she is more looked at than any other woman in meeting, were it only for her wondrous shining mantle. It is of richest plain black satin, with these solemn words wrought in it with white silk: "*The fashion of this world passeth away.*"

As she stood up straight before the whole congregation, her back was a living epistle, and I saw some strangers, awe-struck and surprised, twisting their heads about, that they might follow the text and rightly make it out. And it chimed in uncommon well with the young parson's discourse, which was on the sin of vanity.

Ah me! And there I sat and gazed at the fine ruffles afar off on his bosom, that he had asked me to stitch for him, because none could stitch so true as I; and I gloried in my own work, and forgot that pride goeth before a fall.

Father, tired with hard work, leaned back his head and dropped asleep, — leastways this was the appearance he

presented to us, — and Davy, with mother gone and the parson hid, as he fancied, in regions aloft, took it upon him to cut capers.

Now Davy is not a frolicker in meeting, grandsir, not in general, and I think the new fiddle turned his head, mayhap, a little. Deacon Lunt says it's the "jew's-harp of Satan;" a bad name, and I misbelieve it. But a fiddle does have a squeaky, scrappy sound, nevertheless, and Davy is mettlesome; and when the music struck up, his feet and elbows began to jerk finely. After a while this loosened his wig, — for I can't think he untied it o' purpose, — and down it slipped over his little pug nose. Patty, you're aware, is a child that can't stand anything droll; and, taking a mother's place, I had to pinch her arm till it fetched the tears, though my heart smote me for it, too; but it was the only way to stop her giggling. Then I motioned Ezra to pull up the wig, for Davy pretended to be asleep, the rogue, with mouth drawn down to match father's; and he even kept time with him most disrespectfully, a-snoring. Next he was exercised with a cough like Deacon Lunt's, and for that he munched bits of cooky, as the deacon munches hoarhound stick, rolling up his eyes the while in an extra-pious way that nigh upset us all.

I was scared for such wickedness, but the parson kept on quite regular, and I never once thought of *his* spying Davy. But alas and alack! Right in the midst of his usual exhortation, "And now, my poor dying hearers," he stopped short, and called out loud, without warning, —

"*David Gilman!*"

It broke on us like a clap of thunder. Davy, my poor Davy! Ashen-white he turned, and trembled in every limb. Father, roused by the dread voice, if indeed he had been asleep, turned and glared at the boy. Grandsir, in the pew ahead, eyed him askance, and grand-

ma'am's Scripture-mantle quivered with reproaches.

"David Gilman," repeated the parson, "you may come to my house to-morrow morning at nine of the clock."

'Twas said and done, and Davy's heart clean broke in less time than a minute. And then the parson went on with "My poor dying hearers," as if nothing had happened.

He is a godly man, and he once told me he loved Davy next to his own little brother that died, so I knew his rebuke was righteous, and not in anger; yet I did think he had more respect for our family than to give it out so loud.

Sure, boys are but mortal, and not to be trusted with seed-cakes in meeting, and my heart ached for the little chap, sitting up there as white and still as an image carven out of stone.

Patty shook with sobs, the other children were nigh scared out of their wits, and there we sat in painful distress, longing for the close of meeting.

It came at last, and we filed home solemnly. Davy's head was low, and as for me, I could see naught but grandma'am's mantle-text, and hear naught but the echo of her strange words: —

"Betsey, the parson did it to stop folks' tongues, so they won't say no more, 'He's courting Betsey Gilman.'"

"Oh, grandma'am!" cried I; for it was all news to me that ever folks had said it.

"Parson's heart's in heaven," thinks I. "He'll not stoop to wed. Or if he does, 't will never be with a humble maid like Betsey."

And then I wept in secret at his disrespect to our family.

We all lived through the noonning, and, being reinforced by pea-porridge, attended second meeting. The children had their catechising quite regular in the evening, only Davy was deeply affected, and could get no farther than "In Adam's fall we sinned all."

At bedtime I promised him I would

plead with mother in his behalf; so when she came into the back room, where I was putting the clothes a-soak for the wash, I said, —

"Mother, if it's any way in reason, I do beg you'll make Davy's peace with the parson, and stop his going there to-morrow."

"No, Betsey," said she, looking white and leaning against the jamb. "Your father and I will not be guilty of screening our children."

I knew it was what she would say, for all she pitied Davy.

Next morning, straightway his chores were done, she bade him don his best clothes and start for the parson's. He came to me in a sad toss.

"Oh, Betsey," said he, "I'll knock on parson's door very easy! His mother is a little deaf, and who knows but I'll get off yet?"

Then he set forth, and my heart went with him as I stood by the wash-board.

He was gone a long time, and when he came back his eyes were red. I left my tub, and put my arms about him.

"How was it, Davy?" said I. "I guess you did n't knock easy enough."

"Yes, I did," said he; "but his mother spied me from the window. She was standing there o' purpose."

"Well, what did the parson say?"

"He did n't say much. 'Repeat the fourth commandment, David.' That was the way he began. And then I had to expound, and tell him what it meant by keeping the Sabbath Day holy."

Here Davy burst forth crying.

"Was that all?"

"No; he asked what mother said about my coming to him; and when I said 'she did n't want to screen me,' that suited him. Why, Bess, he thinks mother is dreadful good, and father too."

"And so they are, Davy; that's true as ever was."

"He said, 'Are you thankful for such parents?' and made me repeat the fifth commandment, with promise. Then he

talked some more," continued Davy, choking. "He did n't want to flog me, Bess, nor he did n't want anybody else to flog me; but I hated to stand there, and him a-talking so long."

"What did he say, Davy?"

"Some was about you. He said you was grand, Bess, and he wished I'd grow up as good."

"Oh, Davy!" cried I, astonished, for I thought the parson knew me better. He has been here times enough, I'm sure; but somehow I must have put on a wrong face to him without knowing it, or he would n't hold to the notion of *my* being good.

"I told him you was the *peacemakingest* sister," said Davy, "and he laughed right out loud and shook hands. But he was awful solemn some of the time. Hoped I'd get a new heart. Hoped I would n't eat any more seed-cakes in meeting. Seed-cakes? I'd rather eat a grindstone!"

"And you'll try to be a better boy?"

"Look here, I want to tell you something!" burst forth Davy, sobbing on my neck. "It's dreadful wicked to say so, Bess, but sometimes I a'most feel as if I hate Adam and Eve! 'T was them that fetched all the trouble into the world!"

"Yes, dear, that's so; but mayhap they never knew the mischief they were doing. And any way, they're dead and gone now, poor things."

"Yes; but if they had n't ate the apple, I should n't have ate the cooky," said the young theologian, and sighed afresh.

I had some ado not to smile; yet his face spoke of sorrow more than anger, and he soon confided to me that he meant to be a better boy.

"But don't you tell Ezra. I won't have him crowing over me!"

I hugged him joyfully, and promised Ezra should n't know. And then I could not forbear praising the parson, with his kind heart for little boys.

"Yes," said Davy, "he's most as good as any of the 'postles. He made his mother fetch me in a treat on a silver salver. Part of it was 'lection cake; but guess what there was to drink in a silver pitcher!"

"Cowslip wine?"

"No, nor yet spruce beer. 'T was *king's cup*, made of lemons and a deal of sugar."

"Lemonade," said I, and could but laugh, for Mrs. Fosdick has English, high-sounding names for simple things.

"'T was king's cup, I tell you," repeated Davy. "Not a grain like lemonade. 'T was the best drink ever was mixed."

"I hope you drank it to her health, with your best bow, Davy?"

"Indeed and I did! Would I forget my manners in the parson's house?"

At that moment, who should appear but the young parson himself, bearing a silver pitcher in his hand, which he set down on the wash-bench, blushing like a girl.

Davy ran off, and there was I, with my clothes a-waiting in the tub; but the parson had a pretty deal to say, and I stood and heard him through.

He had been afeard I would n't like his speaking out in meeting to Davy; but he said he loved the lad like a brother, and wanted to break his stubborn heart and bring him into the kingdom. And I said we would all be willing; and though we had grieved sorely, we never once had blamed God's servant for the means he took.

Then he said more; and mayhap what he said would not edify you and grandma'am. It was not about Davy, nor yet about the New Jerusalem. Some of it concerned the beautiful silver pitcher; and said he, pointing to it with a downcast look, —

"This is an heirloom, my dearest Betsey. My mother humbly prays you will accept it, and condescend to become her daughter-in-law."

The words were low, and his lips trembled with fright. I could have cried for the joy in my heart; but I would listen to no such slack wooing.

"How now?" said I, flinging his speech back in jest. "How could I be daughter-in-law just for your mother's asking?"

"Then let me speak for myself!" he cried, springing forward. "I *will* speak, and no man shall stay me. I that can face a whole congregation, I'll not turn coward for my love of you, Betsey!"

And upon that he did speak, with such burning eloquence that I could find no fitting words to answer his appeal.

Thinking to unloose my tongue, he went to the cupboard, and brought out two pewter mugs.

"Betsey," says he, "may I fill them with king's cup from *our* pitcher; and will you drink a health along with me?"

Then, staying not for a reply, he drained off a bumper, with the toast, "Everlasting joy to *my* Elizabeth!"

"You take much for granted, sir," said I, but a smile slipped out unawares; and what the holy man said then and what he did I deem it foolish to narrate.

Afterward he led me in to mother, who seemed not a whit surprised, though I had forsook my wash-tub; and she blessed us, and sent out for father from the meadow, and he blessed us, too. And then, after a prayer, mother cut in four quarters a slice of aunt Samantha's wedding-cake, and we dispatched it with the last drops of king's cup.

But this is not to the purpose of my letter. Without doubt, what will please you and grandma'am most is to hear that mother hopes this woful affair — I refer now to the rebuke in meeting — may be blessed to little Davy. He behaves ever since uncommon well, and goes about his chores soberly, as if he has a concern on his mind.

So this is all I have to say at present.

With my duty to grandma'am, I remain, honored sir, your most obedient servant and graddaughter,

ELIZABETH GILMAN.

Post Scriptum. The above was written a week ago. The Lord willing, our wedding-day is appointed for September the 5th, and you and grandma'am are respectfully entreated to be present.

Sophie May.

AN OUTLINE PORTRAIT.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD somewhere devotes a grateful sentence to the women who have left a sort of fragrance in literary history, and whose loss of long ago can yet inspire men of to-day with indescribable regret. Magdalen Newport, Lady Danvers, is surely one of these. Donne's dear friend and Herbert's mother, she rivals nearly, in the possibility of that noble epitaph, her unforgotten contemporary, Mary Sidney, for whose grave Ben Jonson penned his everlasting lines. If Dr. Donne's fraternal fame have not quite the old lustre of Sir Philip's, it is at least more honor to own George Herbert for son than to have perpetuated the race of Pembroke; and it is not an inharmonious thing to remember, in calling up a memory as "Sidney's sister," that Herbert and Pembroke are yet, and have long been, married names.

Magdalen Newport was born in the red morning of the Elizabethan day. The sparse records of her youth leave us but the probable date, 1581-2, of her union with Richard Herbert of Blache-Hall, Montgomery, black haired and bearded, as were all his line, of some learning and of noted courage, and descended from a brother of the great Sir Richard Herbert of Edward IV.'s time. Herself of an illustrious stock, with no sister and an only brother, she could look with the right pride of unfallen blood upon "the many fair coats the Newports bear" over their graves at Wroxeter.

At Eyton, Shropshire, in 1583, her eldest child was born, Edward, afterwards the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury, still the puzzle and delight of Continental critics. He is said to have been a beautiful boy, not very mettlesome, and delicate in health, whose first speculation with his infant tongue was the piercing query, "How came I into this world?" But his next brother, Richard, was of another stamp, and went his frank, flashing, fighting way through Europe, "with scars of four-and-twenty wounds upon him, to his grave" at Bergen-op-Zoom; William, the third son, following in his soldierly footsteps. Charles was reserved and studious, and died a dutiful Fellow of New College, Oxford. Fifth of these Herberts, "a soul composed of harmonies," as Cotton said of him, and destined to make the name welcome among all readers of English, was George, the poet, the tower in Israel, the beloved "parson of Fuggleston and Bemerton." Henry, his junior, with whom George had a sympathy peculiarly warm and long, became in his manhood Master of the Revels, and held the office for over fifty years. "You and I are alone left to brother it," Lord Herbert of Cherbury once wrote him, in a mood more tender and simple than his wont, when all else of that radiant family had gone into dust. Youngest of Magdalen Newport's sons was Thomas, "a posthumous," traveler, sailor, and master of a ship in the war against Algiers. Elizabeth, Margaret, and

Frances were the daughters, of whom Izaak Walton says, with satisfaction, that they lived to be examples of virtue, and to do good to their generation. Margaret married a Vaughan. Let the flippant item be recorded that Frances secured unto herself the patronymic Brown, and was happily seconded by Elizabeth, George Herbert's "dear sick sister," who became Mistress Jones. In the Lymore chancel of Montgomery church, where Richard Herbert the elder is buried, there was erected in 1600 a large alabaster canopied tomb, with two effigies recumbent. Standing all about (a quaint and affectionate boast) are small images of these seven sons and three daughters, — "Job's number and Job's distribution," as Dr. Donne did not fail to note, and as his loyal Walton chronicles after him. But their kindred ashes are widely sundered, and "as content with six foot as with the moles of Adrianus."

Never had an army of brilliant and requiring children a more excellent mother. "*Severa parens*," her gentle George afterwards called her, in his scholarly verses; and such she was, with a mingling of the sweet sagacity and joyousness which made up her character. "God gave her," says one of her two devoted annalists, whom we wish were not so brief and meagre of detail, — "God gave her such a comeliness as though she was not proud of it, yet she was so content with it as not to go about to mend it by any art." Her fortune was ample, her benevolence wide-spreading. All the countryside knew her for the living representative of the famous hospitable houses of Newport and Bromley. "She gave not on some great days," continues Dr. Donne, "or at solemn goings abroad; but as God's true almoners, the sun and moon, that pass on in a continual doing of good, as she received her daily bread from God, so daily she distributed it and imparted it to others." In these years of her wifehood and widowhood,

in Shropshire, at Oxford, in London, she reared her happy crew of boys and girls, in an air of generosity and honor; training them to habits of hardiness and simplicity, and to the equal relish of work and play. "Herself with her whole family (as a church in that elect lady's house to whom John wrote his second Epistle) did every Sabbath shut up the day at night with a general, with a cheerful singing of psalms." One may guess at young Richard's turmoil in the house, and at the little Elizabeth's soft, patient ways, and think of George as the child of content, "the contesseration of elegancies" worthy Archdeacon Oley called him.

The charming mother, a shrewd saint, always fair and stately in person, was not without comic prejudices. "I was once," Edward testifies, "in danger of drowning, learning to swim. My mother, upon her blessing, charged me never to learn swimming; telling me, further, that she had learned of more drowned than saved by it." Though the reason failed to avail with him, he adds, the commandment did; so that the accomplished Crichton of Cherbury, who understood alchemy, broke his way through metaphysics, and rode the Great Horse; the ambassador, author, and beau, to whom Ben Jonson sent his greeting, —

"What man art thou that art so many men,
All-virtuous Herbert?" —

even he lacked, on principle, the one art of keeping himself alive in an alien element, because it had been pronounced less risky to die outright! It was a pretty, feminine paradox, and one which sets down our high-minded Magdalen as altogether human.

When Edward was little more than fifteen, and a student at Queen's College, Oxford, he was wedded to his cousin, Mary Herbert, aged one-and-twenty, an heiress, and almost a philosopher. There was no wild affection on either side, but the marriage promised

well, both being persons of resources; and no real catastrophe befell either in after-life. Magdalen Newport, much as she desired the match for worldly motives, was too solicitous for her tall dreamer of a son, who underwent the pleasing peril of having Queen Bess clap him on the cheek, not to take the whole weight of conjugal direction on her own shoulders. Without undue officiousness, but with masterly foresight, she moved to Oxford from Montgomery Castle with her younger children, in order to handle Mistress Herbert's husband during his minority. "She continued there with him," says Walton in his *Life of George Herbert*, "and still kept him in a moderate awe of herself, and so much under her own eye as to see and converse with him daily; but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness as might make her company a torment to her child, but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother."

It was during this stay at Oxford that she contracted the chivalrous friendship which has embalmed her tranquil memory. Dr. John Donne (not ordained until 1614, and indeed not Dr. Donne then at all, but "Jack Donne," as he called his profaner self) came accidentally to the university, during the most troubled year of his early prime, cast his bright eye on excellence, and in his own phrase, cited elsewhere, and as a generality, —

— "dared love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She."

We can do no better than to quote a famous and beautiful passage, once more from Walton: "This amity, begun at this time and place, was not an amity that polluted their souls, but an amity made up of a chain of suitable inclinations and virtues; an amity like that of

St. Chrysostom to his dear and virtuous Olympias, whom, in his letters, he calls his saint; or an amity, indeed, more like that of St. Hierom to his Paula, whose affection to her was such that he turned poet in his old age, and then made her epitaph, wishing all his body were turned into tongues, that he might declare her just praises to posterity."

Donne's trenchant satires, some of the very best in the language, were already written, and he was not without the hint of fame. Born in 1573, he was but ten years the senior of Edward Herbert; perhaps but another ten years the junior of Edward Herbert's mother. To the son also he was sincerely attached from the first, and had a marked and lasting influence on his mind. Donne had the superabundance of mental power which a competent critic has lately pointed out as the very cause of his failure to become a great poet. He was high-spirited, unworldly, a man of many sides and moods, a lifelong dreamer of dreams, a restless, incisive intelligence, to which his contemporaries, Jonson and Carew at their head, bowed in hyperboles of acclaim. He had a sensitive conscience, often antagonized and often appeased. There was a strain of strong joy in him: he was descended from two merry-hearted gentlemen, John Heywood and Sir Thomas More. If ever man needed vitality to buoy him over sorrows heavy and vast, it was Donne in his "yeasting youth." Thrown from his old landmarks of religion and occupation (under circumstances which it is not expedient to examine here), and unable, despite his versatile and alert genius, to grind a steady living from the hard mills of the world, he was in the midst of a bitter plight, when the friends most worthy of him found a heavenly opportunity which they did not let go by, — the making his acceptance of their favor a rich gift unto themselves. Foremost among them, beside Mrs. Herbert, were Sir Robert Drury and a kinsman, Sir

If transitory things, which soon decay,
Age must be loveliest at the latest day."

The twist of thought in the last lines is entirely characteristic. It strikes the modern ear as maladroit enough that a woman who could have been but a trifle over forty, and a beautiful woman to boot, should have required prosody's ingenious excuses for wrinkles and gaps in the teeth. But no admissions stagger this laureate. The close, however, is perfect, and full of the winning melancholy which was part of Donne's birth-right in art, whenever he allowed himself direct and homely expression: —

" May still

My love descend ! and journey down the hill,
Not panting after growing beauties ; so
I shall ebb on with them who homeward
go."

Such was John Donne's first known tribute to his friend. But her bays are to be gleaned off many a tree, and she must have cast a frequent influence on his work, which is not traceable now. He seemed to have a Crashaw-like devotion to the Christian saint whose inheritance

" Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo ; "

and never could he forget that some one else was Magdalen also, nor fail to dwell on the coincidence and the difference. Again, he cites, and almost with humor, —

— " that perplexing eye

Which equally claims love and reverence."

And his platonic challenge at the end of some fine lines :

" So much do I love her choice, that I

Would fain love him that shall be loved of
her."

There was prescience in that couplet. In 1608, almost at the beginning of their intimacy, Magdalen Herbert's widowhood ended, probably while she was at her house in London ; and he that was " loved of her " was the brother and heir of Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, — the kindly stepfather, whose name is among the curious omissions of Lord

Herbert of Cherbury's Autobiography, but to whom, at least, George Herbert was devoted, as his letters show. Sir John Danvers, of Dauntsey, Wilts, was twenty years younger than his wife. It is worth while to quote the very deft and courtly statement of the case made long after by Dr. Donne : " The natural endowments of her person were such as had their part in drawing and fixing the affections of such a person, as by his birth, and youth, and interest in great favors at court, and legal proximity to great possessions in the world, might justly have promised him acceptance in what family soever or upon what person soever he had directed. . . . He placed them here, neither diverted thence nor repented since. For as the well tuning of an instrument makes higher and lower strings of one sound, so the inequality of their years was thus reduced to an evenness, that she had a cheerfulness agreeable to his youth, and he had a sober staidness conformable to her more advanced years. So that I would not consider her at so much more than forty, nor him at so much less than thirty, at that time ; but as their persons were made one and their fortunes made one by marriage, so I would put their years into one number, and finding a sixty between them, think them thirty apiece ; for as twins of one hour they lived."

We know that Lady Danvers had the " honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," which became her, and that she lost none of her influence, none of her serene charm. We learn with sympathy that " sickness, in the declination of her years, had opened her to an overflowing of melancholy : not that she ever lay under that water, but yet had, sometimes, some high tides of it." Death chose Dr. Donne's friend before him, after nearly thirty years of mutual fealty. Her son Edward was already eminent, and wearing his little title of Baron Castleisland ; her thoughtful

Charles was dead many a year; her daughters were matrons, and dwelling in prosperity. With but one unfulfilled wish, that of seeing her favorite George married and in orders, and after a life which left a wake of sunshine behind it in the world, very patiently and hopefully, Magdalen Newport, Lady Danvers, entered upon eternity, in the June of 1627.

These rapid, ragged strokes of a pen make her only possible biography. When Walton wrote of her, he had the entire correspondence with Dr. Donne before him. "There were sacred endearments betwixt these two excellent persons," he assures us; but that was a collateral matter, and turning into the highway of his subject, he cited no more of the incidental story we should have been proud to remember. A copy of a song, a reminiscence of the glow and stir of the days through which she moved, a guess through a mist at the blonde head, the half-imperious carriage, the open hand, as she went her ways, like Dante's lovely lady, *sentendosi laudare*, — these are all we have of the Magdalen Newport whom England bore in the golden age. It would be easy, were it quite fair, to throw a dash of color into her shadowy history. One would give much to verify the scene at Eyton, while the news of the coming Armada roused the lion in Drake, and struck terror in the Devon towns; and to hear the young wife, with three lisping Herberts at her knee, beguile them with mellow contralto snatches of Edom o' Gordon, or with the sweet yesterday's tale of Zutphen, where their country's dearest gave his cup of water to a dying comrade. A decade later, before their handsome, bluff father, her other healthful boys stood up to wrestle, and twang their arrows at forty paces; or a rosy daughter stole to his side, and asked him of Spenser's mishaps in Ireland, or of the giant laughter bubbling from the "oracle of Apollo" in a London street. It is to be believed that one

who watched events through Raleigh's dramatic trial, reprieve, and execution, through the amusing Spanish tour of the Prince of Wales, the fever for colonization, the savage sea-fights, the religious divisions, the muttering parliamentary thunders, the national stress and heat of the exciting dawn of the seventeenth century, was not unmindful of all it meant to be alive, there and then. Magdalen Newport's girlhood fell on Lyly's Euphues, fresh from the printers; the Arcadia made the talk of Oxford in her prime; the dusky splendor of Marlowe's Faustus was abroad before her second marriage. She was, surely, aware of Shakespeare, and of the wonder-folio of 1623; of the newest delighting madrigals and antiphons; of rascal Robert Greene's lovable lyrics, and Wyatt's, and heart-whole Drayton's. She wrote no verses, indeed, but her familiars wrote them; her every step jostled a Muse. We may assume that no growth nor decay in literary circles escaped that tender, "perplexing eye." Perhaps it glistened from a bench, in the pioneer theatre of England, on the actors of Volpone; or followed silently, behind the royal group, the first mincings of the first dear Fool in King Lear, one day-after-Christmas at Whitehall. Last of all, for whim's sake, how one would enjoy having the central opinion of young Lady Herbert, or that of little Mistress Donne, concerning the woman they could not but thank and praise! *O viveret Pepys!* It is a cheat of history that it preserves no clearer tint or trace of this chosen passer-by. Such, indeed, she was, and the quiet vanishing name clings to her: the woman of durable gladness, happily born and taught, like the soul of whom Sir Henry Wotton (whom she must have known!) made his immortal song.

In the parish church of Chelsea, on June 8, 1627, she was buried.

"Old age with snow-bright hair and folded palm;"

the final earthly glimpse of her still traditional, still beautiful. On the 1st of July, her beloved liegeman, now Dean of St. Paul's, preached her funeral sermon there, before a vast throng of the great ones of London, the clergy, and the poor. Izaak Walton's kind face looked up from a near pew, whence he saw Dr. Donne's tears and felt his breaking voice. The sermon to which he listened was printed in duodecimo, "together with other Commemorations of Her, by her Sonne G. Herbert," and offered to the public at the Golden Lion in Paul's Churchyard, the same year. It is only the latter part, the postlude, which, without turning from the consideration of its not very adequate scriptural text, deals with the worth of the dead. The mouth of her friend did not belie her, nigh the end of his own pilgrimage. In present grief and among graver memories, he had the true perception not to forget how joyous the other had been. "She died," he said, "without any change of countenance or posture, without any struggling, any disorder, . . . and expected that which she hath received: God's physic and God's music, a Christianly death. . . . She was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, . . . naturally cheerful and merry, and loving facetiousness and sharpness of wit." His own fund of mirth and strength was fast going. Morbid and persistent thoughts beset him from this hour, probably, more than ever, until he had the effigy of himself, painted as he was, laid in sight of his failing eyes, — morbid and persistent thoughts of the ruin which befalls the bright bodies of humanity, sometimes surging up in his lonelier moods, and crowding out the better vision which yet may "grace us in the disgrace of death." His inward eye was drawn strongly to his friend's sepulchre, sealed and sombre before him,

and to what had been her, "going into dust now almost a month of days, almost a lunar year; which, while I speak, is mouldering and crumbling into less and less dust." But he ended in a wholesomer eloquence, subdued and calm: "This good soul being thus laid down to sleep in his peace, 'I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye wake her not!'"

The rare little volume which contains the sermon has also a number of Greek and Latin verses, *Memoriæ Matris Sacrum*, from the filial pen. Strangely enough, nowhere is the sweet and sage poet of The Temple so stiff, so strained, so given to awkward conceits, so out of tune with the austere ideals of classic diction. But inasmuch as George Herbert loved his mother (a fact discoverable with difficulty from the impersonal idiom of the *Parentalia*), there intrudes on his scholar's gait the natural faltering, the sudden pathos of attitude, as he recalls her twofold felicity of life,

*"Quicquid habet tellus, quicquid ut astra,
fruens."*

Of the gracious figure of Sir John Danvers we lose sight. Dr. Donne, we know, died in 1631, whatever was yet of earth in his spirit healed and chastened by long pain. His last remembrance to his friends was his own seal of Christ on the Anchor, "engraven very small on heliotropium stones, and set in gold, for rings." Many of those to whom his heart turned, the "autumnal beauty" scarce second among them, had preceded him out of England. But in traveling toward his Maker, he had the other sacred hope to "ebb on with them," and gloriously overtake them, as he traced the epitaph which covers him in St. Paul's: "*Hic licet in occiduo cinere; aspicit eum cujus nomen est Oriens.*"

Louise Imogen Guiney.

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

AT THE DINNER GIVEN IN HIS HONOR AT THE TAVERN CLUB, ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1889.

A HEALTH to him whose double wreath displays
The critic's ivy and the poet's bays;
Who stayed not till with undisputed claim
The civic garland filled his meed of fame;
True knight of Freedom, ere her doubtful cause
Rose from the dust to meet the world's applause,
His country's champion on the bloodless field
Where truth and manhood stand for spear and shield!

Who is the critic? He who never skips
The luckless passage where his author slips;
Slides o'er his merits, stumbles at his faults,
Calls him a cripple if he sometimes halts,
Rich in the caustic epithets that sting,
The venom-vitriol malice loves to fling;
His quill a feathered fang at hate's command,
His ink the product of his poison-gland,—
Is this the critic? Call him not a snake,—
This noxious creature,—for the reptile's sake!

He is the critic who is first to mark
The star of genius when its glimmering spark
First pricks the sky, not waiting to proclaim
Its coming glory till it bursts in flame.
He is the critic whose divining rod
Tells where the waters hide beneath the sod;
Whom studious search through varied lore has taught
The streams, the rills, the fountain-heads, of thought;
Who, if some careless phrase, some slipshod clause,
Crack Priscian's skull or break Quintilian's laws,
Points out the blunder in a kindly way,
Nor tries his larger wisdom to display.
Where will you seek him? Wander far and wide,
Then turn and find him seated at your side!

Who is the poet? He who matches rhymes
In the last fashion of the new-born times;
Sweats over sonnets till the toil seems worse
Than Heaven intended in the primal curse;
Work, duties, pleasures, every claim forgets,
To shape his rondeaus and his triolets?
Or is it he whose random venture throws
His lawless whimsies into moonstruck prose,
Where they who worship the barbarian's creed
Will find a rhythmic cadence as they read,

As the pleased rustic hears a tune, or thinks
He hears a tune, in every bell that clinks?
Are these the poets? Though their pens should blot
A thousand volumes, surely such are not.

Who is the poet? He whom Nature chose
In that sweet season when she made the rose.
Though with the changes of our colder clime
His birthday will come somewhat out of time,
Through all the shivering winter's frost and chill
The bloom and fragrance cling around it still.
He is the poet who can stoop to read
The secret hidden in a wayside weed;
Whom June's warm breath with childlike rapture fills,
Whose spirit "dances with the daffodils;"
Whom noble deeds with noble thoughts inspire
And lend his verse the true Promethean fire;
Who drinks the waters of enchanted streams
That wind and wander through the land of dreams;
For whom the unreal is the real world,
Its fairer flowers with brighter dews impearled.
He looks a mortal till he spreads his wings,—
He seems an angel when he soars and sings!
Behold the poet! Heaven his days prolong,
Whom Elmwood's nursery cradled into song!

Who is the patriot? He who deftly bends
To every shift that serves his private ends,
His face all smiling while his conscience squirms,
His back as limber as a canker worm's;
Who sees his country floundering through a drift,
Nor stirs a hand the laboring wheel to lift,
But trusts to Nature's leisure-loving law,
And waits with patience for the snow to thaw?

Or is he one who, called to conflict, draws
His trusty weapon in his country's cause;
Who, born a poet, grasps his trenchant rhymes
And strikes unshrinking at the nation's crimes;
Who in the days of peril learns to teach
The wisest lessons in the homeliest speech;
Whose plain good sense, alive with tingling wit,
Can always find a handle that will fit;
Who touches lightly with Ithuriel spear
The toad close squatting at the people's ear,
And bids the laughing, scornful world descry
The masking demon, the incarnate lie?
This, this is he his country well may say
Is fit to share her savior's natal day!

Think not the date a worn-out king assigned
As Life's full measure holds for all mankind;
Shall Gladstone, crowned with eighty years, withdraw?
See, nearer home, the Lion of the Law, —

How Court Street trembles when he leaves his den,
Clad in the pomp of *four* score years and ten!

Once more the health of Nature's favored son,
The poet, critic, patriot, all in one;
Health, honor, friendship, ever round him wait
In life's fair field beyond the seven-barred gate!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RENAN'S DRAMAS.¹

RENAN has collected in this volume his several dramas, all, as the title indicates, of a philosophical character, and all of which have appeared since the year 1878. The last two pieces, the *Dialogue des Morts* and the *Prologue au Ciel*, are, as Renan intended them to be, mere fragments; but his *Caliban*, its sequel the *Eau de Jouvence*, *Le Prêtre de Nemi*, and the well-known *Abbesse de Jouarre* (now in its twenty-first edition) would, if we added the *Dialogues Philosophiques*, be sufficient to constitute quite an aggregate of literary work for one man. They excite all the more surprise when we remember that they have been composed in the leisure hours of an Orientalist, who in his two or three lines of work has written almost as voluminously as a Baur or an Ewald.

The slight esteem, however, in which the didactic romance and drama are held, and the effort to-day in all works of a dramatic character, whether novel or play, to avoid, if possible, merely speculative thought, could not have been an incentive to Renan in the composition of his *Drames Philosophiques*. He has felt this, and has prefixed, after the fashion of Racine and Corneille with their *examens*, several prefaces to his more important pieces. In these, the only new matter in the volume, he gives

¹ *Drames Philosophiques*. Par ERNEST RENAN. CALMANN LEVY, Editeur. 1888.

some of his motives in writing; and in the first advances, somewhat in defense of himself, the plan of a new drama. Renan sees its office in the future as a vehicle of philosophy, since he considers the impartial character of the drama admirably adapted for expressing "the many conflicting opinions in which philosophy consists."

"Truths of this order should be neither directly affirmed nor directly denied; they cannot be the object of demonstration. What we can do is to present them in their different aspects; to show their strength, their feebleness, their necessity, their equivalents. . . . These were the reasons which led me one day to select the form of a dialogue to express certain series of ideas. I found then that the dialogue did not suffice,—that it lacks action; that the drama, free and without local color, in the style of Shakespeare, allows one to give much finer shades. Real history, that which has actually happened, is not alone interesting; along with real history is ideal history, that which has never taken place in the material world, but which to the ideal sense has occurred a thousand times. *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar* are not portraits of Roman customs; they are studies of absolute psychology.

"Modern philosophy will have its last expression in a drama, or rather in an opera; for music and the illusions of

the lyric scene would serve admirably to continue the thought at that moment when the word was no longer sufficient to express it. One arrives thus at conceiving, in an aristocratic humanity where persons of intelligence form the public, a philosophical theatre, which would be one of the most powerful vehicles of the idea and the most efficacious agent of a higher culture. Such a theatre would of course have nothing in common with the actual theatre-substitute for the coffee-concert, where the stranger, the provincial, the *bourgeois*, seek only some way of passing an agreeable evening."

This theatre, while it would not supplant the old, would yet modify it, and one would have in the new the equivalent of the aristocratic book, with its few hundred readers only. In this aristocratic theatre an inner circle could see represented in human masks the conflicting social and moral ideas of the day.

One who has left the little dingy Maison de Molière, the Théâtre Français, with the feeling that he would never again see such acting unless there, with a sense of almost complete reconciliation for its sake with the theatre in general, would be inclined beforehand to resent the slighting tone in which Renan speaks of this *honnête divertissement*; and unfortunately, a comparison of one of his philosophical dramas, a Caliban (suite de La Tempête de Shakespeare) with the Tempest itself, written largely for the groundling and bourgeois, is possibly the best vindication of the old drama that one needs. The groundling and the bourgeois, with minds little trained to abstract thought, took the greatest interest in life itself, and demanded this in a play for them. But Renan, in spite of his several characters, falls into the inevitable one rut of a didactic play; his persons are, after all, but the masks for a number of brilliant and suggestive abstractions; while in Shakespeare it is the universal human life that we see, the human being superior in its own

illogical, mysterious existence to any of its mere speculative opinions.

There is also an inconsistency, as one would think, in selecting as a model for the new drama which is to take a higher place than the old such plays as Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar, which form the very essence of the old theatre.

Nevertheless, though it may be the best critique of Renan's theory of the drama to compare his Caliban with Shakespeare's, and however inconsistent he may be, we can be sure of finding much interesting matter in Renan's Caliban. Renan has written nothing that is dull; he is one of the most subtle thinkers of his age as well as one of its greatest writers, and he who will read these dramas in a sympathetic spirit will be quite sure to find a large fund of literary and philosophical merit in them.

The dramas are by no means narrow in their range, and touch frequently with a profound insight the most prominent political and social as well as religious questions of our time.

Renan, as is clear from this volume, has not allowed himself, like Strauss, to be forced by the opposition to him into the single barren road of a destructive criticism; he has expanded in the liberal atmosphere about him into an "artist" and a man of opinions on all subjects. But though the French reviewers, to whom Renan is first of all the great writer, in noticing this collection of his dramas, have left his theological career almost entirely in the background, for the American and English mind the dramas will probably be most largely of interest as coming from the theologian. The Abbess de Jouarre would hardly convey to us, with our conception of the proper subject matter of a drama, the moral lesson which Renan intended it to convey to his own countrymen; and we could enter only remotely into the political and social significance of Caliban and the Eau de Jouvence. Renan's aristo-

cratic tendencies, his fear of the people (his Caliban), and his hatred of the bourgeois we have heard of only indirectly, and we shall probably always know him, according to our point of view, either as an "apostate or an infidel," or as the most brilliant figure in the modern literary scientific theology. In this respect alone, how much of historical interest attaches to his person! How much he has seen and gone through since, as an honest, homesick Breton, he came to Paris (1837) at the call of the confessor of Talleyrand, the aristocratic Monseigneur Dupanloup, to enter the seminary of St. Nicolas Chardonnet! Born and brought up in Tréguier, a little town in Bretagne, with the priesthood as his goal in life, and still *im Glauben fest*, he had been spending the vacation with a friend in a neighboring village, when the Monseigneur's dispatch came, — just, he tells us, as "the chimes of the evening angelus were shedding from parish to parish something soft, calm, and melancholy in the air, an image of the life that he was to leave forever."

Catholicism at Paris, Renan had found, as he says, an affair of "girls and wax candles." The study of rhetoric and the humanities at St. Nicolas Chardonnet and the scholasticism at St. Sulpice had given him no comfort. His exegetical and philological studies, however, had required a knowledge of German. At this point he made the acquaintance of Hug, Jahn, Gesenius, Oehlschlager, and other great names in the freer exegesis of the Bible, and soon found himself taking root in a new world. And although he was first to make his fame as a philologist, and even to react from the revolutionary tone of his contributions at an earlier period to *La Liberté de Penser*, it was with him but a natural development from this time to that moment at which, on the government's refusing to allow him to deliver a certain course of lectures, he

published these as his *Vie de Jésus*. In the artificial conservatism and devotion of the new imperial régime, this book, which would have become famous under any circumstances, was read, as all know, to an unheard-of degree for a theological work; and after Strauss's *Life of Jesus* has been the most influential in introducing to the secular world the enormous revolution which two men above all, Schleiermacher and Baur, had effected in the study of the Bible, — a revolution whose world-historical significance in its connection with the whole future destiny of the Christian system is still to appear even more distinctly than it does now.

In Germany Renan has not been needed, as his work could not have taken the form that it did but for German research; but nowhere has he been more widely read except in France. He is to-day the most prominent historical figure in the theological world. Now an old man, his writings properly belong to a greater day than that of the more immediate present, and what he says, as paradoxical or inconsistent as it may often seem, has an universal interest. As a climax to his long labors on the Beginnings of Christianity, Renan has now written his *History of Israel*; and this, with his *Jour de l'An 1886*, a French version of the prologue in *Faust*, and *Le Prêtre de Nemi*, is his latest word on theology.

The *Prêtre de Nemi* is founded on the tradition of an old temple of Diana on the Lake Nemi, near Alba Longa, according to which the priest, in order to be one legitimately, must with his own hand have killed his predecessor. Renan has wished to develop in this work a thought analogous to that of the old Hebrew expectations of a Messiah; that is, "faith in the definitive triumph of religious and moral progress, in spite of the repeated victories of folly and evil." The priest, a young Antistius, who by an irregular succession has become priest

without killing his predecessor, finds himself officiating in the temple of a cult which he has outgrown. He is, however, too heroic to desert, and makes a complaint of his beautiful associate, the sibyl Carmenta, who shares his more liberal views, the occasion of some very noble words as to their duty and destiny. "The gods to whom you have made your vows," he says, "exist perhaps no longer, but the divine exists; you belong to it. What would one say, the day on which the sacred virgin of Latium joined the common lot and lost her aureole of virginity? I who am a priest am one forever. I have the right—I am obliged, indeed—to have religion make all the progress possible without destroying it. But I ought not to cease to be a priest. One shall never see Antistius in any other rôle than that of a master of sacred things."

As one may judge from this sentiment, Antistius is much in advance of an age in which human sacrifices are still practiced, and no one has ever expressed more clearly than the young priest has done the dream and aspiration of a reformed religion. The deity cannot be pleased with injustice and crime. The best homage to render to the old, cruel, dark Diana is to deny her existence. Let love take the place of fear, and let even the tradition of a one God be lost, if it is necessary, in the conception itself of the divine; one must at all hazards avoid making God a mere transcript of his own nature, — one who can be moved or brought over by importunities. Even if he heard our prayers, his first duty would most probably be to punish us for them. "Tais-toi! vil intéressé. Adore l'ordre éternel et tâche d'y conformer."

With such views, Antistius soon finds himself brought into sharp conflict with the existing religious order. In the first place, the former priest, Tetricus, had died of rage because Antistius had attained the succession without killing his

predecessor, and then in his associates, Ganeo and Sacrificulus, who valued the emoluments of the priesthood, and would have been the losers by the abolition of human sacrifice, he could not expect friends. Quite as dangerous as these, also, was a demagogue, Cethegus, the Babeuf or the Eud of this ancient community, who wished to destroy all priests as well as tyrants. Moreover, Antistius, by his liberal politics (he is a friend of the Roman) as well as in his religious views, offends the conservatives about Lake Nemi. He struggles from the first against hopeless odds; even so genial a nature as a Metius cannot conceive of a social order on any other basis than that of human sacrifice. Ganeo and Sacrificulus slay their human victims in secret, and in the last act one Casca creates a great deal of popular enthusiasm by the murder of Antistius, — thus becoming priest in his stead.

There could hardly be found a keener satire on religious intolerance, and at this point one might class Renan with such religious reformers as Theodore Parker and the German Tzschirner. But the Prologue au Ciel, written after *Le Prêtre de Nemi*, will not allow this; for it exceeds in its tone anything that Voltaire has ever written, and would seem to indicate that Renan has lost his faith even in the moral order of the universe, — a point of view of which the *esprit gaulois* in its most brilliant moment can hardly commend to any practical way of thinking.

The truth is that Renan, unlike the many other famous men of letters, who from Rabelais to Carlyle have begun as priests or as students of theology, but into whose literary work Christian thought penetrates only indirectly, has entered too deeply into the Christian spirit to be able to make himself independent of it. All of his best thought has been here, and in spite of his renunciation of Christianity on the Acropolis, he has never been able, as he so

often confesses, to accept any other dogma in its place ; he has not the strength to press on, like Kant or Spinoza, into some compact and consistent world outside of the church. Hence the mass of inconsistencies in all that he writes ; his glorification in the same breath and in an exclusive spirit of Hellenic and Christian ideals of life ; his *Prêtre de Nemi*, an elevated religious epic, side by side with his *Prologue au Ciel*, in which Gabriel has just been reading to The Eternal the novels of Alexandre Dumas, Balzac, and Stendahl, *pour vous reposer de Spinoza*, and in which The Eternal laments his imperfections, promises to reform, and is seen smiling with an expression *de bonté et d'ironie tout à fait indicible*, — a dramatic fragment which has the coarseness of one of the old Mysteries and the familiarity of Goethe's *Prolog im Himmel*, without the naive character of the mediæval play or any touch of the latter's sublime mysticism and beauty of form.

But however this may be, we can be sure that a sufficient number of such reflections will be made ; it has become stale, the convicting Renan of inconsistency and irreverence ; and we can afford to dwell on the really exquisite worth of such dramas as the *Prêtre de Nemi* and the *Eau de Jouvence*. As Scherer says of Taine, Renan excites antagonisms ; he is moreover a hopeless skeptic, and this with his charming style leads him into contradictions and daz-

zling half truths. But Renan has that rare Celtic gift, the ability to be as jolly and as frivolous as a buffoon in the days of Turlupin and the Gros-Guillaume, and yet to arrive at very substantial ends. The *Drames Philosophiques*, as all that Renan has written, may swarm with inconsistencies and paradoxes, but they are full, too, of profound and also original thought, and so far as style is concerned he has written nothing better. One can place Renan very high as a writer of French prose, and this is to class him but little after the Greek prose writers. In his dramas, though the transition from his histories to these could not have been an easy one, he shows the same hand of the master. He has done here precisely what he intended to do. His situations are interesting, and though the dialogue is in one or two places, as for instance in *Caliban*, where Jacinto discusses the philosophy of beauty, a little naive, it never seems forced, and though on abstract subjects it moves well-nigh with the rapidity of *Lear* or *Macbeth*, it is never unnatural, never insipid, never inflated ; the use of words is equal to that of Racine's use of them ; and if one compares these dramas with others of their kind, the second part of *Faust*, for example, or with the *Epimenides Erwachen* (Goethe), he will see how good and rational they are, and how much Renan has done to give a certain romantic interest to the ideas of his day.

YOUNG SIR HENRY VANE.¹

WITH the single exception of Cromwell, the greatest statesman of the heroic age of Puritanism was unquestionably

¹ *The Life of Young Sir Henry Vane, Governor of Massachusetts Bay, and Leader of the Long Parliament. With a Consideration of the*

the younger Henry Vane. He did as much as any one to compass the downfall of Strafford ; he brought the mili-

English Commonwealth as a Forecast of America. By JAMES K. HOSMER. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

tary strength of Scotland to the aid of the hard-pressed Parliament; he administered the navy with which Blake won his astonishing victories; he dared even withstand Cromwell at the height of his power, when his measures savored too much of violence. After the death of Pym in 1643, Sir Henry Vane, then thirty-one years of age, was the foremost man in the Long Parliament, and so remained as long as that Parliament controlled the march of events. As Baxter said, "he was that within the House that Cromwell was without." Yet before the beginning of his brilliant career in England, this young man had written his name indelibly upon one of the earliest pages in the history of the American people. It is pleasant to remember that this admirable man was once the chief magistrate of an American commonwealth. Thorough republican and enthusiastic lover of liberty, he was spiritually akin to Jefferson and to Samuel Adams. His career furnishes an excellent illustration of Mr. Doyle's remark, that "by looking at the colony of Massachusetts, we can see what sort of a commonwealth was constructed by the best men of the Puritan party, and to some extent what they would have made of the government of England if they could have had their way unchecked."

An adequate biography of this great statesman was a thing much to be desired. Half a century ago, Mr. C. W. Upham contributed to Sparks's *American Biography* a very interesting life of Vane, and about the same time Mr. John Forster, in his *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, made a sketch characterized by his usual brilliancy. But both these writers indulged themselves in that kind of indiscriminate eulogy which used in those days to be thought necessary for biographers; and by way of foil to their hero, they seemed to feel bound to underrate and misinterpret Cromwell, even as Carlyle seemed to

think he was exalting the great Protector in belittling Vane. The remarkable advance in fairness and breadth of view which historical studies have made within the last fifty years is nowhere better illustrated than in the spirit in which the seventeenth century in England is treated by Masson and Gardiner as contrasted with Macaulay. It is no longer the fashion to depict individuals or parties as wholly saintlike or quite the reverse, and it is beginning to be practically recognized that there are two sides to almost every question.

The need for an adequate life of Sir Harry Vane has been most thoroughly and admirably satisfied by Mr. Hosmer. As a biography and as a historical monograph it deserves to be ranked among the best books of the day. It paints a lifelike picture of the man, and it describes, in a broad, generous spirit and with keen philosophical insight, the causal succession of events in one of the most momentous political contests the world has ever seen. We are getting far enough away from the seventeenth century to realize the critical importance of the struggle in which kingship was struck down in England just as it was attaining unchecked supremacy in all the other great nations of Europe. We can put the Great Rebellion into its proper place in the series of conflicts which have so far resulted in spreading constitutional government far and wide over two hemispheres, and we can begin to see how disastrous in its consequences would have been the victory of the Cavaliers, true and gallant men as most of them doubtless were. Without dealing too much in generalities, Mr. Hosmer's narrative keeps before us the gravity of the issues at stake, while our attention is seldom drawn away from the powerful but quiet and gracious personality that occupies the centre of the canvas. It is customary for great eras to live in the twilight of popular memory in association with some one sur-

passing name, while other heroes of the time are dimly remembered or quite forgotten. The work of these other men gets unconsciously transferred to the credit of the most brilliant or striking hero, as Hamilton, for example, is apt to get associated not merely with his own all-important achievements, but likewise with those of Madison and the Federal Convention generally. In accordance with this labor-saving habit of mind, the Great Rebellion in popular memory means Oliver Cromwell, while such men as Eliot and Pym, Fairfax and Ireton, are passed over; and if Hampden stays, it is partly due to the often-quoted line of the poet Gray. So there are many who know Vane only through Milton's sonnet, itself perhaps the noblest literary tribute ever paid to a statesman. In Mr. Hosmer's pages Sir Harry lives again, one of the brightest figures of the Puritan age, cheerful and affectionate, full of sacred enthusiasm, yet shrewd and self-contained. "He was indeed a man of extraordinary parts, a pleasant wit, a great understanding which pierced into and discerned the purposes of men with wonderful sagacity, whilst he had himself *vultum clausum*, that no man could make a guess of what he intended." So says Clarendon, who loved him not, but could not help admiring the skill which, at the most critical moment of the war, when many stout adherents of the parliamentary cause were inclined to abandon it as lost, all at once brought light out of darkness, as the signing of the Solemn League and Covenant summoned Alexander Leslie and twenty thousand brawny Scots across the border to stand side by side with Cromwell and Fairfax at Marston Moor. In later days it became matter of common report that the northern Covenanters had fallen a prey to the wiles of "that sweet youth," and allowed themselves to be hoodwinked and cozened by "sly Sir Harry," until, in the hope of establishing Presbyterianism south of the Tweed,

they lent themselves to the work of setting the monster Independency upon its feet. Mr. Hosmer carefully examines this charge, and, we think, successfully refutes it. It was neither the first nor the last contract on record which has afterward come to receive conflicting interpretations from the two parties without any tricksome intent on either side. "The Scots," says Mr. Hosmer, "understood that England assumed their own narrow Presbyterianism, with its complete intolerance; Vane and his friends gave the instrument a different interpretation, which they honestly felt it would bear." The amendments which Vane partly succeeded in engrafting upon the Scottish proposals at Edinburgh are sufficient evidence of his straightforwardness. It was plain enough that in making a league to overcome the king, the Scots wanted one thing, while the English wanted another. Vane did not hide this fact; to have emphasized it would have been to forfeit all claim to diplomatic tact. His part in the memorable negotiation is tersely summed up by Clarendon: "Sir Harry Vane was one of the commissioners, and therefore the others need not be named, since he was all in any business where others were joined with him." In the Committee of Both Kingdoms which the league created he was equally effective, and it was mainly through his persistent dexterity that the committee acquired the control of military affairs, and thus gave to the operations of the parliamentary army that unity which they had hitherto lacked.

The first-fruits of Vane's diplomacy were Marston Moor and Naseby, and it would be unreasonable to find fault with Mr. Hosmer for pausing to describe those battles. They are brilliant episodes in his narrative. We have nowhere seen the two battles more lucidly explained. The author has been himself a soldier, and has looked at the ground with a military eye. One quite

envies him the pleasant journey, as on his tricycle he follows the route of the Ironsides over the smooth roads and smiling fields of Merry England. His pages are redolent of the mellow cheer and fragrance of the summer day under that mild northern sun. One catches, with the author, the spirit of the deadly fight, and realizes, as Naseby spire fades away in the distance, the gravity of the crisis and the completeness of the victory. Said stout old Sir Jacob Astley, when the Roundheads took him captive a few months afterward, "Gentlemen, ye may now sit down and play, for you have done all your work, if you fall not out among yourselves."

They were already falling out among themselves; how seriously, Dunbar and Worcester were by and by to show. "Their own generation," says Mr. Hosmer, "believed that the Independents drew their origin from America." Certainly there had been witnessed in Boston, in the year when Harvard College was founded, some noteworthy manifestations of Independency, and scenes had been enacted which had left a deep impress upon Sir Harry's youthful mind. In 1635, the gossips wrote: "Sir Henry Vane hath as good as lost his eldest son, who is gone into New England for conscience' sake; he likes not the discipline of the Church of England; . . . no persuasions of our bishops nor authority of his parents could prevail with him: let him go." The fascinating boy arrived in Boston in October, 1635, and in the following March, having won all hearts, was elected governor of Massachusetts. He witnessed the Pequot war, the beautiful heroism and rare diplomacy of Roger Williams, and the bitter strife which ensued upon the teachings of Mrs. Hutchinson. Mr. Hosmer gives a vivid picture of the life in the little colony, the theological warfare, and the passionate tears of the young man as the difficulties thickened around him. Perhaps his indiscreet threat of an ap-

peal to the throne in favor of the Antinomians, as he sailed for England in the summer of 1637, may have served to hasten the banishment of Mrs. Hutchinson; but the lesson of toleration was already taking shape in his mind, as was clearly shown in his controversy with Winthrop. His friendly relations with Roger Williams began at the time of the Pequot war; and in 1643, when Williams visited England in quest of a charter for Rhode Island, he was Vane's guest at his house in London, and also at his country-seat in Lincolnshire. It was then that Williams wrote that noble book, *The Bloudy Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience*, in the preface to which he thus refers to his friend: "Mine ears were glad and late witnesses of an heavenly speech of one of the most eminent of that High Assembly of Parliament: *Why should the labours of any be suppressed, if sober, though never so different? We now profess to seek God, we desire to see light!*" Mr. Hosmer gives in fac-simile a touching letter from Vane to Winthrop in 1645, in which he urges his friends in New England to respect the liberty of conscience.

In 1648, in order to save the cause of liberty from losing to intrigue and chicanery all the ground it had won by the sword, the Ironsides felt themselves called upon to take things into their own hands. This period of the story, extending to the forcible dissolution of the Rump Parliament in 1653, Mr. Hosmer treats under the rubric of American England. For the moment, the spirit of Independency, which reigned supreme in Massachusetts, asserted itself in England in the temporary overthrow of the crown and the aristocracy. In this period Sir Harry appears as the opponent of the extreme measures of his party. He heartily disapproves of such irregular proceedings as Pride's Purge and the execution of the king. Here is shown the strong conservatism of tem-

perament of this law-abiding American-Englishman. He had all the ingrained reverence of our sturdy practical race for constitutional methods, and withal a far-sighted intelligence that could discern ways of settling the difficulty which were for the moment impracticable, because his contemporaries had not grown up to them. In his mind were the rudiments of the idea of a written constitution, upon which a new government for England might be built, with powers neatly defined and limited. One fancies that in some respects he would have felt himself more at home if he could have been suddenly translated from the Rump Parliament of 1653 to the Federal Convention of 1787, in which immortal assembly there sat perhaps no man of loftier spirit than his. It was natural enough that Cromwell, whose stern common sense discerned the practical need of the moment and reluctantly fulfilled it, should cry, "The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" In spite of this antagonism at the supreme crisis, however, the Protector recognized the worth of his opponent, and seems to have borne him no deep-seated ill-will. There was no downright break between them until the Healing Question came up in 1656.

In Vane's last years there seemed to be some good reasons for distrusting his judgment on practical questions. The element of dreamy enthusiasm always

present in him began to come into the foreground as his more sober ideas and plans were thwarted. Some of his latest utterances are like the rhapsodies of the Fifth Monarchists. Herein again appears his spiritual kinship with his friends in Massachusetts. The theocratic ideal of the founders of Massachusetts, as developed freely in the American wilderness, was kept within rational bounds; but if hemmed in by such inexorable circumstances as checked the early growth of republicanism in England, it would very likely have flowered grotesquely enough in Fifth Monarchist vagaries. In Edward Johnson, of Woburn, author of the *Wonder-Working Providence*, there were many of the features of an extreme Fifth Monarchy man.

When Charles II. came back to his father's throne, there was but one thing to be done with such a representative republican as Sir Harry Vane. His head must come off, for there was not room enough in England to hold him and the son of Charles I. at the same time. He died on Tower Hill, with all the fearlessness and charming sweetness that had always marked his life. His memory is a precious possession for all coming generations; and the book in which Mr. Hosmer has told the story of his life, with such warm sympathy and such broad intelligence, is worthy of its subject.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Neglected
Virtue.

SOME persons are so lucky as to be born into the world in full possession of certain good things which others obtain, if at all, only by long and difficult effort. Sometimes it is external, material goods they are endowed with by Fortune's or Nature's

gift, — wealth, health, and leisure; and sometimes it is certain intellectual powers or temperamental qualities, which are less visible and tangible prizes than the first, but even more serviceable and enduring.

I do not know of any one thing which,

on the whole, conduces more to individual comfort, on the journey through the rough ways of this troubled life, than a hopeful temper, which to the poor is a mine of riches, and to the afflicted the sun that scatters the clouds of night. This temper of hope is one of the few things really worth envy. It often has no basis in religious faith, and has nothing to do with any processes of reason. It belongs to certain favored persons, like the shape of their nose or the color of their eyes, independently of their will or effort. They hope almost as they breathe, naturally and inevitably. They go through life, not as other mortals do, plodding on their feet or rolling in their carriage, but lightly wafted in a balloon; drifting, it may be, with varying air currents, with temporary depressions or threatenings of disastrous collision, yet holding on a buoyant course, and not settling to earth till the gas supply is exhausted. Or we may perhaps figure them as never making descent at all, but rather as throwing out the ballast of the fleshly frame, and soaring upward till lost in the empyrean.

Theirs is the hope which, according to the poet, springs eternal in the human breast; and indeed there must be great force of it present in mankind at large, or the world would not go on. If the unhopeful ones were in the majority, there would come a general slackening and weakening in the world's pulse of life, increasing in fatal ratio. But between the extremes of the few who always hope and the fewer who never hope are the great masses of men whom hope may desert but only intermittently, giving to their pathway light enough to guide their steps.

If we try to account for the singular persistency of hopefulness which some persons exhibit under continued tests of unfavorable circumstance, several things may be said. Their evenly cheerful and sanguine mood may be largely due to

physical vitality; to a strength of nervous constitution that knows nothing of the nameless, indescribable disturbances of equilibrium produced by the sapping of nervous force. Again, the mind that sees all things in light, not gloom, often does so by virtue of its own deficiency. Lack of imagination serves a man's comfort wonderfully well when it shuts his eyes to the misery of the world, so that while he knows of it, and in words laments it, he never realizes it, never feels it as his own. A prosaic quality of mind also lightens a man's individual lot. Imaginative people, by an inward necessity, "look before and after;" they cannot live in the life of to-day only, but also in their life of yesterday and to-morrow; the perspective of existence is lengthened infinitely; and if to-day be sad, its gloom is darkened by the memory of past sorrow and the forecast of suffering to come. Sometimes they thus add unnecessarily to the burden of life; they bear griefs by anticipation which in reality never come. But however unwise or even wrong this may be, it is as natural to the imaginative to suffer vicariously for the world and unreally for themselves as it is natural for the unimaginative to comfort themselves in their more bounded and brighter view. "Minds that have little to confer find little to perceive," wrote Wordsworth, with one of his infrequent happy brevities of expression. It is not cold-heartedness that makes some persons less sensible than others to the miseries of mankind; it is simply lack of ability to realize them fully.

There is one aspect of hope, I think, we are apt to overlook, which is that, for Christians at least, hope is of the nature of virtue. It is a religious man's duty to hope, so far as it is possible, because hope for the world and himself rests on faith in the Almighty wisdom and goodness; and regarding it from this point of view, he may find it easier to hope than he would have supposed.

Religion does not require of us anything impossible or irrational; and if we think a little, we shall remind ourselves that hope is rational. It may not go on in us in the automatic fashion it works in others, but we must remember the saying, "It is a part of probability that many improbable things may happen." We cannot hope without some ground for it, we say; and let us not forget to add that there always is ground for it. For hope is not sight, not fruition; it is expectation and desire waiting hand in hand.

If a man cannot be judged happy till he dies, neither can he be pronounced quite unhappy till that event in life occurs.

For some of us the greater virtues are the easier of attainment. "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity;" yet some of us find less difficulty in being faithful and loving than in being hopeful. The more credit to us if we resolutely put away the hindrances to hopefulness, try to learn the art of living in the present, — *in* it, not *for* it, — avoid the companionship of darker thoughts, and live much with the outdoor world and with little children.

There is much contagion of hopelessness in the air of our deeply questioning and faithless age. We owe it to our fellows to show such hope as is in us. Courage many men are capable of who are not capable of hope. "Hope evermore, O man; for e'en as thy thought is, so are the things that thou seest."

Vocal Culture once more.

— A friend in Munich writes to us: The name of the Italian teacher of singing in Paris, to whom commendatory reference was made by a member of the Club in December last, is Sbriglia. I may add that the discussion of this topic is exceedingly important at the present time, and that the views expressed in the Contributors' Club have gratified many musical people, more especially those

who are interested in vocal culture. A Parisian journal calls attention to A Warning Note, and advises all young Americans who think of coming to Europe for the cultivation of the voice to read it before securing their passage. The evils of false, hasty, and superficial methods of vocal training are making themselves felt more and more, and wherever they prevail lead to a rapid decline of the opera. This is decidedly the case in Munich, where there has been, within a few years, a fatal falling off in the performances of the once famous Hofoper. Since the resignation of Frau Basta there has been no colorature singer on the stage, and, what is worse, the director, Baron von Perfall, does not intend to secure any one in her stead, because, from a Wagnerian point of view, such singing is of little or no account. Whether one is fond of flrid music or dislikes it is a matter of taste; but that in a Royal Opera, like that of Munich, there should be no one capable of executing it is a disgrace. It is now impossible, for example, to give such operas as *Rigoletto*, the *Magic Flute*, and the *Huguenots* in Munich without calling in foreign aid, because there is no one there who can sing the parts of Gilda, the Queen of the Night, and the Queen of Navarre. Quite recently, when circumstances rendered it desirable to represent these operas, it was necessary to invite Madame Biazzi from Rotterdam to take the aforementioned rôles. If the inhabitants of Munich occasionally get a chance to hear these and other musical productions of a like character, they have to bless their "stars."

Wagner was probably the greatest master of harmony that ever lived, and shows this exceptional power in the grandeur and originality of his orchestral effects. How magnificent are the instruments in *Siegfried*, but how tedious the solo-droning of Wodan, and even the recitative monologue of the youthful hero himself! One often wishes that

they would remain behind the scenes, and not interrupt with their monotonous declamation the splendid performance of the orchestra. Wagner, on the other hand, had no appreciation of melody, and no proper conception of the capabilities and limitations of the human voice. The one thing needful for the vocal parts of his musical dramas is not perfect training of the voice, but powerful lungs, such as his countrymen, perhaps more than any other people, are naturally endowed with; but even their pulmonary power is not sufficient to endure, for any length of time, the wear and tear of his superhuman strains.

A musical critic of the Wagnerian school recently spoke of Patti as a wonderful natural singer, but without thorough training. The good man had so long accustomed his mind to the crude Wagnerian conception of vocal culture as to forget that the bird-like ease and evenness with which she pours forth her notes was the highest perfection of art, and would be impossible without the most thorough training. "The art itself is nature." In noticing a concert given, a short time since, by Patti in Albert Hall, the Times remarked that her voice is richer and more beautiful than it was at her *début* in London, more than a quarter of a century ago. This result is due, not so much to excellent natural qualities of voice as to superior instruction according to the rational method of the old Italian school.

Significant for the approaching reaction against the excesses of Wagnerism is the present attitude of many of those who were once its most zealous apostles. I need only instance Friedrich Nietzsche, who was formerly one of the most genial and enthusiastic advocates of this movement, and wrote a book in exposition of the gospel of the so-called Bayreuther Messias; but who, in a recently published *brochure*, entitled *Der Fall Wagner*, is constrained to confess that Wagnerism was one of

his diseases, an infection like measles and scarlet fever, to which all persons are liable in certain stages of their growth and development, but from which he is now wholly recovered, and happily can never take again.

A Weird
Wreath.

—The inmates of a little cottage near the head-waters of the Susquehanna derived much pleasure during many weeks, indeed during many months, from watching what might truly be called a *Weird Wreath*.

One morning in November, when the last colored leaves were falling from the grove on the steep river-bank, immediately beneath the cottage windows, we were surprised by the sight of a regularly formed wreath, hanging gracefully from a long branch of an oak-tree, perhaps thirty feet from the ground. The tree was very nearly bare; only a few tufts of faded leaves were clinging irregularly to the twigs, here and there.

A few brown leaves will frequently cling to certain trees, beech, white oak, and young maples, several months after the forest is gray and bare. But here was a regular festoon, singularly graceful in outline and rich in leafage, clinging daintily, by some invisible loop at either end, to the long bare branch which supported it, while scarcely a dozen other brown leaves could be seen on the same tree. It was a bit of woodcraft, the like of which we had never beheld before. Grinling Gibbon, that famous English carver in wood, of olden times, might have taken it as a model for one of the garlands so delicately carved by him on tall chimneys in ancient halls of English country-houses. But no human hand had touched this wreath, on the bank of the Susquehanna. It seemed as if autumn, in taking flight, after the Indian summer, had flung this sylvan festoon on the oak limb for our especial gratification. Day after day, week after week, aye, month after month, we watched that brown garland; now waving in the breeze, now powdered with

snow, now dimly seen by moonlight. On mild days, the squirrels, merry creatures, came leaping gayly about it. In severe snowstorms or heavy showers of rain, it would be veiled from our sight, and we would watch anxiously for its reappearance when the storm had passed over. But there it hung, graceful as ever, and again we looked down upon the limpid waters of the Susquehanna, seen through its regular outline. The cottage standing on the brow of the steep bank, one naturally looked down upon grove and river. More than once, on clear moonlight evenings, we noted a bright star reflected in the river, the festoon forming a setting to the gem, — heaven and earth blending together, as they ever do in this world of ours. As the weeks passed, and the garland still hung on the supporting limb, our interest in this weird wreath increased. Every morning we sent it a greeting from our dining-room window, pleased when we found it unchanged. In December a record of its little history was commenced.

December 14th. Wreath still perfect ; coloring slightly tinged with pale yellow.

Christmas Day. Wreath still in place, but ruddy brown to-day.

January 15th. No change in our festoon, though often powdered with snow-flakes.

April 5th. Buds swelling on all the forest trees ; wreath unchanged in spite of all the storms of winter !

May 1st. Oak wreath still full. Green leaves thickening about it. Young oak leaves opening on the same tree, even on the branch from which the festoon is suspended. Willows, alders, aspens, decked in the "glad light green" of spring ; the amelanchier on the bank in full flower ; wild plum and other fruit trees in blossom. Lilac leaves and others on various shrubs are half size. Younger maples nearly in full leaf. Amid all this gay, cheery throng of

springtide the wreath hangs brown and dull, and still strangely regular in outline.

May 15th. Apple-trees in full bloom. Birds flitting to and fro, gay and busy and musical. Many flowering shrubs out of bloom, white petals strewing the paths. The magic festoon heeds them as little as it heeded the snowflakes of winter.

June 11th. Locusts in full blossom. Wreath unchanged through all these many weeks, in spite of gusts of wind and heavy showers. A mystery.

August 5th. Summer flowers in full splendor. Wreath hanging calm and brown above them.

October 5th. The leaves are coloring in bright flashes, here and there in the valley and along the lake shore. In the village streets they are beautiful. Hills still green. Why this difference ? It is seen every year. The maples on low ground are always the first to brighten into red and gold, while those on the hills are unchanged. Our oak is touched here and there with yellow tints, but the brown wreath of last year's leaves hangs unchanged from the same limb.

October 24th. Very high wind. As much of a gale as we ever have in this quiet valley. Brightly colored leaves flying wildly in every direction. Some few trees broken by the blast. A barn blown down. Weird wreath still unchanged !

November 1st. A touch of winter, though we may have a warm Indian summer later in the month. There is much difference in the character of successive years in these highlands, — a difference, at times, of six or seven weeks. We have seen the red maples open their scarlet flowers here on the 22d of March ; two years later they only opened the first week in May. We have gathered wild violets and golden dandelions on the 18th of December, amid grass brightly green, by the roadside. The following year our tender plants were

cut off by a heavy frost, the 1st of October. I have seen farmers ploughing on these hills every month in the year, — different years, of course. Our magic wreath little heeds the changing seasons. Has the dryad given it a mystic charm? How can withered leaves, tossed by a hundred gusts, possibly cling for such a length of time to a tree? Every week increases our amazement, as we see the festoon still hanging, with careless ease, from that slender limb. A friend has asked its size; impossible to measure it, as the branch from which it droops so gracefully, though long, is too slender to support a ladder — or a boy! Good judges say it is rather less than three feet in breadth, and about two feet in depth; the ends being daintily attached to the limb, on either side, by some mysterious loop, giving it the form of a regular semi-ellipsis.

December 22d. This evening, looking down the bank from the dining-room window, we again saw a star brilliantly reflected in the river, the brown festoon framing the picture.

January 15th. The second year is rolling onward. Wreath still entire, though slightly less regular. Truly a puzzle, a marvel.

March 21st. The snow has vanished. Robins and other early birds flitting about, singing their morning song from the higher branches of our oak; squirrels leaping merrily to and fro, and running up the gray trunk. Leaf buds are swelling in all directions; another spring is at hand. The wreath unchanged in position and outline, but growing paler in coloring; more gray than brown.

April 7th. The end has come. Weird wreath vanished!

High wind with heavy rain last night. We had a sort of presentiment that our wreath would be blown away. On looking down at the branch where it has hung these *seventeen months*, we missed it. Scrambled down the steep wild bank, through the jungle, in search of

any fragments to be found. Discovered the broken festoon lying on a bed of withered leaves. The mystery of its outline solved at last. Two slender leafy twigs from the parent tree, each inclining towards the other with the natural curve of a semicircle, had become closely entangled together at the ends, thus forming a natural festoon, singularly regular.

But by what means have those broken twigs with their withered leaves — now ghost-like and gray — hung so many months in that graceful festoon, heedless of wind, storm, rain, hail, and snow? A Weird Wreath indeed!

Moral Physiognomy. — A distinguished Frenchman recently said that he would rather be a beautiful woman than anything else, if he had his choice; while another asserted that he would be a beautiful woman up to thirty, a general up to sixty, and a statesman the remainder of his life. Henry James draws attention to the fact that London, passing by the most royal social lions, will go to any length to find and to *fête* a beautiful woman. We Americans are not backward in the appreciation of beauty, but the gem is not so rare a one with us as it is across the water. While our women justly rank first in beauty among all intellectual nations, our men are somewhat inferior in what may be called handsome looks. Still there are some uncomely women left to keep the men company, and for the benefit of such a New York specialist advertises her success in treating her sex for ugliness. She warrants to render a downright ugly woman presentable, and a plain one profitably handsome. The nature of her treatment, like the Loissette system, must be a matter of curiosity to either sex. The fond lover would gladly send, for a small perquisite, the high cheek-bone and receding chin of his Aravilla for treatment; and the anxious mamma, with her eight ducklings of daughters ready to be launched into the

matrimonial pool, would pay right handsomely for "beautiful girls warranted." True, there are some defects of countenance that can and ought to be eradicated, — a squint of the eye, a crooked nose, a poor complexion; all these misfortunes come under the head of therapeutics. But where is that thaumaturgist who can make beautiful a person naturally and obviously ugly, unless he call up the beauty expressive of a mind free from inclination to vice and a heart fine with sympathy? When we come to think of it, is beauty of face an advantage to a woman, on the whole? Of course it is good to look upon; but somehow that kind of food by itself is never nutritive. The hot-house camellia has pride and perfection, but no soul. That is unfortunately the case with the majority of beautiful women, especially with that class known as "society belles." Such as have not the gift of the gods are very apt to make up their deficiencies with amiability, courtesy, and intelligence, so that their loss becomes a general gain. The anecdote told of a distinguished nobleman and his son and heir, meets the point. After the son, with dignity, had refused, at his father's suggestion, to marry the high-born and the wealthy, the father persistently tried again: "Then, if it is beauty you seek, here is the lovely Miss Southampton. Her beauty alone has won her the most noted of suitors."

"But I do not look for beauty any more than I do for fortune. Since I am to marry, I desire only happiness."

"Oh, that is quite a different case! If it is happiness you seek, marry a plain woman, by all means."

Indeed, it is a mooted question whether the fashion be not on the eve of a disruptive change. A prominent scientist argues that a future race of men will be noseless, for in that highly differentiated state the barbaric sense of smell will be gone; then who will need a nose? Proportionately the whole face will un-

dergo a change. However that may be, there is a decided swing in the pendulum of inexorable taste toward stability and plainness. Gingerbread flipperiness in women as well as houses is becoming a recollection. Our girls' colleges are developing broader foreheads, irregular features, indicative of alertness, thought, and capability. While no art can take from us our women's matchless complexions, education does develop the mask face of inane regularity into the speaking countenance of quick beauty. The time has long passed when men doubt that "each state of the human mind and of internal sensation has its peculiar expression in the face," as Lavater puts it. Let the beautiful face show the lines of envy and hatred or the traceries of passion, as it surely does if the concordant feelings exist, and it becomes repugnant and ugly. Deformity does not then express itself in inborn irregularity of features, but rather in those disagreeable changes that are impressed by constant repetition. So also the changes concomitant with a morally beautiful state impart the stable beauty we most admire. If, then, our New York friend is to make women really beautiful, she must first change moral deformity into moral grace. Character is the photographer, the face the sensitized paper. The process must be frequent before the print be permanent. Even in those beyond the "can't-teach-an-old-dog" line, moral loveliness, the supreme artist, can originate expressions that may become the herald of the noblest form of beauty. The plainest woman need never fear a successful rivalry based on beauty alone, if she carry in her face a harmony of qualities, which is but the natural reverberation of a pure and symmetrical mind.

The Son of Sirach, many centuries ago, gave the unfortunate good cheer when he said, "The heart of man changeth his countenance, whether it be for good or evil; and a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Science and Philosophy. *The Order of Creation*; the Conflict between Genesis and Geology. (The Truth Seeker Co., New York.) A succession of papers, by Gladstone, Huxley, Max Müller, Réville, and Mrs. Linton, in which each smashes the other. — *The Human Mystery in Hamlet*, an attempt to say an unsaid word, with suggestive parallelisms from the elder poets, by Martin W. Cooke. (Fords.) Mr. Cooke's contention that in Hamlet Shakespeare was holding the mirror up to the spiritual life of man in this world cannot be called absolutely new, but his little book is interesting from the variety of lights in which he puts this fact, and also for the skill with which he changes the centre of discussion, and relieves us of the everlasting question, Was Hamlet insane or not? — Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Seer, an estimate of his character and genius, by A. Bronson Alcott (Cupples & Hurd), is a reissue of the essay with the addition of Alcott's *Ion*, a Monody. — *The Soul of the Far East*. (Houghton.) In reprinting the papers which appeared under this title in *The Atlantic*, Mr. Percival Lowell has enlarged the scope by important additions, and the more comprehensive and detailed character of the work gives the book a permanent value. It is really a hand-book to the inner life of Japan and China, and ought to do much towards introducing Western people to their neighbors' consciousness. — *The Tree of Mythology*, its Growth and Fruitage, a study by Charles De B. Mills. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.) This essay, the author says, seeks to ascertain something of the origin, the nature, and the growth of myth; what it primarily was, and what has come of it. So it deals with myths arising from metaphor, heroic legends, nursery tales, proverbs, and the like. It is for the most part a mosaic of the work of other students, but Mr. Mills occasionally draws upon his own observation and experience, and the reflections and conclusions are his own. He is a sympathetic student. — *The Self: What is It?* by J. S. Malone. (J. P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.) A philosophical inquiry into the fundamental base of personality, which the writer finds in feeling rather than thinking, and an application to theories of education. The book is racy and readable. Here is an odd sentence from it. The writer is contrasting Jesus Christ with the philosophers: "On the other hand, the unlearned youth, Jesus, who nevertheless became noted at his first sermon on the mount for speaking with

authority, went straight, not to the kitchen, but to the front door, and knocked with authority. The master of the house, Sensibility, opened the door, and embraced the wonderful Stranger at first sight. 'You are welcome! Abide, and be one of my household henceforth and always!' In this view of the case it is not at all likely that the remonstrance or wrangling in the back kitchen of rationality can tend in the least to dislodge the Stranger, especially after such a welcome from the master; such wrangling can amount to no more than the clamor of so many fools." — *Living Matter, its Cycle of Growth and Decline in Animal Organisms*, by C. A. Stephens. (The Laboratory Co., Norway, Maine.) "The present small volume," says the preface, "is a *résumé* of an extended investigation into the causes of 'old age' and organic death. It is furthermore designed as an introduction to a number of hand-books treating of the re-vitalization of the human organism." The object of the investigation, as presented elsewhere, is to raise the question whether there is any reasonable hope of prolonging life beyond the present time limit, say to a hundred and fifty or two hundred years. Mr. Stephens thinks we can do it; but who wants to be an everlasting grub? — Persons in search of a new religion may find it by applying to Singleton W. Davis, San Diego, Cal., who has written *Sketches of the Scientific Dispensation of a New Religion*.

Music and the Stage. *The Dramatic Year [1887-88]* is the title of an admirable hand-book, edited by Edward Fuller, and containing brief criticisms of important theatrical events in the United States, by such competent critics as H. M. Ticknor, G. E. Montgomery, L. H. Weeks, B. E. Wolf, and others, with a sketch of the season in London by William Archer. It is at once a record of the stage, and, what is more, a really critical survey of the current drama. (Ticknor.) — Mr. George P. Upton has added to his excellent hand-books another on *The Standard Symphonies*, their history, their music, and their composers. (McClurg.) The authors commented on range from Beethoven to Dvorák, and the treatment is very free from vague, sentimental talk. The young student in music will find the book a most serviceable aid to an intelligent comprehension of the subjects. — *Musical Instruments and their Homes*, by Mary E. Brown and William Adams Brown, with two hundred and seventy illustrations in pen and ink by William Adams Brown; the

whole forming a complete catalogue of the collection of musical instruments now in the possession of Mrs. J. Crosby Brown, of New York. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A sumptuous volume, containing a résumé of information drawn from a great variety of sources, and well classified under the heads of nations and races. The illustrations are very satisfactory, and are treated in a unique fashion by having the accompanying descriptions on the plates written out in a clear but picturesque hand. The book evidently was a labor of love, and the modest tone which pervades both preface and text comes as a surprise, when one looks for an almost pardonable display in so big a volume. — *Laudes Domini*, a Selection of Spiritual Songs, Ancient and Modern, for the Sunday School, edited by Charles Seymour Robinson. (The Century Co.) A book which may be commended on the ground that it is largely a selection from a general hymn-book of such hymns and tunes as come most within the range of children's ideas and taste, and is thus educative. There are besides a few simple melodies and hymns which belong peculiarly to children. — *The Japanese Wedding*: a representation of the wedding ceremony in Japanese high life, arranged as a costume pantomime for public performance at church entertainments, school exhibitions, social gatherings, etc. By W. M. Lawlace. (Harold Roorbach, New York.) An interesting little pamphlet, which not only gives directions for acting, but contains a full narrative of the process of courtship. It takes fifty minutes to be married in Japan.

Books on Art. *Portfolio Papers*, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton (Roberts), is a selection by the editor from that periodical of a number of notices of artists and pictures, essays and conversations. Mr. Hamerton is a most agreeable writer, and this collection is not one of perfunctory magazine work, but of spontaneous writing, which found occasion rather than inspiration in the necessity of magazine conduct. There is a pleasant little preface, in which Mr. Hamerton gives an account of the origin of the *Portfolio*; and from time to time in his papers, as in the conversations on book illustrations, he speaks in a very colloquial fashion on topics which have an immediate interest to the large circle of readers who like concrete and close-at-hand illustrations of general principles in art. — Miss Sarah H. Adams has added to her previous favors in making Hermann Grimm's books known to Americans by translating his *The life of Raphael*. (Couples & Hurd.) An interesting feature of the work is the closing section, *Four Centuries of Fame*, in which the impression made by Raphael on painters and critics is recorded. Grimm,

in this as in other books, regards his subject not as an object, but as a subject, and evidently proposes to himself to account for Raphael. Hence one gets a good deal of Raphael and Grimm.

Text-Books and Educational Helps. A *Text-Book of General Astronomy for Colleges and Scientific Schools*, by Charles A. Young. (Ginn.) Intended for use in the general, and not the higher, mathematical or physical courses. Its use calls for only the most elementary knowledge of algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, and it is greatly to be hoped that so convenient a text-book will do something toward stimulating the study of astronomy as an essential part of a liberal education. The interest of specialists ought not to mislead our higher universities into neglecting the more general treatment of the subject. — *The Writer's Handbook, a Guide to the Art of Composition*; embracing a general treatise on composition and style; instruction in English composition, with exercises for paraphrasing; and an elaborate letter-writer's vade-mecum, in which are numerous rules and suggestions relating to the epistolary art. (Lippincott.) An English book, which seems to imply a degree of docility and dull seriousness on the part of English aspirants for literary fame which we fear is rather lacking in our light-minded people. — A selection from Lessing's prose writings, under the title of *Ausgewählte Prosa und Briefe*, has been edited, with notes, by H. S. White, of Cornell. (Putnams.) It does not include the *Laokoön*, but may well be taken as leading up to it. It was a happy idea to include enough of his letters to give some notion of Lessing's character. — *The Kinder-Garten: Principles of Fröbel's System, and their Bearing on the Education of Women*; also *Remarks on the Higher Education of Women*. By Emily Shirreff. (Bardeen.) A suggestive little book, in which the relation of the kindergarten to the higher education of women is clearly established and made very fruitful. The author recognizes well the nature of an education which trains the imagination and will, and does not confine itself to the understanding, the meanest faculty, as De Quincey says, of the human nature. — *The First Three Years of Childhood*, by Bernard Perez; edited and translated by Alice M. Christie, with an introduction by James Sully. (Bardeen.) A physiological-psychological study, collecting about itself a great variety of incidents. It is difficult for one not wedded to this general philosophic scheme to resent an implication that children are simply the young of the human animal. — *Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1886-87*. (Government Printing Office.) Except for brief ab-

tracts from reports of State Boards, the volume is almost wholly statistical. — The Bureau of Education has issued also *The History of Education in North Carolina*, by Charles Lee Smith, and *Industrial Education in the South*, by Rev. A. D. Mayo. This latter monograph is taken up mainly by a forcible appeal to the Southern people to make industrial training a constituent part of education, and the writer rests his argument on broad grounds of philosophy, and not on mere expediency. — *Sonnen-schein's Cyclopædia of Education*; a *Handbook of Reference on all Subjects connected with Education* (its History, Theory, and Practice), comprising articles by eminent educational specialists: the whole arranged and edited by Alfred Ewen Fletcher. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) This is an English work imported for use in this country, and is serviceable for informing readers upon educational affairs in England; but it is very meagre as regards the United States, and not always accurate nor brought to date. It illustrates the insularity of the English mind that a "Cyclopædia" like this should be so incomplete in its account of two countries, Prussia and the United States, which have made more distinct contributions to primary education than has England itself.

History. In the series *Epochs of Modern History*, the latest volume is *The English Restoration and Louis XIV.*, from the Peace of Westphalia to the Peace of Nimwegen, by Osmund Airy. (Scribners.) The blending of European history in this double treatment strikes us as novel and suggestive. It is not often that an English or a French writer of an historical period gives adequate presentation of anything but his own national movement; whereas the philosophic student is on the lookout for those general movements which affect contemporary nationalities. — John Brown, by Dr. Hermann von Holst, edited by Frank Preston Stearns. (Cupples & Hurd.) The body of this book is an essay by Von Holst, translated by Mr. P. Marcon; but Mr. Stearns has also written a preface and compiled an appendix, which are, in part, replies to the criticisms of Nicolay and Hay and others. — *The Story of Mexico*, by Susan Hale. (Putnam's.) A volume in *The Story of the Nations* series. There is a specially human interest attaching to this volume, for Miss Hale introduces the reader to the subject by a narrative of her personal approach to the country, and she closes by forecasting briefly the future of the country. It is impossible for the people of the United States to avoid feeling differently toward Mexico than toward any other of the contiguous states and nationalities. Mexico is the younger sister of the country. —

English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages, translated by Lucy T. Smith from the French of J. J. Jusserand. (Putnam's Sons.) The reader interested in the manners and customs of England during the fourteenth century will find a great deal of curious and entertaining matter in this volume.

Biography. *Authors at Home*, edited by J. L. and J. B. Gilder. (Cassell.) A collection of agreeably written sketches of American authors, which appeared originally in the *Critic*. The sketches are not encyclopædic nor biographic in the formal way, and they avoid the petty personal gossip. Good taste, as a rule, has presided over these interior views, and for that let us be thankful. — *Life of Sir Robert Peel*, by F. C. Montague. A volume in the *International Statesmen* series. (Lippincott.) Peel's position in English politics during the great period of this century, so far as relates to England's transition from an island to an empire, is so conspicuous that a well-written biography is an index to English history and, we may add, character, for Peel represents well the near-sightedness of many and favorite English statesmen. This book seems judicious and fair. — *Life of Viscount Bolingbroke*, by Arthur Hassall. (Lippincott.) Another volume in the same series. A rapid, somewhat superficial view of a brilliant career. — *Great Captains, a Course of Six Lectures*, showing the Influence on the Art of War of the Campaigns of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick, and Napoleon, by T. A. Dodge. (Ticknor.) An interesting, rapid summary by a writer who knows how to give the essentials of his subject. The main purpose of the book is to illustrate the development of the art of war, but Colonel Dodge has a strong interest in the human side of his subject, and the reader will light often upon keen historical criticism and suggestion. — *General Gordon*, by Sir William F. Butler, is the initial volume of the new series *English Men of Action*. (Macmillan.) The writer is in full sympathy with his subject, but inasmuch as Gordon was a man of consuming zeal, we think his biographer should have studied greater reserve. The eloquence of the book is rather pronounced. — *Lives of the Fathers, Sketches of Church History in Biography*, by Frederic W. Farrar. (Macmillan.) In two compact volumes Archdeacon Farrar has written a history of the theology, organization, philosophy, and action of the first four Christian centuries under the pleasing and convenient form of a series of eighteen biographic sketches. His first subject is Ignatius, and the last Chrysostom. As his plan requires him to pass in review Athanasius, Tertullian, Gregory of Nazianzus, Jerome, Augustine, it

is clear that he has the opportunity of giving a tolerably full conspectus of the great movements in early Christianity. Perhaps it would have swelled the work too much, but it seems a pity that he did not furnish also a brief survey, in connected form, of that epoch of Christianity. — *The Life of Thomas Ken*, by E. H. Plumptre, Dean of Wells (E. & J. B. Young & Co.), is a charming biography of the notable Bishop of Bath and Wells in the seventeenth century, the friend and kinsman of Izaak Walton, whose epitaph he wrote, and the author of several fine hymns.

Books of Travel. *Gibraltar*, by Henry M. Field. (Scribners.) Dr. Field mingles personal experience with historic sketches and descriptions of life in an agreeable manner, and some of the illustrations, notably that of Catalan Bay, give a capital notion of this most impressive spot. — *Winter Sketches from the Saddle*, by a septuagenarian, John Codman. (Putnams.) A racy book, which is really more autobiographical and anecdotal than descriptive, but is an admirable view of life from the vantage of a seat in the saddle. One can see that Captain Codman has kept his spirits up by his companionship with a good nag, and the breeze which blows through his little book is a healthy tonic. — *Jonathan and his Continent*, by Max O'Rell and Jack Allyn. (Cassell.) A mixture of shrewdness and superficiality. The epigrammatic disease is often fatal to sound judgment and correct observation. — *Truth about Russia*, by W. T. Stead. (Cassell.) There is something charmingly insolent in the manner of this book. The writer, a journalist by profession, makes up his mind that England, including the Pall Mall Gazette, ought to know the truth about Russia, and that he is the man to find out all about it. So he begins by calling on Mr. Balfour, Mr. Gladstone, and other leaders, to get at their views, and *en passant* to notice how Mr. Balfour's hair is turning a little gray, and how Mr. Gladstone spells *freedom*; and then, armed with proper letters, he trots off to call on the Czar, Tolstoi, Ignatieff, Boulanger, Bismarck, and other game for the interviewer. Stanley's plunge into Africa is the reporter as a discoverer. Stead's plunge into Russia is the reporter as a statesman and peacemaker. The book is a lively one, and its author hits off a good many things cleverly, but he illustrates nothing more perfectly than his own profession, with its cheerful confidence.

Biblical Criticism. *Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian*, arranged and edited as an Introduction to the Study of the Bible, by Edward

T. Bartlett and John P. Peters. (Putnams.) This is the second volume of an interesting and useful work to which we have referred before, and is occupied with Hebrew Literature as that was with Hebrew Story from the Creation to the Exile. In other words, treating the Bible as literature, the editors so arrange chapters and psalms as to give in continuous order a history of the Jews from the Exile to Nehemiah, a sketch of Hebrew legislation, a collection of Hebrew tales, illustrations of Hebrew prophecy, examples of Hebrew poetry and of Hebrew wisdom. The literary form of the volume makes the whole book a very suggestive commentary on, or rather key to, the English Bible. The King James version appears to be used, with slight modifications in the direction of rendering the poetry more rhythmical. — *The Bible View of the Jewish Church*, by Howard Crosby. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Dr. Crosby delivered thirteen lectures before his congregation, with the design to set forth the ecclesiastical polity of the Jews from Abraham to the coming of the Messiah, with special reference to the destructive criticism of Welhausen and his school, and with a purpose to demonstrate the failure of Judaism, except as it was restored again and again by the hand of God. To the ordinary reader, the Jewish church as outlined in the Bible is a marvelous expression of human faith in one God, and Simeon and Anna are representatives, not isolated exceptions.

Biological Science. *The Animal Life of our Sea-Shore*, with special reference to the New Jersey coast and the southern shore of Long Island, by Angelo Heilprin. (Lippincott.) A convenient hand-book, clearly written and abundantly illustrated. It ought to be of real service to young students, who will be especially gratified at not being singled out by the writer. There is no My dear young friend in the book. — *Insects Injurious to Fruits*, by William Saunders. (Lippincott.) A systematic work, of practical worth to fruit-growers as well as interesting to entomologists who care for the economics of their science. The writer does not confine himself to detecting the criminals; he points out the means of stopping their crimes.

Books for the Young. *Three Greek Children, a Story of Home in Old Time*, by the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A. With Illustrations after Flaxman and the Antique. Charming sketches, at once spirited and accurate, of Greek child-life, the interest in which will not be confined to the young readers to whom the book is primarily addressed.